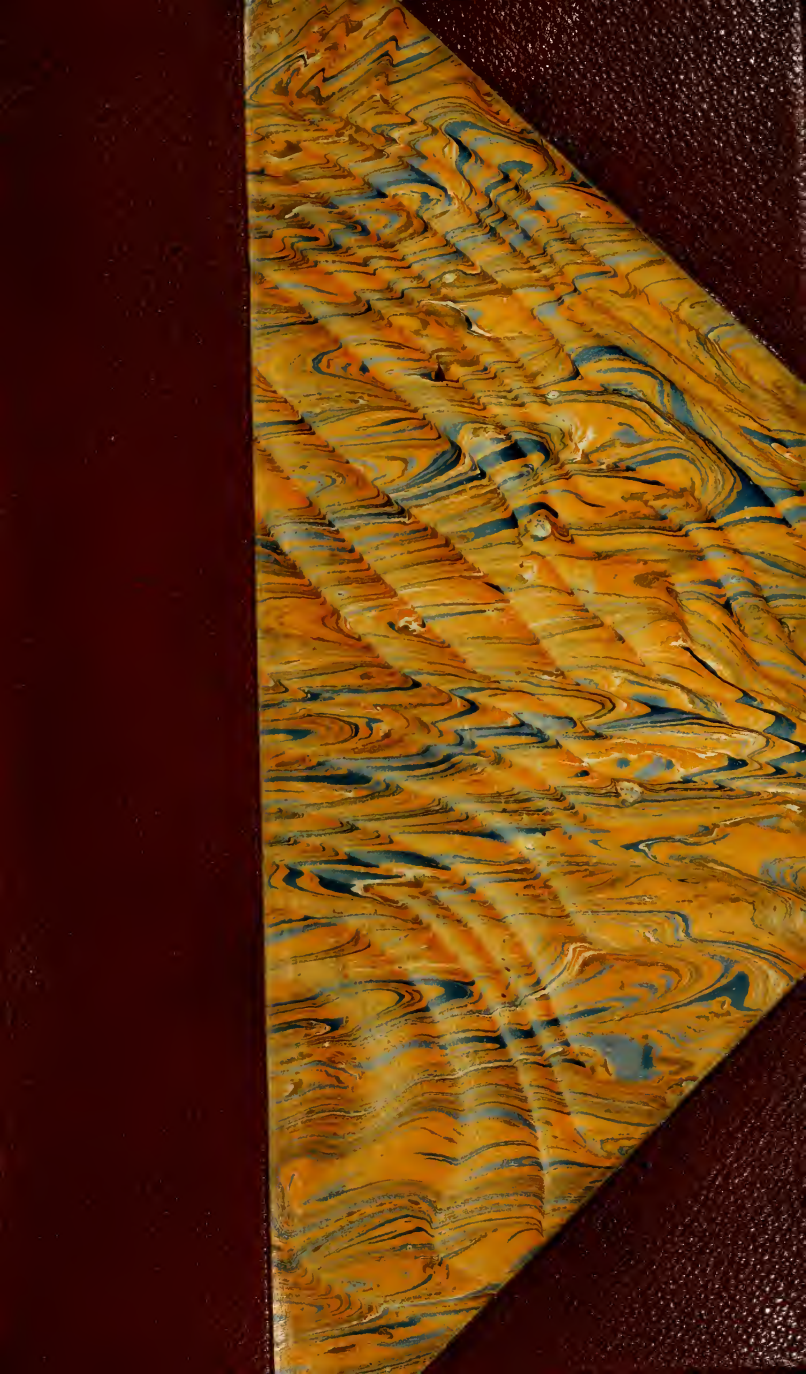








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THE

**BLACK BOOK;**

OR,

**A CONTINUATION OF TRAVELS,**

**IN THE UNITED STATES.**

---

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

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**BY MRS ANNE ROYALL,** 1763-1850

Author of Sketches of History, Life, and Manners, in the United States,  
and the Tennessean.

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**VOL. I.**

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WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1828.

Day 165  
HR 842  
V. 1  
cop. 1

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, to wit.**



BE IT REMEMBERED; That on the eighteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the fifty-second, Mrs. ANNE ROYALL, of the said District, has deposited in the Office of

the Clerk of the District Court, for the District of Columbia, the Title of a book, the right whereof, she claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

The Black Book; or, a continuation of Travels in the United States. In two volumes. By Mrs. Anne Royall, Author of Sketches of History, Life, and Manners, in the United States, and the Tennessean.

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to the Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to the act, entitled 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof, to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical, and other prints."

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the public seal of my office, the day and year aforesaid.

EDM. I. LEE.

*Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia.*

# THE BLACK BOOK!

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I SHALL begin my second book of travels where I left off in the first, which is at New Haven, in Connecticut.

It is, by this time, well authenticated, that alone, friendless, and penniless, I came to the Atlantic states, and succeeded, beyond example, in obtaining literary patrons.

But here, fortune hit me another sad blow: my publisher, Mr. Wiley, of New-York, sickened and died! The death of this amiable man was severely felt, not only by his friends, but the public at large: as he was not only a friend to the distressed, but a friend to the genius of his country.

None, however, with the exception of his family, had more cause to lament his death than myself; as it was a death blow to all my hopes.

Mr. Wiley was in the prime of life, of middle size, fair complexion, round full face, and soft dark eye. But his countenance and manners were above the power of pen or pencil. The first was at once modest, pleasing, and intelligent: and the latter distanced all his cotemporaries in ease and gracefulness.

My fortitude, however, did not forsake me; my friends introduced me to several booksellers in New-York, particularly Messrs. Bliss, and W. B. Gilley, &c. but from them I received a cold and flat refusal! Still I did not despond! While conversing one day, with a gentleman in the street, a young man happened to be passing, and overhearing the subject of our conversation, (which related to my books) advised me to try New Haven, (he was formerly of New Haven himself)—“They are good people,” said he, “Mrs. R. and I think you will be able to get your work done there.” Heaven surely sent the young man in my way!

Taking his advice, I visited New Haven, and was once more amongst strangers, without one cent of money, and without a single change of raiment. I was kindly received by Mr. Morse, keeper of the Hotel, who, much to his honor, after stating my inability to pay him, said "I was welcome to stay at his house." New Haven had just been thrown into deep distress by the failure of the Eagle Bank, in which calamity the rich and the poor were alike involved.

Nevertheless, after some delay, my travels were put to press. For this act of noble generosity, I am proud to acknowledge, I was indebted to several distinguished men in New Haven; but more particularly to the amiable G. F. Woodward and his partner, and even Yale College itself nobly stepped forward in my behalf. May Heaven shower its choicest blessings on New Haven, the very spring and fountain of benevolence. Those dear men, who aided me in the hour of distress, will recognize themselves in this very poor tribute of applause. But this is the bright side of my book, and nothing short of my pledge to the public, to give a faithful picture of men and manners, could bring me to sully so bright a portrait of New Haven. Now comes the black page, which gives name to the book, and terror to evil doers.

In various applications to the citizens of New Haven, of course, I called on none but the first people: *amongst* these were esteemed Messrs. N. S. and D. D. the first attorneys in the state. Mr. D. being absent, I waited upon Mr. S. in his office; he was not in, but a gentleman, whom I found in the office, assured me he would be in, in a few minutes. I took a chair, in obedience to the invitation of the gentleman, and in a few minutes, Mr. S. made his appearance. He bowed (for he can bow) to me as he came in at the door, thinking, no doubt, I must be a client. But, when he found my suit was a different one from what he expected, he arose from his chair, and bending forward in order to do the thing gracefully, waved his arm (and the hand attached to it) towards the door, and addressed me in the following short pithy style: "go out, go out, there is the door, walk off!!" Then it was that I felt convinced that "fiendlike monsters, in the shape of men," inhabit this earth, and that such must have been the monsters who dipt their savage hands so deep in human

blood, in New England, a few years back. My situation, at this time, was such as would have excited sympathy in a Turk; and yet this man has the effrontery to call himself a Christian.—Had not the gentleman, I first mentioned, been present, and heard, and saw what passed, on both sides, I should have been scrupulous in repeating it; as it almost exceeds belief. I got up and walked out, turning round when I reached the door, I thanked him that he did not break my head. This man, of famous memory, is stout, rather corpulent, above the common height, and about fifty years of age. He generally wears a blue coat, short breeches, and long boots; his body is large, his legs spindling; he wears powder in his hair; his face resembles a full moon, in shape, and as red as a fiery furnace; the effects of drinking pure *water*, no doubt. His red face, contrasted with his white head (which, being grey, he covers with powder, being ashamed of his grey hairs, as well he may) gives him an odd appearance. His countenance, arrogant, haughty, and imperious. He was a member of the Hartford Convention; and D. D. ought to have been another. From him I went to his brother chip, Mr. D. D. he was not at home. I talked over my difficulties with Mrs. D. but it made no more impression upon her, than if I had addressed so many words to a statue. In the mean time I visited the Governor of the State, his excellency Governor Wolcott, who furnished me with a letter, (may Heaven reward him for the deed) wherein every thing was said that might awaken sympathy or inspire respect. Thinking my reception sure, with such a *passport*, I called once more on Mr. D. I knocked at the door, which was opened by a swarthy haggard old woman-servant, who might be taken for a witch.—She opened the door with great caution, leaving barely room enough to put out her head. I told her I was no robber, and asked her if Mr. D. was in? No, was the answer. Is he not in his office? “O no, he’s gone away.” Suspecting her of falsehood, I turned round, and stepped into the office where I found him. I recapitulated my business, and while I did so, I handed him the letter from Governor Wolcott. He looked at the letter, and threw it from him with indignant contempt, and said, “you are too troublesome in this town; what business have you here at all; go where you came from; I want



nothing to do with you." I picked up the Governor's letter, and told him, I was not surprised that he used me in that manner, after treating his Governor with such contempt; and added that my country was my home; that my husband had fought and bled in the cause of its freedom, and that if he did not choose to give me a piece of bread, he might suffer me to pass through the country unmolested. How different was the reception I met with from P. S. and Dr. Smith, and many others; who, instead of insulting me in my distress, listened patiently to my story, put their hands in their purse, and gave me—no matter what; it is recorded in Heaven.

"Show me a friend to the distressed, and I'll an angel show."

In justice to D. though equally unfeeling, he was not so abrupt as S. He only ordered me out of the country; but S. made no bones; he ordered me out of his office without hearing a word. This man must have shone in the Hartford Convention. Mr. D. in his person, is tall and stout built; though not so corpulent as S. he is about fifty years of age, and also wears powder in his hair, his face is that of a thorough-paced puritan. His countenance is stern, and has a hardness of expression peculiar to him; his eye has the color and fierceness of a rattlesnake; his complexion is a dirty yellow. I inquired of those acquainted with him the cause; they said "it was because he ate so many pumpkins."

Since all this happened, he has been made a judge by the legislature.\* Notwithstanding his *great* qualities, he is not exactly the kind of man I should choose for a judge, *though* I am not a *judge*. I never shall forget how he knit his iron brow, when I entered his office. These gentlemen must have read their bible upside down, if they ever read it at all. They are the only gentlemen in New Haven who wear powder, to inspire awe and terror no doubt in vulgar minds; exquisite felicities indeed, worthy of high and impassioned souls.

For the honor of humanity, I found the whole city an exception to those gentlemen; and amongst the citizens none more so than Mrs. B. who opened her hospitable doors, and afforded me an asylum through the winter. Meantime my

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\*The public no doubt expect another visitation from the witches.

work, the travels, came out and relieved me from a dependant situation. Mr Woodward (another Mr. Wiley) nobly gave me up my books, and though an entire stranger to him, trusted to my honor for the payment.

From New Haven, I went first to New-York, and then to Boston, to deliver my books to my subscribers. As both of these cities have been described in my first book of travels, I shall only notice the difference as respects the sale of the travels. In New-York the book-sellers having heard the work was popular, (for what cause they best know) set their faces against it. They did however sell a few copies, I myself sold very few, except to those who subscribed. While in Boston it went off faster than the binder could cover them. This difference may be ascribed to the superior taste and literary attainments of Boston, which leaves New-York at least a century behind. It would be paying New-York a poor compliment to say it is great, "it is great without praise;" and has its share of literary men. But whether from the want of literary institutions, or proper energy and skill in conducting them, or to the press of commercial pursuits, it is evident that the mass of the people are unpardonably ignorant, particularly the females. The ladies of New-York do *not* read! This is perhaps owing to their numerous sources of amusement. Such as the theatres, gardens, &c. The ladies of New-York have one excellence, however, peculiar to them; that is their elegant and graceful walk. This excellence is attributed to their smooth paved Broadway, upon which they practise walking to a degree which has been crowned with success. But the excellence of the Boston ladies is found in the improvement of their minds, which gives ease to their manners, and an intelligence of countenance, which forms a striking contrast to the vacant stare of the ladies of New-York. The pleasure of the former is intellectual, that of the latter is sensual. But facts speak louder than words. I asked a lady of New-York, one day, "how New-York State was bounded on the South," she replied she "did not know." Now a chamber-maid in Boston would have known better. At this time the clothes of the lady in question, could not have cost less (including her jewels) than two hundred dollars; this is shameful. They are, however, in a fair way to im-



prove, as I see they have several enlightened Yankees at the head of their literary institutions.

In New-York, therefore, I sold comparatively few books, whilst in Boston, nearly the whole of the Edition was bought up, and principally by the ladies. A New-York lady will not look at a book, unless it has a red cover.

After delivering my books in Boston, I set out in the stage for Albany, by way of Worcester, and Springfield. It being in the month of June, the aspect of the country was very different from what it was on my first journey through the same country, which took place early in the spring, before vegetation. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful than the eternal succession of white houses, and neatly cultivated farms, intermingled with streams of water, meadows, orchards, and dark green coups of trees; the whole wearing an air of comfort and independence.

As it sometime happens, a little beyond Worcester a dispute took place between the passengers and the driver. All the passengers, except myself, were going to Northampton; but when we arrived at the Stage-house where the North Hampton stage was to meet them, no stage was there, nor was any expected. The truth of the matter was, that the stage proprietors, who were the mail contractors, overreached the Northampton line, by taking their passengers, and having but one passenger to Springfield, (myself) they expected to take me on to Northampton slyly, and send the mail on in a chaise. Finding a great deal of whispering going on, and the stage stopping rather longer than usual, the mail taken out and I bolstered up in a chaise. I asked "Why we did not proceed and what was the meaning of those proceedings: One of the passengers said "they were sending the mail to Springfield; that the stage would go on to Northampton."—I called the landlord (without getting out of the stage) who was one of the contractors, and asked him "if that was the case:" he said "it was." I told him "I had taken the stage for Springfield, to which place I had paid my fare, and to Springfield I would go; and if he did not take me there, I would prosecute the whole concern." He said I ought certainly to go to that place, and he was sorry for the mistake. I told him to look at the way-bill, and he would see that I

had paid to that place, and, moreover, I had a receipt which I showed him. The passengers finding I stuck to the stage (for they had got out) endeavored to decoy me out, and the moment I would have got out, their object was to have stepped in, and drive off. This I perceived to be their drift, as upon looking behind, I saw my baggage was taken off. But I sat firm in the stage, and told the proprietors to put on my baggage, and drive on. He began to be alarmed for the *Mail*, lest it might be too late, by awaiting the issue of the controversy; it was still standing in the Yard. He, to do him justice, was a very genteel man, and asked it as a favor of me to ride in a chaise, and he would drive me himself: to this I consented; but finding he would be obliged to have a separate chaise, as the mail filled up the other, and his fears of being fined for delaying the mail, by holding any longer parley, he put it in the same stage from which he found it impossible to dislodge me, and I drove off in triumph, having the whole stage to myself, leaving the passengers (five or six in number) to their own reflections. I am sorry I do not know the name of the place, or the man, as he was by no means in fault, it happened at a place where there is a large factory, between Worcester and Springfield. All this was the contrivance of one T. the Stage Agent at Worcester, a great elephant, as fit for the business as a Hottentot. This T. keeps the tavern where the stage stops, a huge uncouth, unmannerly, rough looking being, scarcely human; his visage would frighten a wolf; and in every respect unworthy of patronage. It is surprising that the owners of those lines cannot see their interest to employ none but obliging men, to superintend their business, and particularly men who are qualified to treat travellers well for their money.

At Springfield, where I arrived about six o'clock, another great scare-crow had located himself, since my first visit, and my amiable friend, whom I found there about a year gone, had removed to Troy. The lady of the house, however, was all I could wish, and my time being short, I came off without getting my *throat* cut.\* At five o'clock P. M. just after a refreshing rain, I set out again with two more

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\*This Russian and a brother of his, one C. at Albany, T. of Worcester, and one King, mentioned in my first travels, are leagued together and are dangerous to travellers.

passengers (young men) who were pleasant and agreeable in their manners. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the meadows, corn-fields, and gardens, after the rain, the different shades of green, reflected by a bright evening sun, the vivid tints of the flowers in the gardens, added to the fertility of the soil, and the ease and comfort apparent in the thickly-spread farms, and the lofty steeples of the churches, presented one of the finest pictures in nature.

About eight o'clock we arrived at a country Inn, where we met with an obliging landlord, and a good supper. While supper was preparing, which was not long, I amused myself in looking over the family library, and the newspapers. I make this remark in justice to New England, as it is an evidence of their taste for literature and learning. Whether in city, town, or country, the true Yankee and his books, are inseparable. Early the next day we were in the State of New-York, which was soon visible by the numerous fields of wheat,\* an appearance of more wealth, larger fields, larger houses, and a bolder mode of farming, vast meadows, barley, corn, rye, oats, and flax, which are visible as far as the eye can see; while the fertility of the soil encreases till we are in Albany. Albany being mentioned in my first travels, I have little to remark. I found it little altered. The same hospitality from the better society, and the same repulsive coldness and want of charity and benevolence in the religious fanatics, or hypocrites, as they ought, more properly, to be called. The increase of commerce began to appear on the margin of the basin, and the canal, which had been completed since my first visit, begins to pour in the productions of the West; boats arrive hourly bringing in, and bearing out every article of commerce; and the basin, which is a mile in length, is covered with boats, and the margin lined with timber, plank, and scantling. This, the numerous travellers and parties of pleasure going to the springs, the falls, &c. gives Albany an appearance of much life and activity. By the way I found my friend the Librarian rather displeased with the notice I took of him in the Sketches; he said, had he known I was writing a

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\*Little wheat is reared in this part of New England, the citizens are furnished with flour from New-York.



book, he would have taken more notice of me, and have shewn me the library. Every one who has the least pretence to the character of a gentleman, is always the same. But my friend the librarian was not only apprised of my business, but was strongly solicited on the subject, nor did I find him a whit altered in his manners, one would think with his opportunities at least he might have got rid of his "Dunder and Blixens."

It was on this second visit to Albany that I became acquainted with the Hon. M. Van Buren, the head of the opposition in the State of New York. It is understood, that the State of New-York is divided into Clintonians and Bucktails. Finding myself assailed, not very genteelly, by those self-same Bucktails, I sat myself to learn the nature of those distinctions, and how I came to incur their displeasure in the publication of my book, which, it appeared, gave offence. I was much surprised to find that my *Sketches* should have no enemies, but those Bucktails; and the more so, as my book was an impartial representation of men and things, without regard to parties, of which I might well be supposed to be totally ignorant. Upon inquiry, I found that the Bucktails were opposed to Clinton, and the description I gave of him in the travels or sketches, displeased them. As my remarks, on Governor Clinton, were confined to an unequivocal description of his person, I was naturally led to suspect that envy must be at the bottom of the case; and being told that Mr. Van Buren was at the head of the party, and withall, a very gentlemanly man, I waited on him, to come to a further understanding on the subject. He received me very politely indeed; and after our greeting, I informed him of the hostility of his party towards my book; and as none of them seemed to understand the meaning, or definition of the word *Bucktail*, I was come to him for an explanation. With the greatest good humor in the world, he explained the meaning, and rise of the term, their political tenets, and the cause of their dislike to Clinton. The Bucktails, as he stated, were the old republican party, and were called Bucktails, from the Tammany Society. St. Tammany, of Indian race, gave rise to the Society, who, on certain days, such as anniversaries, wore Bucktails in their hats. From the word *old*, I asked if there were any *new* republicans? I

thought Mr. Van Buren seemed at a loss, and at length he said, that those who opposed the Bucktails,\* were generally esteemed Federalists; (meaning the Clintonians) "well but why," said I, "should any man in New-York dislike De Witt Clinton, as he has proved himself the greatest friend to the State, of any other man?" He admitted that Clinton was a man of talents, and seemed to regret that the Bucktails had treated me with disrespect. Mr. Van Buren is quite a young man, of middling height, and light make; his complexion is fair, his features delicate, with a keen blue eye; his countenance open and benevolent; in his manners he is affable and very pleasing; he is said to be a gentleman of learning and uncommon talents. Since my interview with him, I have understood, that amongst the Bucktails (the opposition to Clinton) are to be found federalists as well as republicans, and the same of the other party; and in fact if I were to judge of them, by what I saw myself, I would say that many of them do not know what they are, and that their opposition to Clinton is merely the effect of envy. I do not, however, think so of Van Buren, as his talents must place him above the reproach.

Since I have been led to mention Governor Clinton, I feel bound to add a short remark on that man, whose talents have perpetuated his name so long as time shall last. When I first saw him, it was in the dusk of the evening, and no light in the room, my description of his features (particularly) and countenance are obviously defective. For instance, I say his "face is round." It is neither round nor oval. His high, square, firm, forehead, is like no other man's, and every feature in his face is identified with nobility: the upper part of his head retreats back more than common, and his chin is thrown out. In short, his face retreats back from his chin; his eye is always elevated, and his countenance is irresistibly fascinating. He is, as I said in my first travels, a stout man; and though he is a little lame, is an active man for his age, which is about fifty.

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\*Bucktail is a name of reproach, which was bestowed on them by their opponents.

It is well known that the Erie canal emanated from the great head of Governor Clinton; and from his looks, I would suppose it contained several more; he is himself a canal; his mind, like a mighty river, flows steadily on in one even channel, as regardless of the little curs who yelp at his heels, as the elephant is of the tiny ant. If I were to give an opinion on the subject, I would say, he was the greatest man at this time in the world.

After spending a few days at Albany, I set out to the Saratoga Springs, a well known place of fashionable resort. Saratoga lies 34 miles from Albany. This journey is travelled by land, on horseback, in the stage, or in your own carriage. When it is known, (and even before it is known) you are going to the Springs, you are beset with a host of stage drivers, "do you want a coach?" "do you want to go to Troy?" "do you want to go to Schenectady?" another, "do you want to go to White Hall?" "do you want to go to Bennington? Montreal?" Thus, you are driven mad out of pure love for your convenience; as there is not a point in the compass for which there is not a coach, or a steam boat, or a canal packet, in Albany. Of all places I ever was in, it is the most fertile in stage coaches. Accordingly, I took one of E. Young's red coaches, with spring seats, and with a jolly old croney of the revolution, three young fops (as plenty as coaches) and one, two, or three cooks, and chamber maids, at least, I set off in the red coach to Saratoga. One of the females, it was evident, was of the frail sort; the others were awkward doudies, dressed in silks; and the fops were, as they always are, silly young men. A middle aged country man, and the old soldier, however, were lively facetious companions; and but for the heat of the day, we would have had a pleasant ride. We passed through Troy, Lansingburg, and Waterford, (all of which I shall visit on my return) and dined at a place called the Burough, where the landlord, much to his honor, gave me a cup of tea, which I always take at dinner, in summer. The other passengers seemed rather to prefer wine and *brandy*, ladies and all. It is odious, abominable, detestable, to see females drink. Half a dozen stages generally meet here every day, nearly at the same instant of time, so admirably do they contrive to make their own out of travellers. I forgot to mention a deranged



missionary, who was passenger with us; he was actually mad, and had to be confined, his arms being tied behind his back, and could with difficulty, be kept in the stage. When the passengers, about thirty, sat down to dinner, this missionary was released till he should have dined. It was distressing to see how christianity is abused by these people. This poor unfortunate man, the moment he was seated at the table, began to say grace, which, though nobody attended to, he spun out to an unwarrantable length. A gentleman who had the care of him (the farmer) tried to silence him in vain, till he saw his own time. At length he began to eat voraciously, and alternately cut large pieces of meat, and laid them on his plate, took off a mouthful, and threw the balance on some lady's plate. At length he had to be taken from the table, and confined. He was quite a young man, not more than twenty-one or two. The gentleman who attended him said he was a native of Vermont, to which place he was then conveying him to his aged mother, she being a widow! What a sight for a mother! I think the gentleman said he was her only son, but of this I am not certain. He was one of those missionaries (I am sick of the name) who used to skulk about Nassau street, in New-York, a mere tool for those petty robbers who make a traffic of religion, and it seems this young man, being a man of weak mind, his zeal on the subject of missions, tracts, &c. &c. drove out all the sense he had, like many others of the sort. The gentleman said he had been in the Insane hospital in New-York, but his mother expressing a wish to have him brought home, he had undertaken the humane act; and although he was a stout man, he often had to call on the passengers to hold him in the stage, as he was anxious to get out to preach the gospel to the heathen.

Now see the religion of those hypocrites: they made use of this poor simpleton to frighten poor women and children out of their little all; and when he was of no further use to them, they abandoned him to perish, or be supported by the charity of others, for charity is a virtue unknown amongst them—but more of them hereafter.

When we began to draw near the springs, our carriages were beset with a host of little ill-dressed, ill-looking, sun-burnt boys and girls, bare-headed and bare-footed, some

would have a few blackberries in their hands, others wild flowers. They would run by the side of the stage, and hold them up to the passengers, who would sometimes take them out of their dirty hands, and throw them a cent. Some would fling a bunch of flowers into the carriage, and those who had no flowers, would jerk up a handful of weeds, fling them in with the rapidity of lightning, and then keeping pace with the carriage, would cry out "give me one cent, give me one cent." This was the case for three or four miles. On approaching the springs, these children are strung along the road side; where they come from, no one knows. I am surprised those missionaries do not civilize them.

But these troops are nothing to those who await your arrival at the springs. About the time the stages are expected in, ten or a dozen domestics, or hirelings, or waiters, which you please, hold themselves in readiness, at every public house, and the moment the stages stop at the doors, a troop rushes out of the house, two or three fly to the door of the carriage, and scarcely take time to turn the bolt, in their eagerness to get the passengers out: the residue fly to the trunks behind, and both passengers and trunks are literally torn from the coach. Every boarding house has their favorite stages, and the like short work takes place at every house. But when it happens that all the passengers do not choose to stop where those roguish drivers wish they should, a sudden silence takes place, and the whole group seems instantly paralyzed; and those who were all rush and activity, a moment before, appear like statues, and with pale looks, slowly shut to the coach door. The fare is from two to one dollar fifty, from Albany to the springs, and dinner fifty cents, cheap enough. The country is rich and flourishing, till you draw near the springs, which are in the poorest part of the state. As we drove on we had a fine view of the Hudson river, to our left, though it is quite narrow, compared to its width at Albany.

I put up with my friend Palmer, my old landlord at Albany, who has since removed to this place, and keeps Montgomery Hall; boarding five dollars per week. Both he and his wife were very glad to see me, they are kind and obliging people, but have taken a little skin-flint of a

partner to whom they consign most of the business, much to their disadvantage. The most of the passengers of my coach, got out at one Reed's, a cheap house. When the stage stopt at his door, my friend asked the landlord if he was full. "No," he replied, "empty enough." Here I parted with the poor maniac, and have never heard of him since. The gentleman who had the care of him, deserves much credit for his kindness and humane attention.

The springs usually called Saratoga, are situated in a village, which, as well as the county in which it lies, is called Saratoga. The site is somewhat high, though level, and consists principally of one street, wide, and nearly a mile in length. Other streets, however, form angles with this, but they are not so populous or showy. The boarding houses, of which there are several, are amazingly large and lofty, which has a fine effect, and gives the village more the appearance of a city than a village.\* Those great Hotels are all on the principal street, viz: Congress Hall, Union Hall, United States Hotel, the Pavilion, Columbian Hall, Montgomery Hall, and several others. Boarding is from four to ten dollars, though boarding may be had for two dollars in the village. The three great Hotels, viz: Congress Hall, United States Hotel, and the Pavilion, have ten dollars! This is abominable, no wonder they have few boarders, it is perfect robbery, the simpletons stand much in their own light; if they would fix their rates at about one dollar or less per day, they would make ten dollars where they do not make one. More visitors would attend and stay longer; whereas, the first people only spend a day or two, and disgusted with the price, they leave the place, and travel over the country. It is amusing enough to observe how the Editor of the place, puffs in the season of the springs. "One thousand visitors are now at Saratoga, and many more expected." This I saw in the papers previous to my visit, a fine harvest thought I for my travels, and away I posted to the springs, expecting to see all the world, and sell off my travels, when, lo! the thousand dwindled to about 60 or

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\*In the state of New-York there are no towns; they are either cities, or villages. On the contrary, in New England they are all towns, few cities, and no villages.

70 of all sorts and sizes, not more than half a dozen distinguished persons among them; these were Joseph Bonaparte, (Count Survilliers) Prince Murat, his Nephew, the Russian Consul and his family from Boston, Mr. Harris of Philadelphia, former minister, and a few Southern gentlemen and their families, and now one more (myself) was added to the list. There was, besides, a very respectable planter of the West Indies.

I was much gratified to meet with the brother and nephew of the celebrated Napoleon, and as soon as I was refreshed after the fatigue of my journey, I waited on them at the United States Hotel. I in the first place, desired the landlord to hand the Count my card, and walked into the parlor, where the guests were seated, expecting every minute a visit from the Count. Whilst I sat unnoticed by the party, (though I was taking good notice of them) a very interesting female quaker came and seated herself by me. She apologized, and said she observed I was a stranger, and begged to know if I wished to see any one in particular. The sweetness of her countenance, her lady-like manners, and appearance, instantly fastened upon my heart. I told her my business, and that I had desired the landlord F\*\*\* to present my card to Count Survilliers and say that "I waited to pay my respects to him." She replied, "she knew the Count, and would introduce me when he came in, which could not be long." We nevertheless sat some time before he made his appearance, and the moment he entered the parlor, I knew him by the ease and dignity of his manners, but it was evident that the clown F. had not delivered my card. After I was introduced to him, we endeavored to converse, but he not understanding the English language, and I understanding no French, we made rather an indifferent hand of it. At length a friend of his and mine, Mr. Allen of Providence, explained to him the nature of my visit. But his eagerness to make himself understood, drew a number of fops and dandies round us, who broke out in a great horse laugh. The Count blushed, as well he might, at this specimen of American manners. These are the fashionables that visit the springs, an irrefragible contradiction of Mr. D—'s puffs, I never was more ashamed of my country, nor ever saw so striking an instance of low breeding,



and yet these people have the effrontery to send missionaries to convert and instruct the heathen. Well may it be applied to them, "pull the beam out of thine own eye." Let them take pattern by the heathen, who never committed such an outrage upon good manners. The lady who paid me such marked attention, was from the City of New-York, her name is Chace, and her husband is one of the first merchants in the city. She told me what street she lived in, and invited me to call on her when I came to the city. She was at the springs on account of her daughter's health, a most amiable young lady, whom I lament to hear has since died. Joseph Bonaparte, or the Count, as he is called, is about forty years of age in appearance, of middling height, stout, and muscular; his complexion is very fair, though slightly suffused with red; his face is round, full, and features well proportioned; his eyes are a light blue, soft and intelligent; his countenance is open, unclouded, and gay; his manners are vivacious, and highly polished; he was by far the most pleasant gentleman I saw at the springs. I was much disappointed in him, having understood he was very distant and gloomy. He is represented to be a man of unbounded benevolence, and I would think him justly entitled to that character. The Prince (Murat) is a small man and appears to be not more than twenty-four years of age. His figure is light, but well proportioned, his complexion is dark, but ruddy, his hair and eyes are black, his features are handsome, his face is round, and his countenance open and pleasing. He is not so easy in his manners as his uncle, but of a most happy disposition, and one of the most amiable of his species. He is all gayety and life, and joined the company in laughing at his uncle. His uncle called him to him, and said something to him in French, and the Prince (rightly named) took out his purse and gave me five dollars for a copy of my book. I hope he will excuse me for publishing this act of generosity which reflects eternal disgrace upon the Americans just mentioned. If I knew who they were, I would stamp them with a mark that would descend to latest posterity as an example for others.

As I before observed, very few people of distinction visit the springs, though I am told some years back it was thronged with the wealthy and fashionable; the change is



said to be ascribed to the canals, the opening of roads, and the cheapness and facility of travelling. Those few who call, being allured by the high sounding puffs in the papers, when they arrive, and find it a hoax, and finding none but a rabble from the country, to which we may add a few cooks, and chambermaids, from the cities, together with some dozens of fops, they take themselves off to Niagara, and the Canadas. Their arrival, however, is announced in the paper of the village, and others seeing it, are allured to the springs. They finding themselves disappointed, pursue the same course; this is the routine at present. The beautiful scenery of the State of New-York, her lakes, and her falls, her canals, and her lordly forests, her handsome rivers, have more charms than the springs, at ten dollars per week.

The society at these springs, is very different from that of the springs of Virginia. There the people come in their own carriages, bring their own servants, come early and stay late, usually from six to eight weeks. These are people of the first respectability, and associate together; and though they do not sleep in one house, they all eat at the same table. I have seen two hundred, nay more, at one dinner table, and all of the first class. But at Saratoga, the different boarding houses separates the company. At the Virginia, viz: Sweet and Sulphur springs, no country people come but those who bring things to market. Here they come in shoals, and fairly eclipse the fashionables; in fact they are the fashionables in relation to numbers and dress, and though they do not add legitimately to society, they make up a part, and no small one, of the puffs in Mr. D—'s paper. This description of people are little advantage to the springs, as they never stay over one night, and very few of them eat a meal's victuals. They come in pairs, in chaises, and bring crackers and cheese in little baskets. Those people are coming and going continually, the country being thickly settled, and though very awkward, are very innocent.

Besides these, next in number are a host of thorough going cocknies, from the cities, equally unpolished, with a great stock of impudence, and little money; these generally accompany females of their *own* kidney, between and whom there appears to be a very pleasant understanding. Now and then a sturdy Dutch farmer and his wife, come in their

own chaise, walk down to Congress spring, take a drink, walk back, take tea, say nothing, go out after tea, walk up the main street to the Pavilion, stand on the hill, and look down at the high rock spring, return to the tavern, sit down in the parlor, look out through the window, talk to one another of the beauty of Congress Hall, which makes a brilliant appearance when lit up at night with candles. If you speak to them they will answer you, but they never speak first; and though very distant to every one else, are very talkative and loving to each other. Over and above, there are a few missionaries.\* Those pests to society meet you in every place.

“Through thick and thin, through weather foul and fair,”  
They are, “your humble servants, every where.”

Those have a shy, gloomy look, with a countenance like the moon in an eclipse. They are uniformly dressed in black, an emblem of their business. Their visage is long, their complexion a dirty wan; they are generally tall, gaunt, and supple! distant and vulgar in their manners, the gloom in their countenance is never interrupted with a smile. They usually have a train of women after them with the same lowering looks.† These mostly go in pairs, observe the strictest silence, conversing only with each other in low whispers, and have a very suspicious guilty look. They are always upon their guard, lest they might be overheard; and, upon the whole, evidently appear to be engaged in some dark design. They do not stay long, and while they do they generally skulk about the back parts of the village, with one of their corps.

The guests, at each house, commonly associate together, except in a few instances: that is, they will eat at the same table, and sit in the same parlour, but their time is so short that few intimacies are contracted. I saw a few ladies and gentlemen from North-Carolina; these were easy and affable in their manners; but the principal were from Boston and New-York. The Boston ladies were clad in the graces, the New York ladies were loaded with silk and lace,‡ the

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\*I call all missionaries, who are connected with them.

† These women strew tracts wherever they go, which nobody reads, and then beg money to print more tracts.

‡ One of them asked me what state Alabama was in.

dandies, with cane in hand, were dressed as they always are, in smirks and grins, and their clothes like nobody else's: the missionaries in a sleek black hat and sleek broadcloth coat.

The amusements are principally riding, walking, and balls; some walk fast, some walk slow, and a few ladies violate the constitution in the length of the step. There is a reading-room at the springs, but I saw few people in it. It is kept by one D. a gloomy Presbyterian; a stout man, of young appearance, yellow complexion and a malignant black eye; cold and forbidding in his manners. He being a bucktail, was no friend to my new work; or, indeed, to any thing else, which might be called benevolent or liberal. He is a sour grum looking man, about as well polished as a Missouri Bear.

The site of the village is very pleasant and the Hotels are large and elegant buildings, particularly, Congress Hall and the Pavilion. The first is near the Congress spring, and is 200 feet in length,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  stories high, with two wings running back 60 feet. It has a beautiful piazza in front, the whole length and height of the building. The piazza is supported by lofty columns of singular beauty; both these and the buildings are painted white: at the foot of each column, vines are planted which run up in a serpentine figure to the top of the column and look extremely beautiful. The Pavilion is nearly as large, with a handsome collonade, and by far the most pleasant of all the Hotels in the interior. It has, also, the advantage of having a genteel accommodating landlord. The Union Hall is, likewise, very large, and kept by a very deserving man, a descendant of the original proprietor, and related to the celebrated Putnum of Pomfret. The United States' Hotel is, also, a very large building of brick, but the keeper is the greatest clown in New York, and none less worthy of patronage. Besides these, there are many other elegant houses for the accommodation of boarders. In short, there is no lack of room or waiters; all that seems to be lacking, is boarders; and I thought the reply of Reed might very well be applied to the whole, "empty enough." The cooking, particularly where I was, was shocking; and the flies, in swarms, covered every dish for half an hour, at least, before the boarders were called to sit down. As for fly-fans, there is not one at the springs, nor does any one in the place know

what they are. I told them how they were made; and, although they could have been made in an hour, I might as well have preached charity to a missionary, as attempt to persuade them into it. All these boarding houses are beset by a host of runners, porters, and stage-drivers, who post themselves before the doors of the taverns, the veryest rabble in the world, and seem ready to devour the travellers when they arrive.

There are several stores in the village, well furnished with every article of food and clothing. It has a printing office, a post office, several private schools, two churches, and 1,900 inhabitants: many of the inhabitants are of the highest respectability, both for talents and learning, and live in a style of elegance not surpassed by the citizens of any town in the state. Of these judge W. Dr. Steel, and Mr. W. are distinguished.

The springs of Saratoga are twelve in number; the principal of which are, Congress spring, High Rock, Flat Rock, Columbian, Hamilton, and President. These, with many others, extend in a chain on the margin of a low marshy vale, which runs parallel with the village. The properties of all are nearly the same, differing only in the quantities of their ingredients. The waters of the Congress spring, however, is decidedly the strongest, and the best medical spring in the United States; it is very limpid, and sparkles in the glass like Champaign. Dr. Steel, a scientific gentleman, of much celebrity, a resident of the place, analyzed these springs, and from one gallon, or 231 cubic inches of the water, found it to contain 676 grains of solid substance in a perfect state of solution; of this about two thirds was muriat of soda, more than one fourth carbonate of lime, and the remainder carbonate of soda, carbonate of magnesia, and carbonate of iron. But the most extraordinary property of this water is this, when it is taken out of the spring it contains one half more than its bulk of carbonic acid gass. This water tastes like soda water. The temperature of all those springs is from 44 to 52 Farenheit. The water of Congress spring is bottled and sent to every part of the world, even to Canton; but is said to lose much of its gaseous property. It will raise bread equal to yeast, and will restore the color of silks and muslins discolored by acids. The High Rock spring is a great natural



curiosity. You see a large rock sitting loosely on the surface of the earth, in the shape of a sugar loaf, nine feet in diameter, at its base, five feet high, and tapers from the bottom to the top to a small point. Upon approaching the rock, you discover a circular hole of twelve inches in diameter, and on looking down through the aperture, you see the water boiling up and making a great noise. The rock has evidently been formed from the particles thrown up by the water, which appears to possess a petrifying quality, and once flowed over the top of the rock. But from some cause (the falling of a tree it is supposed) it only rises within two feet of the top. This rock commenced its formation on the surface of the earth.

This spring was visited by sir Wm. Johnson, in the year 1767; though it was known to the Indians long before. A building was erected near this spring before the revolutionary war; afterwards abandoned, and again resumed.

All these waters are said to be efficacious in various complaints, of which there is little doubt. The Congress spring, however, is principally used; it was discovered about twenty seven years ago, and has been highly improved by Doctor Clark, an enterprising gentleman, whose property it is. He has enclosed it with a tube to secure it from the fresh water, in the centre of which it rises. A large circular covering over the spring shields it, and the drinkers, from the weather; but no seats are provided for persons to sit on, you stand up behind a railing, which separates you from the well, and little boys who stand ready to fill a horn tumbler and present it to you; for which service they expect a cent. This to be sure is not much; but added to the ten dollar board, and a number of extras, particularly bathing, which, if I am not mistaken, is fifty cents each time;\* nothing less than a Prince could stay any length of time at Saratoga, and he must have a bank. The proprietors stand much in their own light by those abominable charges;† three dollars per week is high for the fare I saw, viz. covered with flies, and the vilest cooking in the world. Were the accommodations in this respect pleasant, I know of no place better calculated for health and pleas-

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\*This is unpresidented by all the watering places I have seen.

†If you take a book from Mr. D's library, you pay double what you do at other places.

ure than Saratoga springs. The village is handsomely situated amidst the finest scenery, beautiful groves, springs, ponds, and lakes, and the country so level that you may ride or walk without danger, or fatigue. Saratoga lake is about nine miles long and three broad, is a short ride of three or four miles from the spring, and affords much amusement for parties of pleasure, who often make excursions thither and sail on the water and fish in commodious sail boats during the sultry season

The former residence of the famous Gen. Schyler, is near these springs, the place where Gen. Burgoyne surrendered to the Americans in 1777. This is on the Hudson, of which I shall say more hereafter. Doctor Steel, already mentioned, one of the ablest men in New-York, has published a small work explaining the properties of the water, and the manner of using it. The work displays much talent and ability, and ranks amongst the first of our scientific works.

It being but six miles to Ballston Spaw, I stole a little time from my engagements, to visit it also. Ballston Spaw is in the town of Milton, which is in the county of Saratoga. It is also a considerable village, partly on a narrow vale, through which a bold stream runs, called Kayaderosseres. The village is surrounded with lofty pointed hills, which gives it a very romantic appearance. It contains 614 inhabitants, a Court House for the county, a church, an academy, a female seminary, a printing office, and post office, and is likewise the seat of taste and fashion. The Hon. Speaker of the House of Representatives, J.W. Taylor, lives at Ballston. Here, as at Saratoga village, there are numerous springs, called by different names, and are said to contain nearly the same qualities of those of Saratoga; though they are little used, as few people resort there, farther than to see it. These springs appear to have been eclipsed by Saratoga. But for those who are fond of wild scenery, it is much more desirable than the latter. I was completely fascinated with the scenery, and beautiful flower gardens which, added to the bold stream that rushes through it (upon which there is a considerable factory) gives it a decided advantage over Saratoga; in beauty nothing can be more picturesque. But the principal advantage is in the table, in which there is no comparison, at least where I put up, which was at Aldrige's. Mr. Clark's, where the stages stop, is likewise, a good house; though neither is as large as Sans Souci; a very large and beautiful building of wood. Conversing

with a gentleman in the stage, on my way to the Spaw, he informed me, that he thought Aldrige's was the best place for me to put up; his house was large and neat, his charges low, and that he ate the best dinner there once he ever sat down to: and to Aldrige's I went. I found every thing as I had been told; and, though the old lady was a little eccentric, the old gentleman was kind and obliging; and our meals, the best cooked of any place I have seen in the state of New York, either before or since. And who should I find there, but my dear friend, Mr. Dwight, the famous secretary of the Hartford Convention; he was attended by his wife and daughter, as I was told, for he had not the politeness to introduce them; a little extraordinary, considering the common good liking that existed between us.

Though I had seen him once in New York, and his countenance was familiar to me, it was some time before I was sensible of the honourable company I was in, from my blundering landlady, who, instead of calling D. by his name, called him Mr. De-wite. One more gentleman and lady composed the company at Aldrige's.

As I am famous (so says my friends) for portraying personal appearance, it cannot be bestowed in a better place. Mr. D. is about fifty years of age; a stout heavy-made man; his face is handsome, round, smooth, full, and very regularly featured; his forehead is high and smooth, but the venom of his eye would guillotine a whole world; it is a small redish black eye, and glistens with a nameless malignity. He is awkward, stiff, circumspect, and distant in his manners; his countenance is austere and heavily charged with puritanical frigidness. His wife was haggard and wrinkled, and looked much the oldest; his daughter was a stout, coarse, hard featured old maid. She looked as old as her father, and not half so handsome. She conversed with a great deal of spleen, levelled principally against the ladies of Philadelphia, of whom she appeared very jealous. This, I believe, is common to the ladies of New-York. The ladies of Philadelphia are no favorites with them. The *gentlemen*, I presume, are; but women are but women. To return: the other gentleman and lady, were of a more liberal cast, and not seeming to relish the prudish manners of Miss D. or the still more appalling manners of Mr. D. our meals were generally silent. Mr. D. very piously inclined, always said one of his long graces before we commenced eating, which, what ever be-

nefit it conferred on our souls, was certainly very little to our meals, which grew cold under these prayers of hypocrisy. This epithet fits Mr. D. well, since his long prayers have not been able (if report be true) to reclaim his own family, whose frailties are known to me; though I scorn to name them. I would not imitate his unchristian and ungentlemanly conduct towards me, which, *since* this has put the sincerity of his religion to the test. Every one remembers the vulgar and malicious attack on my reputation, published in his paper shortly after this. This act of savage barbarity was unworthy of the heathen whom he pretends to convert. What confidence is to be put in the professions of a man, whose actions would bring a blush in the face of an honest Turk, I leave to the world to judge; and yet this man is countenanced and carressed (by his sort). Thus, the Christian religion has become a name, a by-word, a cloak to conceal, or countenance rather, not only every knave, but ever class of fraud and oppression. We want no better evidence of this, than the bitter, false, and lawless article, of which this D. was the publisher, against an innocent, unoffending female, at that time a stranger and in distress. Such pretended christians ought to be held up to the public eye, and avoided as a pestilence. As for Col. S. who attacked me at the same time, he has been sufficiently punished by the castigations of the editorial corps; and, besides S. though he is now in the missionary service, having taken the bounty, was once capable of doing a generous act: never will I forget the kindness and sympathy of his expressions to me, when I was a stranger, poor, and friendless, in New-York, and the pains he took to aid me. This one act of his, ought to blot out all his faults, were they as numerous as the sand on the shore. Never shall I forget, when meeting him by accident, one day, in Mr. Carter's office, he took up the pen and said, "come, gentlemen, let us patronize this lady," setting the example. Such an act, at any time, would be generous, but at that time it was godlike. I called on D. at the same time by the advice of my friends, but I might as well have called on a Shylock—but I leave him to his God and his conscience.



Having resolved upon a visit to the Falls of Niagara, I returned to Saratoga and prepared for my departure as I had little to prepare I was soon ready. I had intended to go by Johnstown to Utica, but the Stage proprietors, the greatest rogues, except the missionaries, in the country, though they will come nearly to breaking heads, necks, or any thing else that can be broke to convey a passenger; they would not turn round once to oblige, and after waiting several days for my baggage to follow me, I had to turn back to Albany. See the cunning of those Stage proprietors; their aim was to get four dollars more out of me, as they knew I could not go without my baggage. But they overshot the mark for once, for instead of returning to the Springs I went by the way of Schenectady.

When you are about to leave the Springs you are surrounded by a mob of coach-drivers, who come near tearing you to pieces. "Do you want to go to Johnstown?" Another, "Do you want to go to Schyersville?" "No, I want to go to Albany." Another one steps up, "I go at nine o'clock, go with me, pay your fare." "I can't go till twelve, a coach goes from the other house." "I go at twelve, go with me, give me your name, I'll put it down." Another, "I go at twelve, that's my red coach, fine spring-seats." Not one only; but every one of those puts down your name, and should you happen to pay your fare, ten to one but what you are left behind if the driver happens to be full. But the mob breaks out when you are about to set off; all those who put down your name before you could make them an answer, assails you with such a language as this: "You shall pay your fare; you promised to go with me." "No, she agreed to go with me, and if she don't, it is not my fault; I'll have my fare; I *kept* a seat for her." "I'll get a constable, says another, and I'll see if I can't get my pay;" and actually set off for a constable. They are certainly the greatest pests, and the most insolent rabble in the world, and yet, were they under proper restrictions and decently conducted, they would certainly be the greatest conveniences in the country.

On my way, I called at Waterford, Lansingburgh, and Troy. *Waterford* is a very handsome village in the form of a half-moon and inhabited by wealthy and fashionable people. It is the largest village in Saratoga and is a post town, lately incorporated. It contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants, three churches, and two banks, several schools, a printing-office, and post-office. It owns several small vessels which navigate the Hudson river, three miles below, where there is a sloop-lock and dam. The Erie and Champlain canals meet at Waterford, between it and which, runs the celebrated *Mohawk* river, a mile from Waterford. The junction of the canals is about eight miles from Albany, and the Hudson and the Mohawk unite near Waterford, after which the river makes a grand appearance.

The celebrated *Cohos Falls*, a bridge over the Hudson, and another over the Mohawk, the junction of the rivers, the junction of the canals, added to the wildness and grandeur of the scenery, forms a group of interesting objects no where equalled. The bridge over the Mohawk, just below the falls, affords a fine view of this splendid cataract; the fall is nearly a perpendicular of forty feet; the rock over which it falls is uneven, and rises upon each side of the sheet, confining the water within its bounds, considerably narrower than the stream.

The land on each side of the river, at this place, rises into high precipices covered with huge rocks which preclude cultivation, and being covered with rich foilage, adds much to the sublimity of the scenery. The two canals meet about half a mile from this place. Here I stood and paused some minutes lost in wonder at the ingenuity of man, to see boats gliding through the woods, the produce of the north and the west, pursuing a steady course to the ocean, returning with every article of necessity, ornament, or comfort, while millions are benefitted. Well may the city of New-York be praised; it gives life and activity, not only to the whole state, but to the Union.

The Champlain, or Northern canal, as it is called, is the same width as the Western canal, and sixty-three

miles and a half in length, with eighteen locks, and aqueducts: a great dam over the Hudson, to feed the summit level, cost \$30,000. This canal was made in 1822. I shall say more of it hereafter; we pass near it going to the springs. I shall say nothing more of the Erie canal at this place, as I intend to sail on it to Buffalo. There is a grist mill and a cotton factory at this place also. The bridge over the Hudson separates Waterford and Lansingburgh it is the first from the ocean—a very handsome covered bridge.

Waterford has many advantages and is growing fast. Success to it; the citizens are worthy of their good fortune: they are liberal, intelligent, and hospitable. Mr. Van Schoonhoven lives in a princely pallace at the head of the principal street, which is wide and straight, stretching down to the bridge; his mansion sits on an eminence and commands a handsome view of the bridge, the Hudson, and Lansingburgh; a beautiful flower garden and pleasure grounds are attached to his house. He is descended from the ancient nobility who came from Holland and first settled New-York. There are, however, many respectable families besides in Waterford, who are well educated Yankees, one from my favorite city Boston, Mr. Douglas, whose lady richly deserves to be enrolled with the Boston fair. The gentlemen of the Bar are also distinguished, though I had not the pleasure of seeing them, with the exception of John Kremer, esq. and Mr. Givens. In short, the objects in and near Waterford have very deservedly drawn the attention of those who travel for pleasure, and particularly those who are fond of the sublime and beautiful.

It is expected of me to give an impartial detail of men, manners, and things as they are, and here I have to record one of those incidents which gives name to my book. Hearing that my friend, the amiable Mrs. C. of Hartford, was in Waterford, on a visit to her daughter, one of the young ladies mentioned in my first book of travels, who has since been married, I called at the house to pay her my respects: I had scarcely saluted the daughter and enquired for the mother, when the husband of the former, the

man of the house came in, a vulgar Knickerbocker. After being introduced, I said something to this Dutchman about my travels, and said, "I supposed he had heard of it." "Yes," he replied, he had heard it would do to light pipes with, and turned off in a surly manner without more ceremony. I told my young friend, in his presence, "that I thought she had made a bad bargain, and that I would leave the house before I was kicked out of it," and accordingly I quitted the house without seeing Mrs. C. fully confirmed in the opinion that her son-in-law (a true Knickerbocker) had never made any other use of books unless it was to light his pipe; my books, however, have never been put to that use, and had he been any thing but a consummate clown, I should have felt greatly insulted.

*Lansingburgh* is but a short distance from Waterford, on the opposite side of the Hudson, over which, as already remarked, there is a very handsome bridge. When you cross the bridge, you are in Lansingburgh, though it is some ways<sup>1</sup> from the populous part of the village. Lansingburgh is two miles from Troy, on the Hudson, consisting of one principal street, a mile in length. It is principally built of wood, contains four churches, one bank, a printing-office, an academy and three thousand inhabitants. It is also inhabited by genteel and hospitable people. Amongst these I am under particular obligations to Rev. Dr. Blatchford, Mr. H. P. Hunt, and H. G. Spafford, L. L. D., the latter deserves much credit as a writer.\* Near this village is the celebrated Diamond Rock on a high hill. It emits a brilliant lustre of exquisite beauty when the rays of the sun come in contact with it.

*Troy.*—I took a hasty sketch of Troy in my first travels and have little more to add. It advances slowly, taking into view its great advantages, and is inhabited by a narrow-minded bigotted people, the refuse of New England; as different from the inhabitants of New England, as knowledge from ignorance, or intelligence from bigotry;

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\* Mr. Spafford is the author of a *Pocket guide*, or *Tour on the Canals*, and *Gazetteer of New-York*, which deserve the patronage of every good man.



very little to the credit of Mr. H. and Mrs. W., both of whom stand at the head of improvements in society. The the first of these edits the *Centinel*, and the latter has long been engaged as a female teacher, and instead of improving the society, the people have degenerated into barbarous ignorance. A bigotted priest-ridden race, illiberal, fanatical, unsociable, and vulgar in their manners. It is the policy of the priesthood, since priests have been known, to take advantage of the ignorance of the people, and they have done it with a vengeance in Troy, which has become the laugh and scorn of its neighbours. I would suppose no gentleman who prized the morals or happiness of his daughters would send them to such a sink of ignorance. As for my friend H. he has no doubt laboured hard in *his* way, as he has become bald in the cause, and as for Mrs. W. she is *said* to be a woman of talents, but it is not the possession of talents but the manner they are exercised, from which we are to judge. After this picture of Yankees, no wonder the whole nation of Yankees are aspersed by those who have never been in New England. I would not, however, be understood to say there are no gentlemen in Troy. Mr. Titus the tavern-keeper, and his friend below, another tavern-keeper, are very pleasant liberal-minded men, highly respectable in their calling, and on every account, worthy the patronage of the public. The book-seller, Mr. Disternal, is also a man of liberal and gentlemanly manners, besides these, the Universalist minister is all I saw that deserved the name, excepting my friend H. a poor sentinel, or he would have kept away those missionaries.

As you approach Troy from Lansingburgh, you are struck by a pavilion of singular beauty. It sits perched on the top of a lofty rock, and adds much to the beauty of the landscape, which, at this point, is uncommonly fine. The pavilion is on your left, and a dam across the Hudson, over which the water falls in a beautiful cascade on your right: this, with the side-cut, basin and locks on the opposite side of the river, added to an island just above the dam, and two horse-boats which constantly ply between Troy and Waterford.

Once more in Albany, I have to undergo the ordeal again from stage drivers and their runners. These runners are stationed around every public house to watch for passengers, snatch up your baggage, and very often carry it to the wrong stage. They, and the landlords, are in close league, and if your pockets be not picked, it will be at the expense of a quarrel. Besides these, a number of sharpers hang on your rear, who follow you from place to place, in the character of profile and portrait takers, dentists and quacks; many of them accompanied by females, whether man and wife no one can tell. In short the whole world seems turned inside out, in these fashionable tours.

The number of locks between Albany and Schenectady, viz: twenty-seven, renders it more pleasant to go by land to that city, through which the Erie canal passes; here the canal packets meet you, in which you proceed at a pretty good rate to Utica. Schenectady is 15 miles from Albany, and is one of the oldest towns in New-York, settled by a mixture of Dutch and English descendants of the first emigrants to the state; very little of the Dutch manners prevail in Schenectady. The citizens are wealthy, affable, and hospitable; having heard a contrary report, I was never so much disappointed. I was told it was an illiberal city, and the people distant and vulgar. It is abominable to traduce people in this manner; guess my astonishment after hearing I would find nothing in Schenectady but Dutch swine, and Dutch manners, to find splendid houses filled with specimens of taste and the fine arts, *piana fortes*, and above all these, people of intelligence and refinement. The city is handsomely situated on the Mohawk, a beautiful stream which flows through a rich alluvial soil, in a high state of cultivation. A bridge of 997 feet in length, is built across the Mohawk river, over which the road lies to Utica. Schenectady contains several churches and banks, and 2,800 inhabitants. This city is distinguished as being the seat of Union College, by far the best in the state, and one of the best in the United States. It stands on an eminence, and commands an extensive view of the country, the Mohawk, and the canal. This college is richly endowed, has a

president and five professors, a library of 6,000 volumes, a complete chemical and philosophical apparatus, and usually 250 students. Expenses per annum, \$130 for each student. At the head of this flourishing institution, stands the celebrated President Nott, a man of the first talents and erudition, and liberal in his sentiments as he is learned. This gentleman is said to possess the happy talent of discriminating human nature, and penetrating the motions and workings of the human mind, to an uncommon degree. By this rare and unborrowed advantage, he is eminently qualified to discharge the duties of his high station. His manners are so winning and fascinating, that his pupils are strongly attached to him. I called at his house to see him, but unfortunately he was out. I saw him afterwards, however, but at too great a distance to get a glimpse of his features; he appeared to be a tall noble figure. The few incidents I met with respecting this amiable man, were collected principally from his students, and a few addresses of his, to his pupils, upon taking their degree. I will be excused for copying part of one, delivered on one of those occasions, particularly as it contains some of the finest sentiments ever expressed by human tongue. When he came near the close, he delivered himself as follows: "Cultivate the sympathies of your nature. In all the paths of life, you will meet with pitiable objects, who will present their misery to your eye, and address the moving eloquence of sorrow to your hearts. Always listen to their eloquence, always pity their misery, and if possible relieve it. Yes, young gentlemen, whatever seas you may navigate, or to whatever part of the habitable world you may travel, carry with you your humanity; even there, divide your morsel with the destitute, advocate the cause of the oppressed, to the fatherless be a father, and cover the shivering limbs of the naked with a mantle; even there, sooth the disconsolate, and sympathize with the mourner, brighten the countenance bedewed with sorrow, and like the God of mercy, (not of tracts) spread happiness around you, and banish misery from before you." Amiable man, how I admire you. Every one must see the advantage this college has in this

inestimable man. What a heart that man must possess, from which emanates sentiments like these. Success to his efforts, and long may he preside over Union College, he is a treasure to his country. It were much to be wished such a man could be found at the head of every institution of the sort, in the Union. The college consists of two very large brick edifices, but the beauty of the situation is unrivalled.

During my visit to Schenectady, I paid my respects to the ex-governor, Van Ness Yates, uncle to the secretary of the state of New-York. He is a man of plain undisguised manners, of middle age, and robust size, fair complexion, and full round face, with a blue eye, and placid countenance. He appertains to the ancient Dutch gentry, to whom the states of Holland granted New-York. He lives in princely style, and is a man of considerable wealth. I found him working his own garden, Cincinnatus-like. His wife, a very interesting woman, was just getting into her carriage to pay a visit for the day, and with a smile said she "would leave me to the care of Mr. Yates." I dined at his house, in company with his daughter, a very accomplished and beautiful young lady, and another young lady who was on a visit to the Governor's. After dinner I heard Miss Yates perform on the *piana forte*, after which we all took a walk through the garden, and pleasure grounds, which lie in the rear of the governor's house, on the bank of the Mohawk, and which might be likened to the garden of Eden. At the foot of the garden he has erected a lofty pavilion, which overhangs the Mohawk, and affords a beautiful view of that river, for miles each way. But I must pursue my journey. The packet being about to sail, I hastened to the Inn, a vile house at the head of the city, for my baggage, when lo! no baggage was to be found! From all accounts it appeared (which I afterwards found to be true) one of those notable runners (look out travellers) had put my trunk on board one of the stages, and it was doubtless by that time in Albany.

After telling the landlord a piece of my mind, I very deliberately walked down to the packet to embark. "What, not going without your baggage?" said the land-



lord, "you will never get it in the world. Why don't you stay till it is sent back. I'll write for it to be sent back on the way-bill this evening." Now see the cunning of those sharpers! he wished to get a few more half dollars. I desired him to mind his own business, and never stop my progress to the packet, well knowing that the proprietors when they discovered who they had to deal with, would take good care the trunk should follow, and with a perfect unconcern I stepped into the packet without a single change of raiment, and worse than all that, not one of my books. I warn all travellers from putting up at this house, it is a vile old smoky house where the opposition stops. There is a good tavern kept in the place, near the canal, and the proprietor, Mr. Givens, is a very gentlemanly man, worthy, thrice worthy of the public patronage, but I went in late when it would have been impossible for a stranger to have found him out, and the driver would not move an inch from his favorite tavern, this was Smith and Knight's line. But to cap the climax, I had not been in bed, in a dirty chamber, more than five minutes before a great rough fellow opened the door and stalked in followed by his doxy rough as himself: they were proceeding to another bed in the chamber when I raised up, and ordered them out of the room: they walked out muttering, and meeting the bar-keeper at the door (the landlord was in bed) who had been listening all the while, they told him, "that *woman* would not let them sleep there." The bar-keeper then put his head in at the door and asked, "why I would not let those people sleep in the room." My answer may be guessed. He then requested leave for a lady and a child to come in and sleep in the empty bed; to get rid of him I consented. It was now about one o'clock, and what between their stamping over the floor and stamping out of bed at three o'clock in the morning, I slept little that night.

About an hour before sun-down we were under way in the canal packet the very day after the lady was drowned in the lock. She, as the story goes, was sitting on the bow of the boat in a chair reading, and the boat as it went in the lock, struck against the side of it and pitched her forward into the water: the boat passing over her, from the nature of those locks, which puts it out of the question to move the boat readily, she was drowned before they could get the boat out of

the lock and let out the water. She was from the western county, and had been recently married; her husband was on board a witness of the melancholy accident.

Those packets are very pleasant, fitted up in the inside like steamboats, with dining-rooms, and separate rooms for gentlemen and ladies, which are accomodated with births similar to the steamboats. The fare, including board, is four cents per mile, without board, three cents. The price charged for dinner, to any person wishing to dine, is thirty-seven cents and a half, twenty-five cents for breakfast or supper, and twelve cents and a half for lodging, and this fare equal to, if not superior to that of the springs, or any other place. The best of wines, spirits, &c.

The distance from Schenectady to Utica is seventy-nine miles and a half: the packet runs this distance in twenty-four hours, passing through twenty six locks. The packets are drawn by three stout horses who proceed at a brisk trot, and are relieved every ten miles by fresh horses and a fresh driver. The packets carry the mail. This manner of travelling is extremely pleasant, much preferable either to the stage or the steamboat, being alike safe from the accidents of both; nor are you liable to be covered with dust as you are in the stages, or crowded to suffocation,

The evening was pleasant and the country fertile through which we sailed, rich meadows, fields of every species of grain, flocks of sheep, cows, geese, and *children* in abundance are seen from the canal; you often see those white-headed little urchins on the brink of the canal with a fishing rod in their hands, but what success they meet I had not the opportunity to inquire.

The horses snorted, pricked up their ears and trotted merrily on: pleased with them, pleased with the country, and pleased with myself, I was sorry that night shut out the beauty of the scene and I had to go down into the cabin. These boats are drawn, as was said, by three horses; the freight boats are drawn by two and often one. The rope (for they are drawn by ropes) is very long, an hundred yards perhaps, and the horses by this means are a considerable distance ahead of the boat which is kept straight by a rudder; there is but one tow-path which is sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other of the canal. The first boat we met, I expected to see a combat of ropes as I could see no possi-

ble means of avoiding it, both running in the teeth of each other, but they slip by as it were by magic, without butting, or hitting, or tangling of ropes. I had so much to engage my attention that I could not spare time to ask how one rope could directly cross another without tripping up the horses' heels. Next morning, I watched this legerdemain, when I observed the teemsman belonging to our boat check (not stop) his horses, and the boats passed. By checking the horse the rope drops into the water and on the path, the other boat and team therefore slipped over it in a twinkling. Boats going west must lower to those going east, this being perfectly understood by the teams-men, they pass by each other with that ease and facility, that would elude the eye of the keenest observer.

These packets have accommodations for thirty passengers, and very *civil* captains; the ease with which you slip along and the ever varying scenery, is very pleasing to the traveller. The only annoyance is the scraping of the boat against the locks when it is let in, the sudden rising of the boat causes it to drive from side to side, which often awakes those who are asleep; after the first night, however, one gets used to it. These boats have no decks except a small place at each end, and though a person could sit or stand with ease on the top of the boat, it would be dangerous, on account of the numerous bridges over the canal, there being a bridge at every man's farm. These bridges occur nearly every half mile and add much to the beauty and the variety of scenery, being in the form of a crescent, neatly painted, with handsome railings. Over those bridges the team-driver trots in a trice when he is obliged to change sides on the canal, but in other cases he goes under the bridge.

The freight boats are very similar to the packet boats and are of different sizes: passengers may travel in them for one cent and a half per mile, same price of freight. The canal has a neat railing outside the tow-path the whole way, this railing is painted white and about four feet high. The canal is fringed on both sides with the Canada thistle which bears a beautiful crimson flower; it must delight in poor soil, that which it has selected is nothing but gravel and clay thrown out of the canal.

To one who admires the works of nature, novelty, and art, as I do, this trip is a perfect treat. The only drawback on

our pleasure, not only on the canal but in most other places, is the society: it is not of the last sort to be sure, but few of the passengers in all those routes are pleasant companions.

Our boat was pretty well crowded with male passengers, amongst whom was the governor of Ohio, as great a clown as we had on board: I had the pleasure, the honor, if you please, of seeing this gentleman before and selling him a copy of my travels, for which I am still sorry. I was recommended to him by a friend of his and mine, and though I belonged to his country, (and one would think he might have been *proud* of the honour) he had as many "why a's" and "if a's" as if he had been on a state trial, or making a contract for a thousand dollars. If the people of Ohio had no more taste, I should think they might expect other people had, and I would advise them to exercise their judgment with more caution next time, or not let their choice rove so far from home. Besides this distinguished personage, there were a few more uncouth, rusty looking loobies, co-eval with his excellency, perhaps his suite, and the balance, as usual, non-descripts, except a tolerable decent young man who lived in Utica, and though he knew I was to spend some days there, I never saw more of him. Amongst the passengers were, a Dr. B. of Virginia, a talkative, middle aged, and middle every thing, accompanied by his wife; she affected to be sick all the way, and was evidently affected by the hysterics; but the most pleasant companion was a well-educated Yankee lady who lived in Syracuse.

It is well understood that New-York is divided into Clintonians and Bucktails, and it has already appeared that the little (for it was very little) that I said of Governor Clinton, in my first book of travels, gave offence to the bucktails, though, stranger as I was when I made those remarks, I had no intention of giving offence to a party of which I was totally ignorant. Towards the evening of the second day, this Dr. B., who, having the privilege of passing in and out of the ladies' cabin, took the liberty of bringing in a few of the *knowing* ones, principally bucktails. They were well charged with wine and fun, and had no doubt entered into a league, with Dr. B. at their head, to quiz the *old woman*, who was neither more nor less than myself. I should have been an old woman, indeed, if I had not discovered their aim before they entered our apartment, by their knowing winks and nods,



and suppressed grins. One of them (the most courageous, of course,) began the attack by saying to me, "These Bucktails, Mrs. R., are a very sorry set of fellows;" and was proceeding to advise me how to treat them, in his *elegant* way. It is hardly necessary to apprize my readers that I soon dispersed the whole squadron, and sending for the captain, gave him a sharp reprimand, for suffering them to intrude into our chamber. Those heroes were rather alarmed than convinced that other people had common sense. I was sorry, however, for the Dr's wife, who shed a flood of tears because I said her husband was no gentleman.

The party dropped off in the course of the day, amongst whom were his Excellency and the Doctor, so that we had few when we arrived at Utica, about eight o'clock, P. M. In the course of this day, we passed the little falls of the Mohawk; it is twenty-two miles from Utica. The river was almost dry, leaving little for curiosity but vast piles of rocks, whether you cast your eye on the channel of the river, or to the right, left, rear, or front, all, all is rocks. The scenery is most interesting as you approach what is called the principal fall. It is difficult, however, to perceive *which* is the principal pitch, as the fall is gradual forty-two feet; the fall is nothing extraordinary, but the whole adjoining country is covered with terrific rocks; no house nor farm appears on the left: on the right, over the river, is Little falls village, sitting on piles of rocks. These falls happen at what I should call a slight mountain, as the height to which the canal attains, rising forty feet in one mile, would evince. Here are five locks, which, with an aqueduct and feeder; the aqueduct, supported by three arches, one of seventy, and two 50 feet each, added to what has gone before, presents a scene, not only grand, but wonderful, and almost staggers our senses. Here I got out of the boat, while it was rising the locks, and surveyed this stupendous work of art, which sets at nought the obstacles of nature.

The captain sent a servant with my baggage to the *best* Inn in the village, as he said, and here I am once more in a

strange place; I shall soon get acquainted, I thought, and proceeded to the *best* tavern in the place.

Utica is a very handsome and flourishing village, on the banks of the Mohawk; it stands on the site of old Fort Schyler, on a very fertile plain. It contains two banks, three churches, a court-house, two printing-offices, and four thousand inhabitants.\* Many of the houses are built of brick, and the lines of stages and packets uniting again at this place, the village, at this season of the year, is deluged with strangers. There is a bridge over the Mohawk at this place, over which the great road leads to the Black river country.

Every one who has visited Utica, must have observed two things, viz: its gross bigotry and ignorance; two things which are often found united. It is surprising to me, that writers should bestow characters on places, which they do not deserve. It is the fashion of all tourists, and particularly those who have made the *fashionable* tour, as it is called, to praise every thing indiscriminately, and this same village amongst the rest. To come to the point at once, it is the most blackguard place I ever put foot in in the Atlantic states; it is a perfect commonwealth of fops; and as to the public houses, except one kept by a Mr. King, and one at the lower end of the same street, it is as much as one's life is worth to go into them. The landlord of the one where I put up (the *best* tavern), is the greatest clown in the world; whether from nature or accident, his neck has a twist, and prevents him from looking you in the face; and as for his countenance, a criminal at the bar does not look more guilty: his domestics are as vulgar as himself. The tavern on the canal, where the packet and stage-offices are kept, is equal to it. I called at this last, to see Dr. Hosack, of New-York, and had it not been for the Dr. this ruffian would unequivocally have turned me out of doors. Mr. King, near the canal, does not keep the best tavern, but he is the best tavern-keeper I found in the place; I, however, think well of his neighbour, at the end of the same street, but as for

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\* All these villages consist of elegant and well-built houses.

his neighbour, across the way, he is the worst of the whole. A gentleman who boarded with me at King's, said, "the tavern-keeper would be glad if I would loan him a copy of my sketches," which I very readily did; it was a new book. I went on to the falls, and was gone several days. When I returned to Utica, the landlord, Mr. K., showed me the book entirely spoiled; on almost every page, some blackguard sentence was written. The gentleman who borrowed it, endeavoured to make him take it, but in vain, and for shame, he paid me for the book out of his own pocket; such are the tavern-keepers of Utica: a birth in any of the freight boats is a palace to one of those dens of over-charged impudence: I am told they are mostly *bucktails*: let them be bucktails, or cowtails, the nether end of any animal fits them well.

But this is only a drop in the bucket, compared to our old friends of precious memory, the stage battalions, there being one at every house. The head-quarters of the whole corps, are kept at Utica. Here the principals and chiefs are regularly drilled, and when properly disciplined, are sent off to regular stations, to co-operate with the main body. Every battalion has a recruiting office, who beats up for recruits, to fill vacancies occasioned by death or desertion in the ranks of the *runners*. The indispensable requisites in a runner, must be the absence of principle, light make, swift of foot, glib of tongue, and lynx-eyed: all this being united, a few lessons fits him for business. Some of these are sent to lie in wait at the opposition offices, others are stationed at the landing of the packets, and some again, scout through the streets. Here it must be observed, that about twelve stages arrive daily in the summer. The moment a stage or packet arrives, half a dozen (at least) of these runners beset it, and by the time the passenger puts his foot on the step, "Don't you want to go to Rochester?" "You'r going to Buffalo, my coach is going in half an hour?" "No." "To Albany?" "No." "To Blackwater; to the Springs; to—" I am going in the packet, this evening, to Buffalo." Oh! the packet an't coming; won't be here till to-morrow; it's met with an accident." Another confirms it. Thus the traveller is deceiv-

ed, and if the fellow happens to have his stage full, he may whistle for a passage, and lose his passage in the packet by this means. They came near tearing one poor fellow to pieces; one pulled him by one arm, another by the other, each claiming him for their passenger. One of these runners, bringing my *trunk* to me one day (the same carried off at Schenectady), claimed me for his passenger the whole season. I shall never forget him; go where I would, I was sure to meet him with a paper in his hand filled with names: the cunning rogue cheated all the runners in Utica.

Utica is principally settled, like Troy, by the refuse of New England, who have become mixed up with the Presbyterian Dutch of New-York, presenting a mongrel breed unlike any thing else to be found. I would by no means, however, be understood to say I found no gentlemen in Utica. Messrs. Johnson and Hunt, P. of the Bank, the cashiers, the post-master, are men of liberal manners and highly respectable; also a Dr. somebody. It may contain many such men, though it is rather doubtful. I called on a Judge something, whom I found rather in the rear of Judge Hale.

After resting a few days, I took the stage to Buffalo: my little runner took good care to furnish me with an elegant coach, and received his fare with uncommon satisfaction: my companions were two young men from Boston and a merry old woman, and at this moment I am rolling away to the falls of Niagara.

It was on a fine afternoon in the month of July, the road good, and the glow of nature imparting cheerfulness and good humour, I determined to go by land to Buffalo, see the falls, and take the canal back to Utica, then take the stage again, by which means I would see both the country and the canal. The road, upon leaving Utica, passes through a beautiful country, as regards soil and improvement: from Utica to New Hartford, the buildings on the road are elegant, the farms highly improved, and the soil rich. New Hartford is a handsome village on our left, four miles from Utica; and through a country rich in land and scenery, we came to Clinton village, the seat of Hamilton college, four miles from New Hartford; this is



also on the left: the college stands on an eminence and is seen at a great distance. It is a new building of stone. We are hardly out of sight of the college till we are in view of Vernon, but I cannot keep pace with these villages. In New England, the villages are called towns; in New-York, towns are called villages; this sounds strange to one from the west. In New-York, the villages are built close and compact, and mostly elegant brick houses; in New England, they are mostly scattering, miles in length. Night at length deprived us of two interesting objects; a view of the country and the old lady. She was very lively and talkative, and suited the Bostonians well, they being all frolick and life. They were men of wealth, and though not of the first circle, were excellent company. One of them observed that he had set out from home determined to enjoy himself, and had fixed it in mind to be pleased at every thing, and displeased at nothing: though in bad health, he was of a gay disposition, and kept us all in high spirits. But to return, he had resolved, he said, to keep his temper, come what would, but the people of Utica had put his resolutions to flight (I should wonder if they did not). He had paid his fare the preceding evening, as they will not put your name on the way-bill without, and was to set out at nine o'clock in the morning; nine o'clock came, and twelve o'clock, and even five, before he got off. They would have served the same sauce to me, but I was broad awake to the practice of these runners. His friend, however, made several good natured remarks on the overthrow of his philosophy, and I must say, it was a shame to ruffle so fine a temper.

It was 5 o'clock when we set out, and the coach was to proceed night and day without stopping to Buffalo, except to change horses, &c. A little after dark, however, our fine coach was taken from us: so much for these honourable stage proprietors. We were now stowed into an old greasy, black, hard-going coach, the cushions of which, my Boston friends said, were stuffed with *nails*. We all scolded the driver, but the driver had been scolded before for the very same thing, and all the comfort he gave us

was, that "the opposition was a great deal worse;" believe this who may.

We arrived at Canandagua about nine o'clock, where the Bostonians quitted the stage in displeasure, trusting to providence for the rest; and I, poor I, proceeded alone, as I had not four dollars more (the fare) to spare. I travelled all that night, the next day, and the following night, without sleep or rest, and at one o'clock, P. M., on Sunday, arrived at Buffalo, nearly spent—upwards of two hundred miles from five o'clock, P. M., Friday.

But the coaches, aye, you shall hear of the coaches: I kept the old coach stuffed with nails, to Auburn, where I found one of the proprietors, and remonstrated with him on such conduct. He gave us (we had taken up several genteel travellers) another coach, but upon getting into it, I found it more filthy than the other: I jumped out, and told the man I would not move an inch until he washed out the coach with soap and water, which he did. But this is nothing to what is to come next. That night, we had even this coach taken from us, and were forced to get into another old coach, stuffed with *spikes*, compared to the other, and no *door* on one side, and no glass on the other; and having no cloak or shawl, I suffered every thing from the cold. But the beauty of the country compensated for all those evils.

This highly favoured state is one continued representation of beautiful and interesting objects. Its fertile fields and meadows, its flourishing villages, but above all, its numerous silver lakes, rivers and cascades, affords a feast to the senses, of which it is impossible to give an adequate description. Besides the villages mentioned, we passed through twelve large villages, but the lakes and the Genesee country excel. We crossed Cayuga lake, by a bridge; one of the greatest treats on the route. Besides this, we passed the lake of Geneva, which is unrivalled: it spreads itself out in front of the beautiful village of Geneva, but I must pause. Intending to call at all those villages on my return, I shall notice them in order. Auburn is the seat of a state prison, which usually contains from four to five hundred prisoners; also a Presbyterian Theological Seminary,

and fifteen hundred inhabitants. A word on the Genesee country. The road to Buffalo passes through the celebrated Genesee country, a large body of land, seventy miles in length, on the Genesee river. This is the handsomest body of land in the United States. Little did I think, when I first read a description of this country by the Duke of Rochefoucault, I should ever see it. Its beauty consists in its even surface, perfectly free from every impediment of cultivation, its fertility, and its natural growth. In none of the western states, so celebrated for richness of soil, does there appear any comparison for beauty. As respects the natural growth of Genesee, the forests consist of beautiful trees from 50 to 70 feet without a single limb or protuberance, the tree is not remarkable in diameter, but nearly of the same size from top to bottom, and as straight as an arrow; on the top sits a large umbrella of luxuriant green, exactly proportioned to the height and size of the tree. Those majestic trees rear their lofty heads far beyond the height of other trees, or any trees I have seen in America, and must attract the attention of our traveller: I am told they are a species of elm. The fields, the people, and the houses, as we diverge from the old settlement, look more natural, at least to me, the common people more kind and less abrupt in their manners. In cities, the common people are more like machines than men. The farmers of the Genesee grow great quantities of wheat and hops.—*Buffalo*. All those things, however, are swallowed up by the appearance of the great Erie: at Buffalo, this vast sea of water to which you can see no end, transfixes the traveller in astonishment! On every part of it is seen the white sails, while its limpid waters, moved by the wind, sparkle in the sunbeams like diamonds. After resting a few hours, I walked down to the lake, to say "I had touched its waters." Hail! to thee, New-York: thy genius was worthy this gift of heaven. How well proportioned are thy lakes and thy canals to thyself? Roll on fair state, thou pride of Columbia; "erect new wonders, and the old repair;" "and roll obedient rivers through the land."

At Buffalo, the canal ends, being three hundred and sixty-two miles in length. This stupendous work of art has scarcely a parallel on the globe, taking all things into view; but more of it after viewing the falls. *Buffalo* village takes its name from a large bold stream, at the mouth of which it stands. It is a flourishing village, with many fine brick buildings and two thousand inhabitants. It has a fresh and thriving appearance from being recently rebuilt, since the last war, at which time it was burnt by the British. This is the grand rendezvous of all who make the fashionable tour: the taverns are crowded during the summer season. Here may be seen almost every day, people from every part of the world. I observed many foreigners who could not speak one word of English. Here travellers from all points meet, and it would seem that this is the true Saratoga: but the charges are high, and the tavern-keepers resemble those of Utica in impudence and insolence, rather, at least, the *lower* tavern, where I put up; for the rest, I would be sorry to say what I do not know of my own knowledge. I heard much complaint, but that would not justify a sweeping remark to the injury of the innocent. But a greater swindler I never met with than the fellow with whom I put up; or a more insolent ruffian. The great fault of all those towns, is the want of obliging men at the head of those taverns. One would think a matter of so much importance ought to engage the attention of the citizens, particularly as so great a quantity of money is annually left in them by strangers: these taverns are kept by low men—satiated with money, they become insolent. As to the manners of the people of Buffalo, it is little better than Utica; insolence and ignorance are peculiar traits. There are, however, very few, but very decided exceptions: Mr. Everett, the Universallist clergyman, is one of the most finished gentlemen I have met with in any part of the United States, so, also, is the Episcopalian clergyman, and one or two others; but the young men of Buffalo are the most conceited ignoramusses (except Utica) of any town or village I ever visited. It would be doing, not only injustice to the public, but to themselves, to attempt to palliate a truth so obvious. It is to be hoped this lesson,



lesson did I say, they are beyond lessons—the city is rightly named—but in justice to them, all they lack is education, the materials seem to be good; but from what I saw, I would suppose they had never read farther than *Tom Thumb*, or the *Arabian Nights*. They will, when they see this, recollect the incidents well which led to it, and as the best evidence of amendment, thank me for it. I have been severe, but a desperate case requires a desperate remedy, and I beg leave to assure them, that nothing but the most disinterested wish for their happiness could prompt the remark, and what they expected from me in delineating the place. True, had they shown to me a little more politeness, they would not have met with this exposition; but it was impossible for them to show what they did not possess. They say exultingly, “they do not read:” that is readily discovered. “Why do you not read?” “Oh, we have not time; we have our business to attend to; we are making something to live on.” But, how is an ignorant man to retain property (to say nothing of the ability to enjoy it) without the knowledge of men and manners? He will fall a prey to the first invader. How is he to defend rights which he does not understand?

But to come nearer to the point, some writer, I see, in the Buffalo journal, (where he hid himself, when I was there, heaven knows) has made some very just remarks on the tourists, as they pass through Buffalo. After giving a description of the ladies and gentlemen of New-York, Philadelphia, &c., he says, “the Bostonians are decidedly the favorites; the address of the elderly Boston gentleman is highly prepossessing, he is affable, courteous, and intelligent, dresses for dinner, and has something of the last century in his appearance. We have more beauty from Boston than any market. Good sense, and delicacy in thought and manner, are the characteristics of a New-England female; but there is something peculiarly agreeable in the *tout ensemble* of a Boston lady; neither haughty or affected, they are particular in their society, elegant in their manners, and retain in some measure the excellent qualities of the old fashioned English gentlewomen”—well

said. But pray Mr. writer, who ever you are, why do the Boston ladies so far excel those of other cities? Because they read. Why is that intelligence in the countenance of the citizens of Boston, which you may look in vain for in any other city in the Union? Because they read, and learning shows itself in their manners. Why do they have all that appearance of wealth and affluence? Not because they could not take time to read, but because they did, and by this means they are, not only qualified to acquire wealth, but to take *care* of it, not to the exclusion of occasionally dividing it with the distressed.

Our New-York and Philadelphia ladies will not thank our writer for his remarks on them, particularly the former, he says, "The waiting-maids are altogether finer women than their mistresses:" this is farther than I should like to venture, though I should feel little hesitation in saying, that few ladies in New-York are as well read as a waiting-maid in Boston. It cannot be said *they* have no time to read, as we see them spending more time in dressing and walking the streets, than would be sufficient to improve their minds; as it is, they are, with a few exceptions, like so many fine dolls. But the steamboat is ready, and I am off to the falls of Niagara. It must be observed, that Niagara river is the outlet of lake Erie, and commences at Buffalo. This river is thirty-five miles in length, very deep, and empties itself into lake Ontario: it is from one and a half miles wide, and contains several islands. Lake *Erie* is 230 miles in length, and from ten to sixty broad. Lake *Ontario* is one hundred and ninety miles in length and fifty five broad—Ontario discharges its waters through the river St. Lawrence into the ocean.

You have choice of three ways to go to the falls, that is, by land on the Canada side, by water in a steamboat, or by land on the American shore—*stages* at your service. I took the steamboat. We sailed down the Niagara river from Buffalo—This is much the best mode, as you have the pleasure of seeing both shores and the river with its islands.

As you put off in the mole,\* you see fort Erie on the Canada side, and two and a half miles, you come to the village of Black Rock, on the right, on the American side. It is a flourishing village, has a fine harbour and much trade; on the left, opposite Black Rock, is the village of Waterloo; a ferry crosses the river from Black Rock to this village, hourly.

The first island, is Bird island. About six miles farther, you come to Grand island, containing 48,000 acres, 12 miles long; it is in a state of nature, so far as I could see, covered with a luxuriant growth. We left it on our left. I am told it has been purchased of New-York, by Major M. Noah, with a view of making it an asylum for the lost tribes of Israel. May his benevolent intentions be realised. The scenery of these islands, and that on both sides of the river, did not strike the eye after seeing that of New-York; the land was too flat, but it has a little variety. The falls are below Grand island; 20 miles from Lake Erie, and 14 from Lake Ontario. We landed at Chippewa, on the Canada shore, two and a half miles above the falls, and took coaches to the falls; passing over the battle-ground of Lundy's Lane, where we gained a victory over the British troops, in the late war. The river here, is wide about two miles, and very rapid, it narrows as it approaches the falls to a mile; what is called the rapids, commences a mile and a half above the falls. The descent of the rapids is said to be about 55 feet, these rapids are interspersed with huge rocks, over which the river dashes furiously, throwing the water up to a great height, resembling breakers. From the direful conflict with these misshapen rocks, which by the narrowing of the river, becomes more furious as it approaches the precipice, it is wrought into a white foam.

We had a fine view of the rapids, as we rode on to the falls, riding on the bank of the river. But what astonished me was, that being so near these same falls, I could neither see nor hear them! though I saw the spray which they occasion. My idea of these falls was, that they must be in a rough, wild, rocky, mountainous country, and that nothing short of some vast hill or mountain could give rise to this grand feature of nature—no such thing. The land on both sides of the river is a dead level, particularly on the Canada

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\* A part of the lake is separated from the main body of waters by a stone wall.

shore, down which we rode. It is a perfect uninterrupted plain, under cultivation, what then, I thought, as I rode on, is to form this mighty cataract? Meantime, I heard the noise very distinctly, at first a hollow murmur, soon increased to a loud roar. I did not however see the falls, till I arrived at Forsyth's, opposite to them. Nothing under Heaven *can* be more sublime! It astonishes, it transports, it thunders, it deafens! But what makes the fall? It is not the land, as I said before, the surface being level as far as the eye can see, above and below, and yet the mighty river does fall over a rock, to all appearance as high as is represented. But instead of this rock being mounted high in air, as I had conceived, it is not by a great deal so high as the land on each side. What then makes the fall? The channel of the river suddenly sinks, and leaves its comrade aloft, as a sailor would say, and leaves a stupendous bank on each side, much higher however on the Canada shore, than the other. I have been thus minute, the better to explain the nature of the cataract to those who have never seen it. In short, the river begins to leave the land, at the commencement of the rapids, that is, the fall or descent is in the channel, *not* in the land, which maintains an even surface to Queenstown, 7 miles.

Another disappointment to me, was the appearance of the water as it drops over the rock. I imagined it was a transparent sheet, it is as white as snow, intermingled with narrow deep green stripes. The firm rocks in the rapids arresting the velocity of the current, dashes the water up, as I said before, to a great height, (which sparkles in the sun-beams) this works it into a white foam before it reaches the precipice. But it must here be observed that the water of Niagara river is, or it appears to be, of a bright green, and part of it happens to reach the great rock unagitated. It is this water that causes the green perpendicular stripes, which vary in number, figure, and size, every moment, nay the 60th part of a moment. These stripes are larger, and brighter at the summit of the fall, than at the bottom, as they become mingled with the foam in the descent. This produces a great variety of shades, of which I was unapprised. I was also disappointed in the quantity of water; common sense, common words, or ideas, are inadequate to conceive or express the depth of the vast column.

Thus conflicting, and foaming, it approaches the awful precipice, and makes the direful plunge. The swift motion



of the current in its descent; the sudden dart from high to low;\* the thousand rainbows; the spray added to the variegation already named; the broad wave; the heavy measured column; its *deep-toned* thunder: words were never made to describe the scene; it laughs description to scorn; it robs the beholder of senses; struck dumb with amazement, there seems to be nothing else in the world. No stop—no pause: nights, and days, and years, on, on it rolls. The effect sometimes absorbs itself, and then returns ten fold. It has very much the appearance of snow falling suddenly from some vast height; it looks more like snow than water. It is divided by Goat Island into two parts; that on the Canada side, from its great weight, shoots out from the bottom about eight or ten feet; that on the American side falls over the rock in a perpendicular. That on the Canada side is said to be 600 yards wide, and 150 feet high. It is in the form of a crescent, though irregular in shape. *Bend* the crescent, two-thirds from one end, into the form of an ox-bow, and you will have an accurate idea of its form. This *bend* is very near the Canada shore, and at this point is by far the heaviest column of water. The fall on the American shore, on the contrary, preserves a straight line, is 300 yards wide, and 164 feet high. Goat Island, about half a mile wide, throws the two cataracts wide asunder; and the American fall is much lower down the river; it is from its symmetry very beautiful. There is another small island, which makes a third cataract of about ten yards wide; this is between Goat Island and the American side. A bridge is built from the American shore to Goat Island; the velocity of the water, and the number of vast rocks in the river, nearly turn your head as you pass the bridge. The best view of the great horse-shoe fall is from this bridge. To return to the great falls: a fine view of them may be had from Forsyth's upper portico; his house stands opposite, 2 or 300 yards distant. In approaching the falls, from his house, you descend at first gradually, and then suddenly several hundred feet, before you are on a level with the summit of the fall; you then descend, by circular stairs, to

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\* The descent is so quick, that the eye cannot follow it; it is as quick as a flash of lightning.

the margin of the river below the falls; you may then proceed as close to the cataract as you please, and even between the column of water and the rock. As it was expected of me to say something of this visit, I took a guide, and went as far (so said my guide) as any one had ever gone before. This is a fool-hardy undertaking; dangerous and difficult; and yields neither pleasure nor information. The danger is in the falling in of the rock, occasioned by the great weight of water; 2d. the want of air to breathe; and, 3d, from the danger of missing your step, by which you would soon be ingulphed in the abyss; and, besides, the water pours on you more profusely than the most copious shower-bath; and in attempting to look up, or in any direction, the water pours on your eyes to a degree which puts it out of your power to see with accuracy. The rock on which you pass under the fall is shelving and slippery, from the number of eels which cover it; and you are confined to a very narrow and precarious track; this track or footway is about one third of the distance from the bottom. But the greatest difficulty I found was in breathing, and on my first entrance would have suffocated, if my guide had not led me out. After taking breath, respiration is less difficult. A book is kept in a little house at the falls, where every one registers their name.

The spray occasioned by the fall, rises up to a great height like clouds of smoke; while the bottom of the channel groans beneath the monstrous load, and makes the earth tremble. The noise is tremendous, and is said to be heard 40 miles distant. The spray is continually falling near the falls, like a small shower of rain; it is more copious at night.

After we all returned to the house, and were pondering upon this grandest of nature's works, I observed, in answer to some gentlemen, "that the subject of describing the falls was not only above the power of language, but one so hackneyed, that nothing was left for me to say. A Mrs. Miller, of New-York, (formerly of Georgia) raised up all at once and said "Mrs. R. just say it is a dam made to turn the globe, and be done with it;" very appropriate idea. By the way, this Mrs. Miller was a young and

beautiful widow, and by far the most accomplished lady I saw from New-York. She was the soul of our party, and bound us to her by her powers of converse, and her exquisite skill and taste in music.

Most writers, indeed all that I have met with, when speaking of these falls, never fail to say what is not correct, which is "that it is surrounded by immense woods;" because it once had woods, and Mr. Heriet said so, every one must copy Mr. H. There is no woods near the falls except on Goat Island and the American shore, and the appearance of the country is insipid; being a flat poor soil. This is said to heighten the description, and give coloring to the scenery. Suppose all the woods of a thousand hills surrounded the falls, it adds nothing to the grandeur of the scene; they would remain unnoticed. The finest forest in the world would shrink into nothing by the side of the falls. But no language can convey an idea, or express the sensations of the human mind upon viewing the falls; a nameless majesty rests upon them, which to understand, must be seen.

Having satisfied my curiosity, I took a private carriage to visit Sir Peregrine Maitland, Governor of Upper Canada, and Lieut. Governor of all Canada. His residence is about four miles from the falls. Intending to cross Niagara at Queenstown, see the monument, and go up on the other side of the river, I took the Governor on my way. Sir Peregrine lives a few hundred yards from the main road to Queenstown. My driver set me down at the Governor's door, and returned to the falls; leaving me to pursue my way in the afternoon stage.

I knocked at the door which was immediately opened by a genteel white servant. I gave him my card, desiring him to present it to the Governor. He returned in the course of a minute, and desired me to walk into a parlour, and be seated; saying his excellency would wait on me directly. In a few minutes, a tall spare man, plainly dressed, walked in and saluted me with great courtesy. I asked if "I had the pleasure of saluting Sir Peregrine Maitland?" he bowed an assent and remained standing; nor did he offer to sit during my visit. If I admired the manners

and appearance of Sir Peregrine, I was charmed with his son. The seat I had chosen stood at the head of the parlour; the governor, with his hat in his hand, stood in the centre of the floor, immediately facing me. He had not remained long before a most interesting youth, covered with blushes, entered the parlour, and with a graceful bow took his station on the left of the governor. He appeared to be about nineteen years of age, dressed in a plain frock-coat, tall and slender, and with his hat in his hand, and his eyes modestly bent on the floor, he awaited the commands of his father. It was the governor's son who officiated as his aid. Take them altogether, I do not know that I ever beheld two such interesting beings. After a brief introduction of my motives in visiting that part of the country, my pursuits and views in general, the governor spoke, in a low voice, to his son, the purport of which did not reach my ear: the youth bowed in silence and withdrew, the governor and myself continuing the conversation. In a few minutes the young man returned and handed something to his father, upon which the governor stepped up and handed me a bank-note, a consideration for books which he was about to purchase. He again spoke to his son, who withdrew and shortly afterwards, a servant entered with wine, and the son returned. I then mentioned to his excellency, that "intending to take the stage to Queenstown, I was compelled to appeal to his goodness for a servant to carry my trunk down to the road." It is needless to repeat the very polite and gentlemanly reply of the governor, and his aid was again despatched to make the necessary arrangements; meantime, the governor pointed out the objects worthy of notice in the vicinity, and advised me who to call on at Queenstown, the battle grounds, &c. As we stood in his door, he pointed out lake Ontario and the vessels upon it. These vessels are seen distinctly from the governor's door, though many miles distant. The scenery in rear of the house, is highly picturesque and romantic. He apologized for the non-appearance of lady Maitland, who was confined to her room by indisposition. When about to take leave, he sent the servant on with the trunk, taking me a different way, through an avenue, and though the sun was intensely



hot, no intreaty could prevail upon him to be covered: this trait in the British government (I mean that of appointing none but gentlemen to office) is highly commendable and worthy of imitation. As we walked along, we passed his pavilion, where sat his chair, table, and his papers upon it, where he was, no doubt, engaged when my visit interrupted him. He informed me his duties were great and engrossed the whole of his time. Sir Peregrine appears to be nearly forty years of age, tall, spare, and finely formed; his face is oval and wan; his countenance, contemplative, mild, and pleasing, but

“So soft, so calm, yet eloquent.”

But the son—to see so much worth in so young a man: the gentleness of his manners, the softness of his replies, the modesty of his countenance, but above all, that humility and profound respect which marked his deportment to his father, that earnestness with which he watched his every look and movement, is above all praise. He resembles his father very much in his appearance; the manly beauties just beginning to unfold themselves in his person and countenance, are very promising, and far beyond his years. He is a perfect servant to his father, and see the effect. It would be well for our citizens to follow their example.

*Monument.*—The monument erected to the memory of the British General Brock, stands on the heights of Queenstown, a short distance from the place where he was mortally wounded, in the battle of Queenstown. This monument is seen to a great distance, being 130 feet high; the road passes almost under it, and the men now at work upon it, from their great height, look like little children. From the heights of Queenstown, you have a fine prospect of the country, Niagara river, Queenstown, Lewistown, and the shipping on lake Ontario. Queenstown, famous in history, stands at the foot of the heights, and the descent to it is long and rough. At Queenstown, the traveller is again disposed to pause, as he stands on the ground where the battle was fought. The Grant family, who were pointed out to me by Governor Maitland, lives in Queenstown;

from these gentlemen I received the same kindness and hospitality which I did from the governor, particularly, the collector, one of the most amiable men I have met with. Queenstown is a small village, in a ruinous condition, and presents a striking contrast to the lively appearance of Lewistown, over the river, in New-York, precisely opposite.

You cross the Niagara river in a ferry-boat, from Queenstown to Lewistown, both of which are seven miles from the falls. Every feature of this part of Niagara river shows, beyond contradiction, that the great falls were once at this place, and that the powerful column of water has worn away the rock by degrees to its present place. Here, part of the rock over which it poured is plainly seen on both sides of the river, the banks of which are three hundred feet in height; and here too, is what I expected to find at the falls, which is a corresponding elevation of ground. This is a mountain, or vast hill rather, called the heights of Queenstown, and appears on both sides of the river. Lewistown enjoys the advantage of the navigation of lake Ontario, in common with Queenstown. Lewistown, which was burnt during the late war, is a handsome thriving village, well built, sits on a commanding eminence, and the country around it is extremely beautiful. It is a place of great business, and bids fair to be one of the first towns in the state. It met with a great loss a few days since, in the destruction of a valuable steam-mill, by fire: its loss estimated at one thousand four hundred dollars, and was completely consumed. Its remains were still smoking. Lewistown is inhabited by an intelligent and hospitable people, who form a direct contrast to their neighbours of Buffalo, leaving them, at least, a century behind: success to it; may it reap the fruit of its honest and ingenious labours—

“Pure hearts to feel for penury and wo;  
Ministering angels of heaven below.”

At Lewistown, the steamboat starts regularly once a week, to Ogdensburg, touching at Genesee river, Sacket's Harbour, and the fare very low. A stage also runs from Lew-

istown to Rochester, upon a *natural* road, called the *Ridge-road*; a great natural curiosity. The distance to Rochester is eighty miles, and follows the course of lake Ontario.

Leaving Lewistown, I proceeded to the falls, on the American side, and in many places marked the traces of the falls, as they wore their way up to the present position. I walked over the bridge to Goat island, and across the island, near the great falls, but I think the best view is from the bridge. Here the great weight of water, when it reaches the direful abyss, is seen to rebound in great columns, and throws up the spray till it mingles with the clouds. That, on the American shore, is also seen to more advantage, both from Goat island and below the bridge.

On my return to Buffalo, I called at Black-rock,\* where I expected to see a friend of mine, Mrs. General Porter, but, unfortunately, she had just set out for the Western States; I met, however, with a very polite and cordial reception from General Porter's nephew, as well as the citizens in general. Black-rock is settled by enlightened and well-bred people, differing widely from the rabble of Buffalo. The canal passes by Black-rock, where the citizens have a fine harbour for the numerous vessels which navigate lake Erie: the citizens are wealthy enterprising men, and carry on an extensive commerce: many of the houses are elegant brick-buildings, and the site of the village is grand, overlooking the whole country. I saw the field where General Smyth lay with his army, in the late war: it lies in the rear of the village.

At Buffalo, I took a common freight-boat, and set sail to Rochester, on the canal, where I intended to spend a few days. These freight-boats, many of them, are very comfortable: in fact, I went into it by mistake, thinking it was a packet, and finding the captain a very pleasant and civil man, and the accommodation good, I remained where I was. I found a very amiable Yankee girl on board (the cook), one of the kindest creatures I ever met with in any country, well reared and educated, and hand-

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\* Blackrock is the name of a village.

some withal: her being in the boat, in the capacity she was, is a mystery: she told me she was a neice to Judge somebody. The mole reaches nearly to Blackrock, and is a work of great utility. At the lower end of Blackrock, is a sloop-lock, and twelve miles distant, at Milltown, is a lock to enter Niagara river, and a dam below the mouth of Ellicott's creek. At twenty-four miles distant from Buffalo, the canal enters the Tonawanta creek, which it follows twelve miles: the creek is a narrow, straight, deep stream. Shortly after leaving Tonawanta creek, the excavation begins through a solid rock for three miles, in many places thirty-one feet and upwards, in height. It was growing dark when we entered this excavation, and the passage so deep from the surface of the earth: it was terrific, and not long since caused a lady to faint.

It staggers belief, and nothing but reality; the huge machines yet standing on the margin of the canal, with which the stone was removed out of it; the mountains of stone, heaped up on each side; and the certainty that you are actually sailing through a mountain, could wring the truth from us, that this stupendous work was performed by man. At the end of the excavation is Lockport, which takes its name from five double locks combined together, each twelve feet and a quarter rise.

If astonishment was not already wrought up to the highest pitch at seeing this deep cut, through a solid rock of three miles, it would certainly be so at the sight of those locks. By these locks the canal ascends what is called the mountain-ridge from the long Genesee level. Thus, out-braving nature, this enterprising state is determined it shall yield to her sway. These locks are of solid masonry laid in water-lime, ninety feet long, and fifteen wide. A lock is for the purpose of raising (and, of course, lowering) a boat to a certain level: to this view, the lock must have a gate at each end; this being understood, when a boat has to rise, it is first let into the lock, the lower gate is then shut and the upper one opened; the water then rushing in, the lock fills in a few minutes and raises the boat on its surface, when it gains the level of the canal above it, and passes on its way. When coming the contra-



By way, the boat enters the lock, which being full, the upper gate is shut, and the lower gate (or sluice rather) is opened,\* which lets the boat down, and so on. Three double-locks are the greatest piece of masonry, perhaps, in the United States. Taking the beauty, symmetry, and the style in which it is executed into view, it is not exceeded by the capitol of the United States. The locks are ten in all; a row of five opposite to five others, and empty from one to the other. There are three rows of steps from the first lock to the lowest. Here, the passengers mostly get out and run down the steps. These steps, with the neatness of the whole architecture; the great depth to which the boats descend, looking as if they were sinking down to the bottomless pit, strikes the traveller with nearly the same awe and admiration he feels at the grandeur of the great falls. A platform runs across the whole at the head of the first row of locks, upon which the traveller can cross to and fro, from one side of the canal to the other.

A collector's office is kept at Lockport, and the collector, a very gentlemanly man, seeing me standing on the platform, came and greeted me with great respect. His elegant manners and polite attention I shall be slow in forgetting.

Lockport is a considerable village, of 1500 inhabitants, and although of recent date, is growing fast into notice. The length of the canal and the time it was constructing, with the amount of its cost, is inscribed in large letters on an arch in the centre of the locks. It was nearly dark when we passed Lockport, by which means I was deprived of the pleasure of seeing more of this wonder of the western hemisphere. The next night we arrived at Rochester, 63 miles, having passed eleven basins, one aqueduct, ten embankments, two feeders, one arch road way under the canal, and seven villages. Some of those embankments are upwards of 70 feet in height; one of the basins occupies six acres of ground; so much for human invention.

*Rochester.* This city (for a city it may be called,) is on the Genesee river at the falls, where the canal cross-

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\* The gate is not opened, a sluice is opened to let out the water.

es the river by an aqueduct 758 feet in length, and of great height from the river. Here again we are lost in wonder to see boats and horses with men on them, passing at such a vast height above the surface of a bold river. The aqueduct is built on arches of hewn stone, and for beauty, symmetry and proportion is unrivalled. It is built on eleven arches of 50 feet cord each, and is supplied by a feeder of two miles in length. Rochester owns several manufactories of flour, cloths and wood, all of which are put in operation by the falls of Genesee river. Fifteen years since the place where Rochester now stands was a wilderness. It now contains 1500 inhabitants, and is increasing daily. It is settled principally by enterprising Yankees; not like those of Troy, Utica, or Buffalo, but by people of intelligence, wealth and respectability. The village is all alive with improvements, and activity; bricklayers, carpenters, and masons are at work in every part of the town. The streets are strewn with merchandise, and filled with strangers. Rochester, besides the advantage of the canal navigation, navigates the Genesee river 90 miles above the falls. The number of boats lying in the basin is incredible. In short, Rochester bids fair to outstrip all the towns on the canal. Its natural advantages being greatly superior. It is situated in the midst of the most fertile part of New-York, viz. the Genesee plains; which produces the best wheat in the United States; this is manufactured at the numerous mills at the falls, and shipped from their doors. Besides these mills, there are several manufactories of cotton, belonging to Messrs. Matthews & Weight; they manufacture 800 yards per day, and have in operation 1400 spindles, and 30 looms; turning, splitting, and sawing, of all descriptions, is done here by water power. A bridge of 50 feet in height is built across the river below the aqueduct, which, with the falls of Genesee added to the objects already mentioned, renders Rochester by far the most interesting village in the state of New-York. The \*falls of Genesee at Rochester is 96 feet in height, perpendicular, and when the sun shines, forms beautiful rainbows, similar to those of Niagara. Those falls are much handsomer than the Mohawk. The Genesee river, however, is much smaller than I expected to find it; so were all the rivers in the Atlantic States, except Niagara. From Rochester, stages set out in

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\*Just below it falls 70 feet.

all directions daily, particularly to Lewistown, by the Ridge road, which is much travelled by those visiting the falls.

From Rochester I took the stage to Canandagua, a few miles to the left, a beautiful village; very fashionable and hospitable people. Here lives my friend, Mr. Granger, whom I met at Albany, mentioned in my first book of travels. Mr. Granger, as I had foreseen, has been honored by his country; an honor which his talents and integrity well deserve. Though it was late in the evening when I arrived, Mr. G. honored me with a call, a mark of respect which is rarely bestowed by any but real gentlemen. May he long continue to receive the reward due to his merit. Near to this village is seen the lake which gives name to it. From Canandagua I went to Geneva village, wishing to see the beautiful lake of that name. The scenery around Geneva is perfect enchantment. The village sits on an eminence, and the lake spreads itself out at its feet. In short, the whole of New-York for beauty of scenery, almost turns one's head; those beautiful lakes give to the face of the country an indescribable charm. From this I took the stage to the canal and proceeded to Syracuse, another great town that is to be. It has a large population, and has great advantages from its salt works. Here are the celebrated Onondaga salt works, and the lake Onondaga. Here again we find great resources. What part of this great State but abounds in wealth, means, and enterprise? The salt is made here by the heat of the sun, the water being brought from the lake to Syracuse, and is put into broad shallow vats made of wood; these vats are about three feet from the ground, and so situated that when it rains, sliding roofs are placed over them with great facility. Several thousand bushels of salt are manufactured here annually. Syracuse is an infant city, which, like Rochester, has sprung up in a day. It is also principally settled by Yankees, similar to those of Rochester. Being well educated, and possessed of all the warm hearted Yankee benevolence. It being a handsome ride, and wishing to see the Indian village, I took the stage again to Utica, the city of *Fops*.—About 17 miles from Utica is the settlement of the Oneida Indians; there are 1100 in all who are said to own a considerable quantity of good land. They are also represented to be advanced in civilization; they have a small church in sight of the road, and a few small houses scattered around it. At Vernon I saw many of them in crowds in the grog-shops,

and round the doors, some lying down, some sitting, some standing, and all idle. This was not all: I saw them in herds by the way side for many miles, stretched on the ground, more like so many hogs than human beings. It is a burlesque on the word to say these Indians are civilized. Their clothes, their farms, and their houses, too evidently show sloth and indolence; their small patches of corn and potatoes; their ragged fences, evince any thing but civilization; and their land, the finest in the State, is no advantage to them; and here the missionaries have long been engaged to improve those Indians. If report be true, they are worse than the Indians, being accused by them of debauching their wives and daughters. It appears that a deputation of their body repaired last winter to Albany to complain to the legislature of those missionaries. Let this be as it may, I saw several children amongst them which might confirm the report.\* These Indians, in the heart of New-York, are greatly behind the Choctaws, Chickesaws, and Cherokee Indians. It was amusing to see the speed of the little boys and girls, running after our coach, and often along side, to pick up the cents thrown out to them by the passengers. Sometimes, however, the driver, a cruel brute, would cut the poor things with his whip. This is civilizing them with a vengeance.

Our stage was crowded with passengers, and amongst them, was a gentlemanly young lawyer, from Geneva, an old humourous gentleman, whom they called judge, by way of ridicule, also several genteel people. My friend, of Geneva, for his own and my amusement, endeavoured to make up a match between the old judge and me: the preliminaries I left to my friend, and amused myself in discussing the most interesting parts of the treaty, which I endeavoured to enhance by my talents as an author. Finally, it was agreed that I should write the books, and he was to take on himself the business of selling them; but, alas! my beau judge got out of the coach at the first tavern, (a place to which he seemed partial) and I have never seen him since; thus, all my hopes were blasted, of being a judge's lady. In the meantime, as we were passing a gate, near an elegant house, a genteel looking elderly man, who was standing at the gate, as we

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\* The missionaries throw the blame of this upon the tops of Uta.



drove towards it, saluted the driver, and asked, "if he could get a seat for a young lady, to Utica?" The driver said, "the stage was full;" upon this, my friend, of Geneva, the soul of gallantry and politeness, hearing a young lady was in the case, generously resigned his seat and took a seat with the driver, and the elderly gentleman led up the young lady and helped her in; he then caught hold of the door, on each side, and raising himself on the step, looked about for a seat, for himself, in vain. The young lady expressed some uneasiness at this, and said she could not think of going without him, and asked if he could not find room with the driver; there were then, three on the driver's seat. At length, the driver asked a young man in the stage, if he would not take a seat outside, and let the old gentleman have his: the young man, however, seemed to hesitate, but at the entreaty of my polite friend, he consented, and at the hazard of their lives, they obliged the fair belle and her friend, by stowing on the driver's seat. When the stage stopped at the first tavern (where I lost my beau), the elderly gentleman got out of the stage, and getting up to the driver, whispered something in his ear. I had my eye upon him, and suspecting foul play, I gave him a look as he returned into the stage, which seemed to disconcert him, and he looked like one going to be hung. This was a new driver who, it appeared, took the charge of matters on himself, in Utica. The company had dropped off at the tavern, so as to make room for the lawyer and his friend inside, who had taken their seats. My tavern (Mr. King's) was within a few steps; I pointed it out to the driver and desired him to set me down there, when he laid whip to his horses and drove furiously by the house, and down street he went. At the lower end of the street, my friend called out to the driver, "stop, here's the house;" but the driver had had his lesson of the elderly gentleman, and paid no more attention to the request, than John Gilpin did to his wife; away he flew to the farther end of the town, turned several corners, and at length, after showing us all the town, set down the lady and her friend (her father, no doubt). Thus did this old miscreant reward the kind and gentlemanly conduct of the young

men who obliged him at the hazard of their lives. This old ruffian, either ranks as judge himself, or has a brother in Utica, that does: this is a specimen of the state of society in Utica. But our misfortune did not end here. The driver, true to his customers, heedless of our remonstrance, was posting to the *best* tavern in town, instead of taking us to our destined places. Here, my friend of Geneva, lost all patience and temper, and ordered the driver to go to the house where he designed to stop; to which the insolent ruffian (who had by this time stopped at his favourite house) replied, "if we did not get out there, he would drive us into the stable," and actually set off to the stable, when my friend jumped out, and cursing the driver, made him stop, and taking out his trunks, in the middle of the street, swore he would never set foot in Utica again; if he could possibly avoid it. His friend, also, got out, and taking out his baggage, set it down in the street. I laughed at my friend in my turn, as he kept preaching up patience and philosophy to me, during our drive through town. This being the posture of affairs, the driver had just laid whip to his horses, to drive my *ladyship* into the *stable*, when one of the proprietors (I wish he had staid away) happening to see people and trunks in the street, and hearing sharp words, stepped up, and learning the cause, mounted the seat and drove me to Mr. King's. I was truly sorry for my friend, whose disaster was the effect of his good nature and goodness of heart. I left him standing in the street, and what became of him, I never heard: I heard him say, he would not stay a night in Utica, for the place. It, is decidedly, the most blackguard place I ever was in. It is absolutely dangerous for travellers to stop there. The great concourse of strangers has turned their heads and made them insolent: so it always is, with upstarts\* withal. I am told it is a nest of missionaries or orthodox.

At Utica, I took the stage to Herkimer, a small village, near the little falls of the Mohawk, below, on the other

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\* Since this was written, I learn that people travelling for health or pleasure, disgusted with these insolent tavern-keepers and stage-drivers, have changed their routes, and turned their faces towards New England.

side of the river.—Herkimer stands near the German flats, one of the most fertile spots in the state. It is a small town, containing about one hundred houses and eight hundred inhabitants. The transition from Utica to Herkimer, as regards the society, may aptly be compared to a leap from purgatory to heaven. Bound, as I am, to bestow praise where praise is due, this little spot, as respects society, is the Eden of New-York, easy and familiar in their manners, kind and hospitable, I soon found myself at home. Herkimer is the residence of the Hon. Hoffman, at present a member of Congress, one of the ablest representatives of the state; he, however, was absent, but I found much taste and refinement in the village, notwithstanding: one of the citizens, the post-master, I shall never forget him, waited on me through the village, and aided me in the sale of my books, with the true eloquence of kindness. Dear people, may heaven shower its choicest blessings on your heads: the prayer of the widow will ever be yours.

Having paid my fare at Utica, to Fink's Ferry, four miles below Herkimer, I desired the driver to call for me the second day, but a moment's reflection might have saved me the trouble of expecting any thing like punctuality from any stage proprietor in Utica, and I took the first freight-boat that passed to Fink's Ferry, where I designed to take the stage, for Johnstown, and proceed thence, by the Springs, to the plains of Saratoga. I found Mr. Fink, a very pleasant man, much displeased with the treatment I had received, and very promptly, not only refunded my money, but kept me gratis, till the next stage. Mr. Fink lives on the opposite side of the Mohawk, from the canal, and the scenery around his house is strikingly grand. The broad Mohawk runs under his door, on one side, and on the other, a vast hill of wild and stupendous rocks, rears itself up within a few steps of his house; the green and fertile German flats, showing themselves just below, combining every variety of mountain, plain, and water. Mr. Fink is a tavern-keeper, and one of the most deserving men I have met with. He, as well as the people of Herkimer, are the descendants of the Germans, and I know of no place, where people travelling for pleasure,

could find it with more certainty, than at this delightful spot, though I am told, that the Germans of the flats, are much displeased with the canal, as they have now no employment for their wagons.

As I am now about to take leave of the Erie canal, it will be expected I should sum up my remarks. The canal was began in 1817 and finished in October 1825. Its length, from Albany to Lake Erie, is 362 miles, and cost rising seven millions of dollars. It is forty feet wide, four feet deep, and descends half an inch in a mile. The tow path is ten feet wide. It contains eighty-three locks, eighteen aqueducts of different lengths, one over the Genesee, has been mentioned; there are two over the Mohawk, one of which is seven hundred and forty-eight, the other eleven hundred and eighty-eight feet in length. Five side cuts, nineteen basins, nine embankments, bridges almost every half mile, and a great number of guard locks.

In order to prevent fraud in the toll, weigh-locks have been constructed, where the weight of a boat can be ascertained by means of a rod with which they measure the water. It being well known that all bodies displace a quantity of water equal to their own weight. The toll, this year, amounted to \$36,293, and the amount of tonnage was 11,026 tons.

Having spent one day with Mr. Fink, I sat out in the stage for Johnstown, in company with a gentleman and his lady, citizens of New-York; and a plain, farmer looking man, who, as the weather was warm, or perhaps from some accident, had thrown off his coat. He was quite a young man, of good, sound sense; neither awkward nor foppish. I found him very intelligent, and derived much pleasure and information from his conversation. The husband of the lady was a soft, easy man, one of the hen-pecked tribe, as it plainly appeared. The lady was at once vain, affected and *scornful* withal. This last trait surprised me, as it is uncommon in New-York ladies. She turned up her nose profoundly at the man without a coat, and when we arrived at the breakfasting house, she declared he had a great deal of impudence to ride in the coach without a coat, and that she would stop at the first stage, rather than travel



with such a clown: she was silent and sullen all the way, and I was glad when the stage arrived at Johnstown. The country from Fink's to Johnstown, is at first rich and beautiful, but grows thin as you approach the town.

Johnstown is the former residence of the renowned Sir William Johnston, from whom it takes its name. His dwelling house and study are still standing; they are low but firm, strong stone buildings on the edge of the town. After he was first interred he was taken up and deposited in the church, which is now used by the citizens. The sexton shewed me into the church, and pointed out the spot where his remains lie, and also the lid of the coffin in which he was first inclosed. It stands behind the pulpit; and has his age, date of his death, &c. inscribed upon it.

I also passed over the ground on which the battle was fought in the Revolution, called the "Battle of Johnstown." The remains of a ditch is still visible on Hall's farm; in sight of the village. A MS. of the battle was furnished me in Johnstown; it is as follows; "On the 24th of October, 1781, at 8 o'clock P. M. Colonel Marinus Willet, then commanding officer on the northern frontier of New-York, received advice that a considerable hostile force had been discovered in the upper part of the Mohawk district. At 10 o'clock, on the 25th, he had advanced within 2 miles of Fort Hunter, with between 4 and 500 levies and militia, who, on the urgency, had collected to oppose the enemy. Intelligence was received that the enemy had crossed the river and were on their march to Johnstown, Colonel Willett proceeded by the shortest route, to meet the enemy; determined to attack them with all possible despatch; within two miles of Johnstown, he ordered his left, by a circuit through the woods, to fall on the enemy's right flank; and his right to advance in front. The latter soon came in sight, displayed over the adjoining fields, and advanced to meet them; the enemy retired with precipitation to a wood, closely pressed by the advance, and a considerable skirmishing ensued; while the remainder of the right wing were advancing briskly in two columns, the corps, without any apparent cause, turn-

ed and fled without the possibility of being rallied; owing to this, a small field-piece, placed upon an eminence, to secure retreat, was captured.

At this critical moment Major Rowley from Massachusetts, appeared in the enemy's rear with the left wing composed of militia, and about 60 levies from Massachusetts. This reinforcement soon gave the enemy a total defeat and regained all that was lost. Night coming on, the enemy left their baggage, retreated into the woods and, after a march of six miles, encamped on a mountain. On the 27th Colonel Willet marched to the German Flats to intercept the enemy on their return to their boats, left a little below Oneida creek. On the 28th, he provisioned about 400 men, besides Indians, to pursue the enemy who had crossed the Mohawk at fort Herkimer. On the 29th he marched 20 miles in a snow storm through the woods, and, at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 30th, fell in with the enemy's rear, killed some, and dispersed the rest. The main body made a rapid retreat, but were warmly pursued till night. They made but one stand during the day, at a very bad ford on Canada creek, where Major Butler and several others were killed.

The enemy who had been four days in the wilderness with only half a pound of horse flesh per man, retreated 30 miles without halting, and many dropped dead on the march, and packs and blankets were strewed on their rout, and all the horses, except five, were taken. The enemy's loss was severe, as the fields of Johnstown and the woods and marshes were strewed with the dead and wounded: according to the return found in Major Butler's pocket (who commanded the expedition) the number was 607 men including Indians, and only 220 escaped to Canada. The Americans, consisting of 400 levies and militia, and 60 Oneida Indians. Their loss was trifling."

I have been thus minute as this battle is entirely overlooked by the historians of the Revolutionary war. Johnstown is a thriving village about half way between Herkimer and Saratoga. The citizens of Johnstown resemble those of Herkimer in their manners and hospitality. Their kind and respectful conduct towards me, I shall

never forget. The names of Reynolds, Cumyn, and many others (I could repeat) will ever be dear to me; of them it may be truly said, "I was a stranger and ye took me in, &c. &c." This is always, however, the case with enlightened people; whereas the reverse is ever to be looked for from the ignorant. I was truly sorry that my duties pressed me to part with those immeasurably kind people, whom I shall ever remember with the most lively emotions of gratitude and esteem.

Making a short call at the springs, where I found very few visitors, I pursued my course to Schylersville, which stands on the plains of Saratoga, famous in American history for the surrender of General Burgoyne.

Call it curiosity, enthusiasm, or what you will, who that has read the history of those brilliant achievements and hard fought battles of our Independence, does not long to see the spot once pressed by contending armies? but for me, I have a double motive, as my friends, as well as myself, are to partake in the pleasure.

*Schylersville* is a small village on the Hudson in the township of Saratoga, 11 miles from Saratoga springs. It is like all the villages of this beautiful state, enviable for its prospects and scenery, it occupies a lofty situation which overlooks the Hudson river, the northern canal, Fish creek, and a large level lawn, where Burgoyne's men stacked their arms when they surrendered to General Gates, 17th Oct. 1777. A large basin for boats, an aqueduct over Fish creek, the former residence of the celebrated General Schyler, and a great number of mills and factories on Fish Creek. Such a group of interesting objects and the associations inseparable from them, is nowhere surpassed.

The plain where Burgoyne surrendered is a luxuriant meadow, and appears to have been long such; it is inclosed with a fence, perfectly level, excepting the grass-grown ditch which formerly surrounded fort Hardy. As I sat in the porch of Cleaveland's tavern, this plain was pointed out; it lies in front of the tavern but a few rods distant, and the entrenchments were distinctly visible. Between the tavern and the plain runs the canal; and beyond it, the Hudson river. A little to the south-east is the site of

fort Schyler. At the mouth of Fish Creek, further on, is the basin, then the aqueduct, and the former residence of Gen. Schyler. After resting myself, I took an old soldier with me (who was in the battles which happened previous to the surrender) and walked down the hill from the tavern, crossed the canal, and walked over the meadow, once covered with British soldiers, and British arms; merely to say I was on the spot, for it is distinctly seen from the tavern. The old man pointed out the spot where their arms were stacked, which was in front of the fort, nothing of which remains but the entrenchment. The scene naturally threw the mind back when 5752 men, besides Canadians, laid down their arms! What a sight! more than I ever saw at one time! but the feelings and sensations which seize upon the mind, must be left to imagination.

The two battles which paved the way to this surrender, were fought lower down the river at Stillwater, and Bemuss' heights. In the first 3000 troops formed the American army, and 3500 that of the British. The number in the second battle is not ascertained. The loss of the British in both was 2933. From the field of surrender I walked to Maj. Philip Schyler's, a grandson of General Schyler. His house stands on the opposite side of Fish Creek, a few yards in front of the General's, which was burnt by Gen. Burgoyne.

After paying my respects to Maj. Schyler and his family, Mrs. Schyler walked out with me to the spot where Gen. Schyler's house once stood. The length and breadth of the house was distinctly seen, being sunk below the adjoining ground. His garden is also visible, being near the house, and the rose bushes and lilacs are still in being, fresh and green. The house in which Maj. P. Schyler now lives, was built by the Gen. himself, a few days after the other was burnt. Four lofty locust trees stand in front of the house; two of these were planted by General S. himself, and two by the Major's mother. The house is one of the finest in the country, sits on an even plain, washed on one side by the Hudson, and on the other by Fish Creek—splendidly furnished—a profu-



sion of plate, &c.—themselves the fairest of the whole—the handsomest children I met in my travels, a half a dozen at least, whom Mrs. Schyler has taken upon herself to educate. Mrs. S. is at once one of the best, most accomplished, and elegant females I have seen in the State. Her figure is majestic, her features handsome, her complexion fair, with a light black eye. Maj. Philip Schyler is a small man, light and active, middle aged, middling complexion, with a bright hazle eye, expressive of great vivacity. His face is of the finest Grecian cast; his countenance animated, intelligent, and “gentle benevolence” stamped on every feature.

Being familiar with the history of his great and good grandsire, I panted to see his descendant, and the theatre upon which this illustrious patriot and philanthropist had rendered his name so dear to thousands. Gen. Schyler, towards the latter part of his life, removed to Albany, where he died.

The wife of the great Hamilton, of New-York, was a daughter of Gen. Schyler; she is now living in N. York. I called to pay my respects to her when last in that city, but she was out of town.

Every one remembers the kindness of Gen. Schyler to the British prisoners taken at Saratoga. The particulars are minutely related by the Baroness of Ridsdell, in which she bestows unbounded praise on the General. She says the General took her children in his arms and kissed them tenderly, which act of kindness from an enemy made her forget she was a prisoner. Mr. S. owns the property of his grand father; also a number of mills and machinery on Fish Creek.

The rolling waters of Fish Creek, the lofty shades, the singing of birds, with the variety of objects spread over this vale—the rural village, associated with past events—it has more the air of enchantment than reality.

On my return from Fish Creek to the tavern, I called at R. M. Livingston's, one of that ancient and respectable family of New-York, already mentioned in my first book of travels. Say what you will about noble blood, and that there is no difference in the blood of a peasant and a Pa-

trician, to go no farther than the brute creation, is there no difference in the noble Arabian horse, and the common scum even in outward appearance? to say nothing of matter and spirit. Why this superiority should be denied to man is not easy to say; nor shall I pretend to define the cause why one man surpasses another in noble actions as far as mankind surpass the brute creation. But to come to the point, I have always found the actions and common deportment of those of noble descent very different from the mushroom race. In a situation which might be said to have the highest claims on the patriotism and humanity of my country I have seldom failed in application to a gentleman; while on the other hand, I found little sympathy amongst the lower class.

Simple, modest and retiring, in the bosom of this modern Tempe, I found Mr. Livingston, also blest with an amiable family. His wife blushing like the rose, welcomed and entertained me till her husband came in. But the stage in which I was to proceed having arrived, I had to part with this amiable family. Mr. L. and his wife are both in the bloom of life.

Schylersville lies principally upon one street on the brow of a hill, which runs parallel with the Hudson, and contains about fifty houses. It was settled by Gen. Schyler, from whom it takes its name.

Worn out with incessant travelling, I was not able to visit Sandyhill and Glen's Falls, considerable objects to a traveller. Also Lake Champlain, where the northern canal terminates at the village of White Hall.

The northern canal, from its junction with the Erie canal at Waterford, is 63 1-2 miles in length, has 18 locks, 2 dams, 1 aqueduct, 2 basins, and several guard locks, and cost 660,000 dollars. The great dam itself cost 30,000 dollars. It is near fort Edward. Lake Champlain, it will be recollected, was the theatre of McDonough's glory. It appears that this renowned State is marked throughout by the achievements of American arms. Fort George, fort William Henry, and many other places, will ever live in the history of America.

The stage, in which I was to proceed to Albany, was full: but one of the gentlemen (for a gentleman he was) took the rear of the stage, standing upright in the frame, and holding by the straps, rode in that manner four miles! while the *scrubs* who were seated some inside, and some on the seat with the driver, would as soon have put their heads under a fence, as give way to any person; one of them, however, was only bound four miles farther where my friend took his seat. I am sorry I do not know the gentleman's name, as it deserves to be written in letters of gold.

The ground from Schylersville to Bemuses' heights, was at different times alternately occupied by the armies of Generals Burgoyne and Gates, and close to the road side, still survives the house where General Frazer breathed his last, having been mortally wounded in the battle of the 7th Oct. It is a small house, near the celebrated Freeman's farm, and at present occupied by one Smith as a tavern, and known, in the revolution, by the name of "Sword's house." At the time of the battle, which decided the fate of Gen. Burgoyne, this house stood 100 rods from the river, at the foot of the hill. It has since been moved nearer the river by the road side where it now stands, six miles from Schylersville. The driver, at the instance of the travellers, waited till I viewed the interior. Standing in the centre of the first room (the bar room,) I asked the landlord to "show me the spot where Gen. Frazer breathed his last?" "the very spot you are standing on," said he! As I stood on the spot, I naturally cast my eye towards the little room at that time occupied by the Baroness Reidsell, who, with her two children and her husband lived in the house. I thought of Lady M. Auckland, who was in a tent hard by, their sufferings, the kindness shewn to them in their distress by Gen. Schyler, all passed through my mind.

Mrs Reidsell, expecting Generals Burgoyne, Phillips, and Frazer, to dine with her, had the table set; when seeing several indians pass the house, she asked them where they were going? they replied, "war, war." Shortly after this, she heard the report of cannon and musketry.

and at 4 o'clock, instead of the guests she expected, Gen. Frazer was brought in mortally wounded in a litter. The table was removed, and a bed made in its place for the General. The Baroness was distracted for her husband, who was in the engagement, and sat trembling with fear. "Tell me," said Frazer to the surgeon, "if my wound is mortal; do not flatter me. "Oh my poor wife," he often exclaimed; "Oh fatal ambition! "poor Gen. Burgoyne." When asked if he had any request, he said, he wished to be "buried in a redoubt on the hill and not before six o'clock in the evening." He died at 8 o'clock next morning, and was buried at six in the evening, on the spot he selected, under the fire of the Americans, who did not know it was a funeral procession. Mrs. Riedsell's husband escaped unhurt: and she was kindly conveyed to Albany, and entertained by Gen. Schyler. I walked into the room which was his chamber: it was a poor little pen of a place, scarcely large enough to turn in: the whole of the interior was, or is now, far below common; and yet, by association, it deeply interested me. The whole story of the Baroness, and lady Acklin, who lost her husband in the battle. Gen. Schyler, and Generals Burgoyne and Gates, on this occasion, is one of the most interesting in the history of the revolution: all of which I have seen, but my work is too limited to admit it.

From the road I saw the hill where all that is left of Gen. Frazer lies.

My fellow-travellers, most of them, had passed this interesting spot before, and those who had not, did not seem so much interested as myself. They were, however, very pleasant and agreeable in their manners, Tom and Dick apart, who sat "outside." One of the passengers, however, an elderly man, was singularly striking in appearance, both in size and manners. He was a mammoth in size, a fine open countenance, rough spoken, but generous and sincere. He was plainly and thinly clad, being very corpulent and the weather being warm. He had something of the soldier and sailor blended in his looks and conversation, two characters which have always been my favorites. He soon discovered, from my conversation, that



I was a revolutionary officer's widow, and that I had books to sell; this was enough for this generous man. "Buy the lady's books," said he, setting the example. "you'll never miss a dollar. Here give me a book," handing the money, and of course the others, (except Dick and Tom) followed his example. Finding I was anxious to know something of his life, he drew an unfolded pamphlet from a large roll of paper (of the same I presume) which he carried in his hand, and gave it to me, saying, "I don't care who knows the incidents of my life." The sheet he gave me contained four pages quarto, written in verse by himself; in which he detailed the incidents of his life, the most extraordinary I ever met with. At the head of the sheet I find the following lines: "The lines on this sheet were written by P. Russell, who has received *eleven* wounds under the American flag, who has endured *seven* captivities, and remained *two* full years in irons on cold stones in a dungeon, in Moro Castle, on the Island of Cuba, without once beholding the light of the sun." A little below, "I was in *ten* engagements and skirmishes at sea, and received *six* wounds." His person is also very well described by himself—thus: "forty-four years of age, six feet high, brown hair, touched with time, blue eye, oval face, a small scar on the left side of his forehead; the scars of two pistol balls having perforated his right breast; the scar of a boarding pike through his left hand." He was very corpulent, and must have weighed considerably over two hundred, and might be taken for fifty years of age. He states in the piece that he was born in New-Hampshire, in the county of Hillsborough, and the town of Merrimac. One of the pieces gives a description of an action fought off Guadaloupe, in 1805; where "ninety-five Americans, and near three hundred Britons made their escape from the prison at that place, through the aid of a friend." There is a Sinbad for you! His weather-beaten face, his countenance, and language, bore all the marks of truth. He showed us the wounds he received.

Determined to take a perfect view of the so much celebrated Hudson, or North river as it is often called, I resolved to sail only in the day, stopping at the principal

villages on its shores. The numerous steamboats which pass to and from Albany to New-York city, (the course I intended to take) generally make the greatest part of the trip in the night, which deprives one of the pleasure derived from the rich scenery of the Hudson.\* Nine steamboats and two barges leave Albany for New-York weekly, for the especial accommodation of passengers. The barges are the "Lady Clinton and Lady Van Rensselaer." No day in the week but you can have a passage from one city to the other. All those boats are fitted up in a style of elegance and comfort, not inferior to a palace; and the fare, from city to city, varies from one to four dollars, diet included; the captains are polite, sober, gentlemanly men. This I do not aver upon trust, having, in the voyage I am about to describe, changed boats at every port or village on my way to New-York. The barges upon the whole, are the most pleasant, as they are safe, free from the incumbrance, smell, and jolting of a steam-boat. Their large and lofty decks afford a delightful prospect, and the society is preferable, in most cases, to the steam-boats. No barge being at the wharf, I took the *Constellation*, (Capt. Skidder) to Hudson city; we had about thirty passengers, of all sorts and sizes; but passengers were not my object, as there is a sameness in seeing the same description of people whom you meet with on those tours, which would be nothing but a repetition of the same thing. Here, as at the Springs, Utica, and the Falls, we have. "*Miss Parasol Gros-de-Nip*," "*Miss Broomstick*," and "*Julia Ann Maria Matilda Duster*." This last "could'nt bear to go where there were so many men;" believe her who may. Some look sly, some look cunning, some have a repulsive air: and some (the eastern ladies) have a sweet, inviting look. The majority, however, are principally from New-York:

"Who like the pilgrim's scrip, or soldier's pack,  
They carry all their fortune on their back."

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\* I was never on the Hudson but once before, from New York to West Point and back, and both of which trips were principally in the night.

“Each lady with her lofty plumes,  
Beyond fair reason’s rules,  
Shows that she more than half presumes,  
That all the men are fools.”

While on the subject of passengers, one great annoyance to *me* are children and rocking chairs; those children (particularly if you wish to read or write) are the greatest pests we have; rattling buttons and cents, gingling pebbles and drumming with sticks, crying, talking, darting in and out, sometimes to the total overthrow of some of my “Royal ideas;” and then there are the rocking chairs: the first thing, after entering the ladies’ cabin, a great unmannerly, rough Mrs. or Miss (no matter which) jumps to the rocking chair and see-saws backwards and forwards with such unconscionable sweeps, that it makes one’s head dizzy. When one fool gets out, another flops into it. Why are they on board at all? or instead of *one*, why no *twenty*? and let them have enough of it. I abhor rocking chairs; in the taverns, and steam-boats, you are sure to meet them, and as sure to stomp your toes against the corners of the rockers. I have hardly a sound toe left.

The Hudson, at Albany, flows in a straight, smooth current being 150 yards wide. The scenery, however, on the shores, attracts our attention from every other object. From Albany to Hudson city, we have first the Prospect Hill on the left, then Hogeberg, or High Hill, same side; also Castle Village; next Schodack and Coeyman; besides several landings; while the intermediate ground abounds with luxuriant foilage, green meadows, and cornfields, flocks of sheep, gardens, orchards, and country seats, whilst the steam-boat glides, like an arrow, by the numerous sloops, their white sails spread to the wind; now and then a steam-boat, each saluting by ringing the bells as they approach.

As we drew near Hudson city, we had a view of the grand Katskill mountains on our right, and the P. Orchard, 3000 feet above the level of the Hudson. Hudson city is about 33 miles below Albany on our left: here I landed to spend the night. I once passed through Hudson, but never got out of the carriage. It is a handsome

city, principally built of brick, and has one very handsome street, the whole length of the town; it strikes the Hudson at a right angle, and so straight that you see from one end to the other at a glance. The city at first level, rises gradually to a considerable hill. At the end of the street stands a hill called Prospect Hill, of several hundred feet in height. The view from this hill is the best in New-York, except from the Pine Orchard, which is visible though several miles distant; the Hudson river, covered with vessels, is seen to a great distance, with several villages. Hudson is said to contain 5310 inhabitants; it does not, however, seem to do much business. The people of Hudson are more upon an equality than those of Albany; though there are several gentlemanly looking men, and fashionable ladies. I met with a very polite reception from the Mayor, T. Bey, esq., who furnished me with a general letter of introduction; which, though it secured to me the respect and homage of the people, was of little benefit. The people, either from want of literary taste, or depression of funds, bought few of my books. My patronage being principally confined to the Masons, always my warm friends and supporters wherever I go. The Rev. Wm. Chester, brother of Dr. Chester, of Albany, resides in Hudson. He is quite a young man, tall, spare, elegant in his manners, and of a most pleasing countenance. Mr. P. Van Dusen deserves particular notice for his benevolence and philanthropy. His prompt and very friendly assistance to me does him much honor. He is a gentleman of light figure, young appearance, round, thin face, soft eye, fair complexion, and reddish hair. The Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Hammond, and several others, deserve my warmest gratitude. Parties of pleasure, who visit the Pine Orchard, which is now all the rage, turn off at Hudson; it is 12 miles distant, and the road is said to be safe to the top of the Pine Orchard, upon the summit of which stands a large hotel for the accommodation of the tourist. This spot is said to be the rallying point of the scenery of America, being in the centre of the vast group of Nature's grand works, for which this queen of state stands pre-eminent.

From this grand elevation may be seen, with the naked



eye, the green mountains of Vermont, with the intervening country between farms and villages, to which may be added an extensive view of the Hudson and the Highlands on the south. Two miles from the hotel are the falls of *Kaaterskill*, whose waters tumble down the mountain in two entire and distinct perpendicular cataracts, 260 feet, giving the whole the most finished variety to the scenery.

Leaving the wealthy and refined to pursue their enviable visit to the Pine Orchard, I pursue my voyage down the Hudson, in the *Constellation* again, having made her trip and on her return.

The first object, after leaving Hudson, is *Low Island*, two miles in length. The next, *Katskill* village, on the left shore, five miles from Hudson City, containing 1500 inhabitants. It takes its name from *Katskill* creek, upon which are established a great number of mills and factories. The village is on the right shore of the Hudson, sailing down, and makes a handsome appearance from the river; the scite ascending from the shore. Near *Katskill* is the highest elevation of the *Katskill* Mountain, distinguished by the names of the "Round Top," 3804 feet high, and the "High Peak" 3718. These places also attract alike the attention of the fashionable and the philosopher.

Were I to stop at all the villages on the river, I should not finish the trip till cold weather, I therefore sail on with my handsome young captain, regretting that time and circumstance for this once, deprive me of the pleasure of paying my respects to the citizens of *Katskill Oak Hill*, on the left, the residence of the late *General* Livingston, comes next; and two miles on, the manor-house of the late *Lord* Livingston. A short distance from this, the hotel on *Pine Orchard* is seen from the river for some miles. Next *Clermont*, the seat of the late *Chancellor* Livingston of the *Columbia* college; it is on our left, further on *Red-Hook* upper landing; and *J. P. Livingston!* on the left one mile farther, same side *P. H. Livingston!* one mile again we have *J. Livingston!!!* same side, and

half a mile below, Mrs. Montgomery's seat, and once more J. R. Livingston!!!! and Red-Hook lower landing.

Besides these are the seats of Generals Lewis and Armstrong, Reed, Garretson, and late Dr. Bard above.

*Poughkeepsie*.\* Here I stop to visit a village to which I always shall remain partial. In my first tour through New-York I spent one night at this village. Poughkeepsie may justly be styled the Athens of New-York, the emporium of learning, taste, and refined manners. Compared with the population, it ranks far beyond the city of New-York or any other town in the state. I need only mention the distinguished names of Talmage, Reed, Benthusan, Oakley, Hon. Judge E. P. and D. C.

The society of Poughkeepsie is at once refined, sociable liberal and hospitable. From this, however, I must except my *land-ladies* two old maids. A gentleman (whose politeness to me, I shall never forget) introduced me at the tavern kept by those old maids. Viewing them with more partial eyes than I did, he inadvertently, no doubt took me to their house. He came passenger with me from Hudson, was a lively companion, and he and I indulged our remarks, in an under tone, on the Dunder and Blixons, our fellow passengers.

The village being a mile from our landing, my friend provided a carriage and waited on me to the old maids', which he said was the best tavern in the place. I wished to put up with my old landlord, of worthy memory, where I stopped on my first tour, but neither my friend or the driver knew where it was his name is Kleek. At the old maids', my friend, Mr. Thomson, left me, and departed to his own house.

There house was neat and commodious, to be sure, but had I known it was kept by such viragoes (which I found out in a short time) I would as soon have put my head in a lion's den. Heaven preserve me from old maids! children, and rocking chairs are nothing to them. Af-

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\* Poughkeepsie stands on a steep hill and overlooks the river, and contains about 8,000 inhabitants.

ter sitting a few moments, a very gentlemanly man, whom I took to belong to the house, showed me to an elegant chamber, and shortly afterwards I was called to tea where I found the ladies of the house; one was middle aged, wore a cap, and had a handsome face, but vengeance was in her countenance: I took her to be the lady of the house. The other was bare headed, lean, lank, and yellow, mixed with black. I knew she was an old maid at a glance, from her ill-natured countenance: they were both, in their manners detestably proud, haughty, scornful and affected in the superlative degree. I made out, however, to drink my tea without having my nose bit off; and hastened to my chamber, where I learned from one of the servants, that they were both old maids.

There was a portico under my window, even with the second story; it had a banister about breast high, and a door to it: several stages drove up shortly after tea to land their passengers. It was truly amusing to see the anxiety of these old maids upon these arrivals; they would run up stairs, go out on the portico, and lean over stretching their long necks, till you would think they would tumble over, to see what beaux (I presume, as they did not seem to be partial to the ladies) got out of the stage. The yellow gaunt one seemed almost beside herself, having the advantage of neck which was long and shrivelled, she would get the first peep at the beaux. Alas! for my sex, how ridiculous they make themselves, in their partiality for the other sex; and this partiality defeats their purpose. Had these ladies been sweet tempered, affable and modest, they would not have been old maids at this late day.

At length the one with a cap came into my chamber, with the countenance of a tygress, without ceremony, and demanded, who put me into that room. Having seen *she*-tygers before, no ways intimidated, I calmly replied, "the gentleman of the house?" (supposing him to be such) "What gentleman?" I told her I did not know further; it was one who took tea with us. Instead of saying, what even a chamber-maid would have said, "It was

a mistake, madam; will you have the goodness to take a smaller room?" she stormed in the most grating language. "You must go out of here; this chamber was not intended for you: I don't know what business you had in this room." My papers and books were spread over the table where I was engaged in writing, and as her old maidship seemed to be in an ungracious hurry, and fearing to incense her further, I raked up my books and papers, carrying some in my hands, and some in my lap, and decamped to another room. In the bustle I lost my purse, and as that was all my dependence (and not a very easy one either) I soon proclaimed it aloud; the house was filling fast with travellers, the news spread, every one was distressed; I flew back to the chamber, found a very fine woman in it with her children, from New-York, she sympathized with me; and she, her daughter and her husband aided me in searching; and even the old maids themselves; the whole house was in confusion; "*a purse, a purse*. is lost, reiterated through every room. But the best of the story is to come. The head old maid observed repeatedly, "Your purse will be found, if you had any! there's no thieves about the house." The precious jewel, how kind that was. At length, after throwing the house into confusion, and plunging every traveller into distress, the purse was found, where I had dropt it, as I turned an angle of the building. Thus it is with these termagant old maids, who occasioned all this merely to show their malignity.\* What man would venture to marry such a female? From that day to this I always make it a point never to stop at a tavern unless I am certain the coast is clear of old maids. With great reluctance I parted with my friends, (not the old maids, mind ye) at Poughkeepsie and pursued my voyage. This village, as regards scenery, situation and society, is the most interesting of any I have visited in New-York.

After leaving Poughkeepsie, the scenery and distant elevation begin to draw nearer the river, more under your eye.

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\* I hope all young ladies will take warning, and get married, if they can.



A volume might be filled with the beauties connected with the Hudson, from Albany to this place, every where redundant with fruitful fields, dwellings farms and villages, swelling hills, vales, rocks and precipices, steamboats and sloops with decks alive with people, yet this far-famed river is just beginning to put on its lucid dress, upon leaving Poughkeepsie.

Here begins the *High-lands*. The entrance of the high lands! Even the name inspires sensations, which no other name has power to do, and has a charm of associations which it is not in the power of language to express, combining as it does in the highest degree, the beautiful and the sublime. The first object that makes its appearance with the High-lands, is the residence of the late Governor George Clinton, which, with about half a dozen *kills*, brings us to *Newbu g.* a village of 3,000 inhabitants. Newburg is fourteen miles from Poughkeepsie, on the right, situated on the declivity of a steep hill, which rises abruptly from the water's edge, and gives it a romantic appearance. Here I land again, determined to feast my readers with variety, if nothing else. Newburg is also inhabited by intelligent and hospitable people. It drives a handsome trade, and is more lively than any village on the river. Its trade is connected with the country and New-York city. It is also famous in story as the head quarters of the American army in the time of the Revolution. It is an incorporated city. On the opposite side of the river, from Newburg, is seen *Broken hill*, 1471 feet in height, and near to it is *Grand Sachem*, 1685 feet high. The prospect from these stupenduous mountains invites large parties of pleasure in the summer season, where they can view distinctly a part of five states! These are called the Fish-kill mountains, and running off south are called the Appalachian mountains.

Leaving Newburg, you have a distant view of West Point, which appears like a huge rough stone mount, standing in the water. Without noticing any of the *kills*, we shall merely say we pass *New Windsor* and a great ma-

*hills*, Antony's Nose (upper) the residence of the late General Clinton, Crow's-Nest, Pollopel, Putnam rock, Butter Hill, and finally, West Point.

This celebrated place I described in my first travels. I shall only add, that the river makes a sudden bend round a steep precipice, which projects into the river in a point; this is *West Point*, on our right, on the west side of the Hudson. Here terminates the High-lands, after accompanying us twenty miles on both sides of the river. On the top of this point stands fort Putnam. roughly built of stone upon a mass of rocks. The elevation of the fort is 598 feet above the Hudson; this fort formed an insurmountable barrier to the British forces during the whole of the revolution. The story of Arnold and Andre is too long to introduce here.

Next to West Point, on the left, is Sugar Loaf mountain, 866 feet. A mile farther, the Butter Milk falls. On another mile is Bear mountain. Three miles farther, Forts Montgomery and Clinton; one mile on, another Antony's Nose. I saw nothing uncommon in either of his noses, and should as soon have called it any thing else. Then we have another *kill*, Peekskill village. Next, left, Dunderberg; Thunder-hill, right. Next Verplanck's point on the right, the boundary between our lines and the British in the revolution. Next comes the famous Stony Point, the theatre of General Wayne in the Revolution. On this was a fort which the British took from General Wayne by surprise, but he retook it shortly afterwards. It is on the right. Verplanck's point is on the opposite shore.

*Sing Sing.* Having a wish to see Tarrytown and Tapan, I leave the Hudson at Sing Sing, or as it is recently called, Mount Pleasant village; having noticed the Hudson, as far as Sing Sing, in my trip to West Point, last year, I shall proceed to New-York, by land, and then insert my notes in the order they follow. Sing Sing is about thirty miles from Newburg, just below Haverstraw village and bay. This bay begins at

Stony Point, and is from two to four miles wide and six miles in length. This is the place where the Vulture British sloop of war lay in which General Arnold and Major Andre met to concert their treasonable designs. At the foot of a mountain, called Long Cove, same side of the river with West Point, in a thick grove of firs, they held their subsequent meetings. But, as already observed, my limits will not allow me to go into a detail of those events. Sing Sing is the most romantic village in New-York, either as regards situation or scenery. Like ancient Rome, it is built on several detached hills and commands the most extensive prospect of all the towns on the river and is itself an object of admiration. When seen as you sail up the river, its superb buildings look like castles in the air, and are seen from a great distance.

From Sing Sing you have at once a prospect of the Highlands, Haverstraw Bay, Haverstraw Village, West Point! Stony Point!! Verplanck's Point!!! and Teller's Point!!!! Croton River above Tappan Village and Tappan Bay or Sea; the latter eight miles long, from two to five wide, below; also Paisley, a town of New Jersey.

The Hon. Mr. Ward, member of Congress, resides here, also James Smith, Esq. of New York City, during summer. From Mr. Smith's house, which overlooks the river, you have the best prospect of this grand assemblage of objects, unrivalled by any view on the river. Sing Sing contains 1000 houses, an academy for young ladies and one for young gentlemen, and a state prison. The prison is built of white marble, and stands in the midst of a marble quarry, which appears endless. The prison contains 800 solitary cells, for the purpose of confining the prisoners at night; in the day they are employed in sawing and splitting marble, which is to be shipped off, either up or down the Hudson: to this end the prison stands on the brink of the river. This scheme, when put in operation, will add to the many advantages already enjoyed by this prosperous state, as they can afford to sell the marble lower than either stone or brick. The prison, however lacks something of being finished.

This prison is built by the prisoners themselves, being guarded by day and locked up by night. Thus goes on New York taking the lead in every thing that is magnanimous. Sing Sing is one of the most delightful summer residences to be met with; from its lofty scite, it enjoys pure air, fine water, and has neither musquitoes or doctors.

Every inch of this and the adjacent country is immortalized by Washington Irvine and Cooper. About five miles south of Sing Sing are the regions of Sleepy Hollow, and the celebrated Dutch Church, the oldest in the state, being built in the year 1690; both this and Sleepy Hollow are mentioned by the facetious Irvine. The latter, where Van Winckle slept 40 years, (so says Irvine) and when he waked he found the country so improved that he did not know where he was.

Sing Sing is the residence of some of the first gentlemen in New York, allured by the beauty of the scenery and the salubrity of the air. It certainly is the most delectable spot in the state, if indeed one part of it can excel the rest.

It will be recollected that Maj. Andre was hung at Tappan which is visible across the river from Sing Sing. After spending a day at this village, I took the road to New York by Tarry Town, wishing to see the spot where Maj. Andre was captured. About five miles from Sing Sing, the road descends gradually to a small rivulet at this time not more than two feet wide. At this rivulet Maj. Andre's horse stopt to drink, and while he was drinking one of the three men who captured him, jump't over the fence and caught the horse by the bridle, the others soon followed and secured him. The spot where these men lay is now uninclosed by any fence, and is not more than ten or twelve steps from the road. It has been often stated that the three soldiers were playing cards under a tree, but no tree is there or any vestige of one. A large tree however stands in the road, about 150 yards from the spot on towards Tarry town, where the men took Andre to search him. It appears that Paulding and Williams were



playing cards under the fence, and Van Vert watched the road, the weeds being so high as to conceal them. They had occupied their position but a short time when Van Vert observed to his friends that a "horseman was approaching," they replied "we must stop him." The old Dutch church stands near the road, a mile and a half back, towards Sing Sing. It is a brick building of antiquated architecture, has a very ancient appearance, but is sound and entire, and divine service is still performed there. Tarry town is about half a mile from the place where Andre was taken. The celebrated White Plains lies to the east of Tarry town, five miles. Van Vert is still living, about five miles from Tarry town. I intended to call and see him, but as he lived off the road I was unable to procure any sort of conveyance to his house. He is said to be hale and stout for his years. Thirteen miles from Tarry town you pass Harlem bridge over Harlem river, a small stream which runs from East into North river, and forms the island upon which stands New York city; the whole distance from this to the city, 13 miles, is covered with country seats of inexpressible beauty. Once more I am in New York.

Thus ended my fashionable tour; but before I sum up my remarks, an undertaking which might appal an abler pen than mine, I must finish my description of the Hudson as agreed upon a few pages back.

Last fall paying a visit to West Point I took the old, slow, and sure steamboat Richmond, one smoky afternoon in October; my book will now present vice versa, the left for the right, and the right against the left—I should have been glad to have viewed the river Hudson from New York quite through, convinced, as I am, that the scenery is more striking, particularly the entrance of the High-lands, but it was not in my power.

For months back, having revelled in the richest scenery, it has exhausted my very poor resources, at the time I most need them, which is in describing the prospect of the city and bay, from the mouth of the Hudson. The bay of Boston is very handsome, and rendered more so

from its numerous islands. But New York has its islands too, much more impressive. The islands in Boston bay are distant, and therefore not so striking; the New York islands draw up closer to the shore in round spots, these are covered with fortifications presenting their deep fronts to the water's edge. These with Castle garden, (an old fort turned into a new garden,) which stretches out into the mouth of the Hudson; the great depth of water; the bulky ships which cover the bay with their sails spread; the forest of masts with their streamers flying which surround the city;\* the two mighty rivers (East and Hudson,) which pour their waters into the bay; the numerous steamboats with their floating flags, their bells ringing, and their bands playing; the Jersey shore with Jersey city, presents one of the finest pictures in the world! We sat off under a full band, accompanied by another steam boat "Chief Justice Marshall" with *her* band, and flags which reached to the deep. On leaving the battery, the scene is grand—the city seems to expand and shews to greater advantage, as you recede from it.

The first object on the left, is Powles' Hook on the Jersey shore; next is north battery on New York shore; the state prison, and next fort Gansevoort; then Hoboken on Jersey shore, then on the right (N. Y.) shore comes United States' Arsenal and the Elgin Botanic Garden; on the left Hamilton's monument, erected where he fell; next on the right, Bloomingdale, and Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, after this a line of military works, erected during the late war, extends to East river.

At this place begins, what is called the *Pallisadoes*, eight miles from the city. The *Pallisadoes* are a solid wall of rocks, on the left shore, from 20 to 550 feet high, extending to Tappan sea, 20 miles! In some part of this distance it consists of one solid perpendicular rock of uniform height, rising up directly from the water's edge for miles! It would seem that nature reserved all

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\*These masts are precisely like a forest of pine trees, divested of its foliage by fire.

her skill for New York; we have this wall for 10 miles, from 470 to 550 feet high: nothing in the world but the bare solid rock. The opposite shore presenting eternal farms, and villages, to Sing Sing, which, with the exception of the Hudson, cannot be exceeded by any thing of its kind, in beauty. There is nothing worthy of remark to Sing Sing, except the road to Andre's grave. Thus my tour through New York ends.

It is quite possible that the pleasure derived from a tour through New York may vary, agreeably to the taste and powers of the mind. It is amusing to see how unconcerned the old Knickerbocker's will sit while passing up or down North river, with a countenance which defies the Pallisadoes; every feature in their face keeps its station, as immoveable as the rocks along which they glide. But when we were in the most interesting part of the state, I mean the German flats, or Genesee; it would excite wonder to see the young Knickerbockers, or a real New York dandy, throw himself back in the stage, put his hat over his eyes and like a cow or a horse lie as though he was dead, and at the same time passing through a country not only the pride of America, but the pride of the globe and this country his own; now and then he would bustle up, put his head out, and ask the driver how far it was to such a place.

Every person of taste who has made the tour of New York, will say, that no description that ever has or ever will be given of it can possibly convey an accurate idea of its beauty, either singly or combined. Floods of ink would not do it, all works of art or science has a name, but for the scenery of New York there is no name; it being the work of an *Almighty hand*.

But as every sweet has its bitter, so, the greatest drawbacks on the pleasure of the tourist, are the want of good taverns, and civil landlords. Riding in the stage too is unpleasant, from being over crowded; the heat of the weather, and the dust rising in such clouds, almost stifles one. All this however could be borne, had we civil landlords, and these are the worst where they are

most needed, viz: Albany,\* Utica, and Buffalo. In consequence of the accommodation, and the intriguing stage proprietors, the tourists are changing their routes, and turning their course toward New England. It is to be much lamented, that respect for the state, if not its interest, does not induce some of its great men to take the patronage of those houses on themselves, and provide some place in those towns where people can be accommodated without endangering their lives.

The inconvenience however, as it is, is greatly overbalanced by the pleasure; and the best accommodation is found on board the steamboats and canal packets.

It is not in the power of the most extravagant fancy to conceive the luxury of sailing on the Hudson, to the sound of the finest music, sitting at your ease aloft in the air, on one of those spacious upper decks of the barges chatting with your friends, eating and drinking, whilst gliding steadily but swiftly through the most exuberant scenery. In short the whole state is one uniform representation of objects deeply interesting; not an inch of ground from New York city on the one end, to Buffalo on the other, but is distinguished either for some military achievement or some bold work of nature, or art. It has been the theatre of three wars, and every part of it distinguished by some famous battle, or the remains of some fortification. In one place you see boats gliding through the woods and over mountains; in another you see steamboats and sails, and again the roads covered with carriages. Finally, her roaring cataracts, her smooth cascades, her lordly rivers, her silver lakes, her clustering villages, her blooming fields, her towering forests, her piercing mountains, her solemn rocks, her hooks, her kills, her hills, and her *hollows*, her canals, locks, and aqueducts, her populous cities, her marble halls and marble quarries, her stately palaces, her mines of salt and mineral springs, her high-ways, her ships and her steamboats display, beyond doubt, the most striking traits of grandeur, beauty, sublimity, utility, talent, and industry,

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\*Mr. Welsh is an exception.



in the world. If I were to offer a simile, I would compare it to a rich dress set with diamonds; and the effect is something like that produced by a highly wrought and well represented play, except that one is reality and the other fiction.

It was on my return from this tour I first saw the celebrated Brower, the artist, one of the most singular characters at this day, perhaps in the world. Brower is alike eminent as a limner, sculptor, painter, and taker of busts. He was born in New York, the youngest of thirty-five children, travelled over the principal parts of Europe, viz: Italy, Greece, France, Austria, Switzerland and England. Has taken the busts and portraits of seventy-six of the most eminent statesmen, heroes, divines, physicians, literatii and distinguished characters in the United States. He is now engaged, and contemplates finishing, the full length statues of "Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Clinton, and Hamilton, in bronze." This extraordinary man is of middle height, robust, with a face of singular expression, and an eye indicative of the great mind it is destined to represent. He is easy and affable in his manners, possesses great mental powers, and is but 33 years of age.

This man of unrivalled talents, is now living in the city of New York, almost unknown, unnoticed and unsupported! Shame on my country! Shame on New York! to suffer this genius, an honor to their country, to droop and die neglected. He is now struggling with poverty, and a family of six young children, whilst the insolent foreigners and missionaries engross all the cash and patronage. But they will say 'look at our city-hall, and our canals' and who made your canals? not you—another great genius whom your ignorance lau-hed at, persecuted, and are still slandering and persecuting. A few weeks since, when the break happened in the canal, it was astonishing to hear malice and envy exulting at the accident; speaking of Clinton, "him and his canal are coming to nothing, just as it ought to be, after ruining the state." Let envy alone and it will punish itself.

But to return, I never should have known such a man as Brower existed, had it not been for some humane editor who mentioned him in the papers, but it is impossible for ignorance to estimate genius, and Brower is a block-head, that he does not go to Boston, where the citizens know how to appreciate merit, and reward it too. Here would be an appropriate place to introduce the missionaries, who have set up their standard in the heart of New York, and beggared the city particularly, as I have just taken up the cudgel (no matter they were all literally cudgelled through the streets,) myself against Messrs. S. and D. which every one remembers, but of this hereafter. These lazy fellows I found in their sleek black coats, in shoals, stealing along Nassau-street, eyeing me askance, like so many don dismals, with faces like the moon in an eclipse, living on the fat of the land, and leading the citizens by the nose, while such a man as Brower can hardly support his family. An honest man has no chance in New York city, where ignorance, bigotry, and priestcraft reign; not a village in the state but is more enlightened than this great Metropolis.

Having overlooked some of the distinguished characters in my first visit, I called on the *great* Dr. M——r, not dreaming he belonged to the missionary club—I found him with a broad scarlet face, and half drunk at least; from him I received nothing but an invitation to walk out of doors; as he was drunk, I could not expect better of him, but I expected better of his son, who waited on me to the door, and shut it after me—see the effect of example! I am told he is an episcopal preacher; with such a rotten prop no wonder if both priest and people fall into the ditch. Determined to see more of these holy men, I called on another with a *Dutch* name, near the state prison; every one knows him by his red face. He was drunker than the other, and would doubtless have broke my head if I had not been too nimble on foot for him.—These people convert the heathen! the heathen ought to send missionaries to convert them. It is a disgrace to the country, to say nothing of the Christian religion; the man

who abuses his liberty, by giving countenance to such abandoned wretches, by going to hear them preach, deserves to lose it.

The Rev. Weigneight, Rev. McCally, Mitchell, Kneeland, and an amiable man in Maiden-lane, are noble exceptions to this shocking picture. I am sorry I have lost the card of the latter particularly, as he is a Presbyterian; a sect that can boast few such examples. He is an honor to the Christian name; he dares be charitable.

Having sent a few of my books to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, I turned my course thither, with a full determination to keep my eye on priests and missionaries, determined to strip the mask from hypocrisy, expose evil, patronize virtue, and side with no sect or party. It was not long before I met with another instance nearly the same as just recorded.

Determined to gratify my curiosity of seeing Princeton college in New Jersey, (it not being in my power to do so, in my first travels,) I had called there on my southern tour. It being late at night when I arrived at Princeton, I addressed a note to Mr. Carhanan, the President, requesting the pleasure of an interview, stating my motive in visiting the college. The president returned a very polite and gentlemanly reply, representing his regret at not being able to see me; "being then confined to his bed by indisposition," which was true. From several of the professors, however, I received a hospitable and polite reception, one of them particularly, a young man of erudition and talent, who does honor to the institution.

Upon inquiring for the distinguished men of the place, I was told a Mr. S. was not only the most distinguished man, but the first lawyer in the state, and off I posted to see the *greatest* lawyer in the state. This great lawyer lives in a great house, and is a *great* man, I mean in size. As I stepped upon the long smooth portico of the front part of the house, my eye caught some ladies who were looking at me through a window; I bowed to them, and observed, that I would be happy to see Mr. S. One of the ladies, Mrs. S. as it appeared afterwards, arose instantly

and coming to the door, invited me to walk into the parlour, with great courtesy and promptness. In this parlour I met with a literal monster; he was six feet high at least, and very large in proportion. His countenance was as stern as the dismal swamp; his face oblong, yellow, or black rather; but his countenance would freeze the Raritan—when he discovered who I was, he knit his brow, his eyes flashed fire, and putting on a frown that would have frightened a Missouri bear, (an animal less ferocious,) he waved his hand towards the door, and in a suppressed voice, said to his wife, “go out, go out, leave the room, this is the woman that writes against religion;” saying this he turned his back short upon me, (Chesterfield-like.) If he meant *his* religion, he was right, but if he means the *Christian* religion, he was never more mistaken. It is needless, however, to make the remark, when my books are before the public. I had never seen a sober man act so before, and had it not been too early in the morning, from his red face, I would have supposed him drunk too, as the best apology for his rudeness. Had he not been a lawyer, I would not have been surprised, having always found lawyers genteel in their manners; (except two,) I was the more surprised, and he the first lawyer in the state. If he be the first, heaven defend the last! Now I have not a doubt but this nabob, because he is rich, and lives in a fine house, is idolized, by the lower class of people; not because he is the greatest lawyer, but because he has the greatest house, and the greatest purse, while the honest, upright, modest lawyer of merit, is shunned and avoided, because he is poor. It may be supposed I did not remain long in the house; I demanded however an explanation, to which he only replied, “I know you, I wish to have nothing to do with you.” I told him he should; I would not leave his house till I convinced him that he did not know me, for he had never seen me before, and taking out a letter of introduction, I showed it to him. He glanced his eye over it, and turned away, and I left him. I thought his wife seemed concerned, when I told her as I passed the window, “I made a lucky es-



cape." I then called on Dr. M. professor of the theological school. His house was not far off, and as I was drawing near the gate, a person of whom I had been inquiring for the doctor's house, pointed down the street, and told me, "there was the doctor coming." I waited at the gate, till he came up, curtesyed to him, and asked if I had the pleasure of saluting Dr. M. telling him my name at the same time; he darted in through the gate, saying, "Oh I've heard of you, I want nothing to do with you." These are the men who advocate the missionary scheme! Now the veriest worm that crawls the earth, is not made of more trifling stuff, than these men. It is a burlesque on religion to say they are Christians, or even civilized; the heathen whom they pretend to convert, could not have behaved more savage, even a Jew whom I found in the place, bought one of my books and treated me with great kindness and respect, saying, "that will buy you a dinner," to the disgrace of those canting hypocrites. I was told after this, that the cause which moved the displeasure of the whole tribe against me, was, that I said in my book of travels, "the Unitarians and Universalists were the most liberal, and benevolent sects I had met with, in the Atlantic states." It is their own savage conduct towards me, that forced from me the remark. The remark, however, is not opposed to other sects; the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics have been very benevolent and charitable to me, in my distress; so have the Jews, and Methodists. But those Calvinists, a furnace seven times hot, would not melt *them* to pity.

Shortly after my interview with the doctor, I took leave of Princeton, and some wild *wicked* young men (of course,) observed as we passed the Theological Seminary, "there was a nest of vipers," an epithet not unaptly bestowed. Princeton contains churches and inhabitants.

Upon my arrival in Philadelphia, I found that my sketches, so popular in New England, New York, and Canada, had not answered my expectation. This surprised me the more, as Philadelphia is a place of some refinement, taste

and reading. Upon the whole, I strongly suspected the booksellers, as I found the people were entirely ignorant of the books being in the city, and bought them liberally after my arrival. Being told that Mr. Walsh was a great hand to puff off books, I called at his office; he was not there: I went to his house. His children, at once the finest and best informed children in the city, gave me a very polite reception indeed. But W. was in his room, and could not be seen. I sent him my book, and said I would call again. Next morning I expected to see a great and learned puff—looked at the paper—no puff! Next day the same—not a word. I went to his house, expecting to be honored by an interview. No such thing. “Pa never speaks to any body at all—he is always very much engaged; I am very sorry.” After every decent attempt to see him, I quit the house, resolving never to set foot in it again. Had he been a gentleman, he would either have returned the book or paid the money for it. All this was unaccountable, being the first time I was ever refused admittance to any *gentleman*. I was wrong to hunt up W., but who does not hunt him up who has *trifling* books to sell? But then they have money to pay, I had none; W. knew that very well, and he knew something else—but more of him hereafter. Let us take a look at Philadelphia—charming peaches the largest and best I ever saw; put up at my old house in *Strawberry Alley*, being attached to the house, sign of the horse and groom,—called on my friends the Yankees, who saved me from perishing in the streets of *Philadelphia*! These were Messrs. Perkins, Badger, and Neal. I found Badger and Perkins the same, but N., (alas for human nature!) the amiable N., the most benevolent man in the world, had become *missionarified*. But I found able supporters in Philadelphia—Mr. Robert Vaux, a man of princely virtues, and a princely fortune, is well known for the amiable qualities of his mind, and his abounded charities—worth a million of W——s—he is in the head of every charitable and humane institution of the city; his heart, like that of Gen. Van Rensselaar, of New York, is the temple of benevolence. He did not hide, like W. He ran to me, and caught me by both

hands, as much pleased as though I had been an old friend. "Is this Mrs. Royall? I have seen thy book, I have read thy book, I love thy book, and I love thee too." The French minister, it appeared, had loaned it to him. Mr. Vaux belongs to the society of Friends—I was going to say to the world. He is about thirty-five years of age, tall and proportionably built; his complexion is fair, with a soft blue eye; his hair is sandy, or golden, rather: but it is his countenance and manners that renders him the idol not only of Americans but foreigners. He is the great patron of genius, arts and the sciences; being a man of extensive learning, himself, and breathing philanthropy and good will to mankind, he is the steady friend of merit and genius, wherever it be found.

Mr. Biddle, President of the U. S. Bank, also ranks among the first men of the age, particularly in accomplished manners. He is in the prime of life, middle height, good size, round face, and remarkably fair, with an eye of soft azure; his countenance soft and conciliating, while the beholder is astonished at the ease and grace with which he accompanies the most trivial action. Matthew Carey, too, the champion of domestic manufactures, was the same, except that he was much displeased that I did not let *him* know of my distress at the time alluded to. I applied to none but masons—I applied to his son Henry, being told he was a mason; but without effect. In fact, all the Masons in Philadelphia behaved mean, except the Yankees, and Col. McAlpin; and while I am on the subject, I called on a Quaker Mason—he ordered me to begone, in the same manner that you would speak to a house breaker. This convinces me that religion is a farce, and merely put on and off like a dress, to suit the occasion. For instance, M. Carey pretends to no religion, (though I believe he is a Roman Catholic) and yet he possesses a warmth of heart and soul, which the sight of distress blows into a flame. The Hon. John Sergeant, a gentleman well known, is of middling height, light make, fair complexion, and middle age; his countenance displays at once the most captivating sweetness and the most vivid touches of genius. Mr. Duponceau, the honored friend of Gen. Lafay-

ette, and one of the first counsellors in Philadelphia, is a French gentleman, long a resident of the city, and like his friend, the General, one of the most benevolent men of the age. This amiable man is about fifty years of age; stout and tall, with his head a little bent forward; his features are large and striking; his fine large black eye is bent upon you with a kindred inquiry which is altogether inviting, and insures success; his complexion is dark, his face of an oval cast, his hair black—is nearly half grey—he is near-sighted; his manners are easy, unaffected, and marked with the politeness of the old school.

I also waited on the celebrated and far famed Dr. P., who stands at the head of the medical faculty, and seems to be the idol of Philadelphia. From what I had heard, I expected to be in raptures with Dr. P. I knocked at his pompous house, and was told he was in his study, or office rather. It being pointed out, I walked thither, and meeting a tall, stout, dark visaged, middle aged man, at the gate, I asked “if he was Doctor P.?” “Yes,” said he, “I am Dr. P.” I observed, that being a traveller, I called to pay to him my respects. He did not absolutely push me over, in his haste to depart; but, to say the least, he made a very clownish exit. Let him know what he will of physic, he knows nothing of good manners. He has the appearance of possessing a great mind; of course “it is the mind that makes the man.” But Captain Stanley, a warm hearted sea captain, his neighbor, has more genuine goodness in his little finger, than this same ostentatious Dr. P. has in his whole body and soul.\*

These are not the men to place at the head of any institution. He looks more like a gloomy Spanish Inquisitor, than an instructor of youth—as different from Dr. Nott, as midnight from noonday. Struck with his manner, I visited the Medical College, also called the University, not having done so in my first travels; and of all sights, the medical students are the most extraordinary: the rudeness of some, the stupidity of others, and the ignorance of all,

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\* I met with C. S. at the Springs, where he gave me a very polite invitation to call on him when I came to Philadelphia. He is one of the most benevolent men in the city.



astonished me. I expected to meet some of the first young men in the country, and that I would at least sell a dozen books; but take a sample—I inquired of one young man (who was said to be from Richmond, Va.) how Mr. Ritchie, editor of the Enquirer, did, and several other gentlemen of that city; but my young spark did not know such a man as Richie! This is a true sample of the wole of them. Now these ignoramuses are turned loose upon the world, to butcher the people at their leisure. I called on one of the professors, a very gentlemanly man, who lives near the college, and expressed to him my surprise that such youths were deemed proper subjects to attend medical lectures, it being evident that they were a mere rabble from the country. He lamented with me that such was the case; “but what can we do?” said this amiable man—“we deliver lectures every winter, and all who pay their money attend. It is not our fault if parents will send half educated young men.” This is very true, but why do they give these men certificates, (diplomas are out of the question.) The principals of all these medical schools ought to be taxed with a heavy fine for issuing these certificates, which tolerates those ignorant young men to kill and slay at pleasure. The theological schools are no better managed—the one murders the body and the other the soul. But to return: having a high opinion of the Roman Catholics, and being told I must not neglect to call on Bishop C.—his Right Rev. Highness, however, just bowed to me, and walked off like Dr. P.; he is the greatest bore I met with, except the collector, one of the greatest hogs in the city. The Rev. B. an Episcopal clergyman, is little behind him; and the Rev. Ely ought to keep them company. In short, I found nothing like civilization, much less Christianity, in the Rev. Clergy in Philadelphia, with the exception of the Roman Catholic priest in Fourth street, a most worthy man, an ‘Israelite in whom there is no guile.’ Amiable man, well may the poor call thee blessed.

But my principal patronage was amongst the Yankces and the Universalists. Of the former, were the Ingersolls, Mr. Chauncey, Legrand, Lawret, and many others, counsellors at law; so I did well in Philadelphia, without any

of Mr. W's assistance; though I am under great obligations to most of the editors of this city, as in every other I have found them staunch friends; I think, however, that Philadelphia, if any difference obtained, might claim the odds. From the best observation, I think the work was more popular in Philadelphia than New York.

Now for my native state.—From Philadelphia, I went to Baltimore: flushed with success, I expected to be worshipped in Baltimore, as I had added another star to the state. I expected that all my books (only twenty copies) had long since been devoured, and that I should be chided for not sending more. After landing from the steamboat, I went to bed, as it was twelve o'clock at night; but next morning, with all the eagerness, vanity, and security of a female authoress, I ran to E. J. Coale's bookstore; he was not in; his clerks grinned. I asked after the money for the books: they grinned again without making any reply. "My books or my money," said I. "Your books," quoth the grinner, "are here, all safe." "What, none sold?" "I believe there is one." I waited not for the end of the sentence, but flew to Mr. Skinner's, Mr. Coale's, and Mr. Robertson's, in a trice, but was so disappointed, surprized, and mortified, that from that day, to this, I do not recollect a word I said to them; very possibly, they may.

The first place I found myself, after this shock to my vanity, was at the office of the Patriot, being told he was a Yankee: I complained to him in bitter terms of the neglect of my country. He told me, "I was a novice in my judgment of mankind, and that they were the most ungrateful of the creation, particularly in Baltimore." I did not wait to hear his sermon: I ran to his friend (or, my friend, I meant to say), an editor, on the opposite corner: I made the same complaint to him, but did not await his reply; I thought it sufficient he should hear me. The heart of an editor is the very temple of sympathy. These feeling men endeavoured to rouse the attention of the citizens, by an appeal to their patriotism and natural affection, but this proved no more than that Doctor Franklin was right—"No natural affection in the world"—and very little of any sort, I fear. Meantime, I went to the tavern, and took

breakfast, as fasting would never bring the citizens to a sense of their many errors.

Being somewhat restored to my senses, I visited my friends again, and talked the matter over calmly: I told them it was a shame, a disgrace to the state, and upon looking about for an inkstand, to set some fellows down, who were grinning at me, the little clerk picked up an inkstand and said, "here, Mrs. Royall, I make you a present of this:" that was something. I no sooner prepared to set the grinners down, than they took to their heels—they were the rabble (which abound in the streets of Baltimore)—a gentleman smiles, but never grins. After taking satisfaction, by scolding my friends, Messrs. Skinner and Coale, (who bore it with the greatest good nature imaginable) I went in to see the librarian, Robertson: I could not make quite so free with him; in fact, he was glad to find I had taken up the cause, as he was a greater sufferer than I. He said, that for one book taken out of his library by the citizens, there were ten taken out by strangers; that the people of Baltimore never read, at least, what could be called reading. I went back to C., asked him "if he sold no books at all?" "Now and then," he said, "to a traveller." "None to the citizens?" "None but school books." "But do your ladies never buy books; do they not read?" "Some of them would buy *Tom Thumb*, *Arabian Nights*, *Dream books*, &c." Losing all patience, I went to the Atheneum, being told I would find some enlightened Yankees there. On my way thither, I met shoals of ladies, the street was full, with great white satin Bolivars, double the size of those worn in New-York and Philadelphia, covered with artificial flowers and broad red ribbon, bows upon bows, and hanging down to their knees; not satisfied with having bows on the upper part, they had a great bow on each side of the face; underneath their dresses had two flounces more than other ladies (the greater the fool, the deeper the flounce), each flounce about half as deep again as the fashion; their shawls, India Mull, (the clerks told me, for I never saw any thing like them,) trailed on the ground without taste or fashion, with a hoyden stride, they walked on, shaking their heads as

though they would shake them off, to make the flowers shake, and let every one see how fine they were: no actress dressed for the stage, could be more extravagantly dressed; in short, they looked more like actresses than any thing else. In no city I have ever been in, do the females dress so abominably as they do in Baltimore. I was over an hour getting to the Atheneum, stopping in astonishment, to view the extravagance of the place. But the best is to come yet. When they observed me watching them so studiously, it was sickening to see how they would improve on the occasion; thinking that I could possibly do no other than admire them, they would wag and shake their heads, and turn round to see if I were looking. *Oh, mores! oh, tempora!* And is this my country: I shuddered, and walked on.

When I arrived at the Atheneum, which is one of the most splendid buildings in the city, I found it set out with large circular tables and an extensive library; every thing, books, pamphlets, and newspapers, all arranged with the greatest taste and elegance, chairs, and every convenience, much more splendid than either the Philadelphia or New-York Atheneums, but it differed as widely on another point; there was nobody in it except the librarian and one or two travellers. Shame on my country: why, this is worse than New-York. The gentlemen of New-York do read in the Atheneum, and the ladies will buy books, that is, if they have any *red* on the outside, they will buy them to look at, as playthings, if they never should read them; they walk neat, & dress with some taste; their Bolivars are within bounds. Mines of wealth would not support such extravagance. Thus, they dress, and walk the streets daily, like pompous pageants. They pinch themselves, and starve their servants, I am told, to furnish this extravagance. No wonder they do not read, their dress makes them ignorant, and ignorance makes them dress. No wonder, at all, there are so many old maids amongst them. What man of sense wishes to marry a bundle of silk and lace? If they would expend a tenth part of their dress in improving their minds, they would enjoy life, and receive the applause of the world—knowledge is the only thing which can give to



life its relish, or beauty its charms. What is more disgusting than an ignorant female? Pride and affectation is a certain consequence which all the silk and lace in the world cannot conceal.\* I blush for my countrywomen. Here I expected to receive the greatest patronage of any place; and *have* been liberally patronized, not by my own state, but by the Yankees.

Meantime I hunted up one of the trustees of the Athenæum, a Yankee, of course, as they are always foremost in the advancement of knowledge. Say what you please, Major Noah, with all deference to you, if it were not for the New Englanders the country would fall into barbarism. One of the gentlemen, Mr. A——, informed me that at a great expense he and the Williams's got up the Atheneum—finding the people paid no attention to it, they did not even know what it meant, (I should wonder if they did.) They built the beautiful edifice which I saw, thinking that seeing so elegant a house, they would be induced to know what was inside of it. The building, and the library, papers, &c. cost \$10,000—and although part of it is a splendid ball-room, the rent of which is all they make, they do not annually make the interest of the money, or any thing near it. There is a city for you: well done for Baltimore—a mere rabble. I am not at all surprised at their tarring and feathering, maiming and murdering: ashamed I am that I am a native of the state—do you not blush to have it said, that one of your daughters in distress, before your faces, was relieved by strangers? But I have not done. It has always been my practice, since I have been turned destitute upon the world, to call on the lawyers—always feeling, humane, and easy of access, I have ever found them the most generous of all professional men. I do by no means concur with the sneers and reproaches cast upon lawyers. Had it not been for them and the masons, I must have perished of want. The first lawyer I called on was Mr. Latrobe, son of the famous architect. “Ah,” said he, “Mrs. R. I wish I was as popular and suc-

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\*No wonder the poorhouse becomes their final resort. In justice, however, to Baltimore, the mechanics are by far the most intelligent of its citizens.

cessful a writer as you are—I am an author, there is my book, (handing me a copy) and do you think I have sold the first copy! and a native of Maryland as well as yourself. I began to feel for my friend, as may be supposed. The printer, he said, had one half for printing the other; he had sold a few, but not half enough to defray the cost.\* This is the black side of the book.

It must not be understood that all the Baltimoreans are so grossly ignorant. Mrs. —, the daughter of the venerable Carroll of Carrollton, is one of the most accomplished women perhaps in the world. I do not say this because she patronized me, (as it has meanly been remarked very often) for she did not—but this does not prevent me from paying her those encomiums she so richly deserves. She is well known to have a daughter as accomplished as herself, married to one of the first noblemen in Europe, the Marquis of Wellesley. But Mrs. —, though a lady of very young appearance, is one of the old school. Baltimore will never produce such another female, though I suspect it has not the honor of her birth. She appears to be about thirty-five years of age, rather lusty, taller than the common height, round face, and very handsomely featured. But her manners are the most fascinating of any female I ever beheld: the most bewitching sweetness and grace mark her every word and gesture. Doctor Glendi, Mr. Patterson, (the uncle of Mrs. Bonaparte) Right Rev. Bishop Kemp, Rev. Breckenridge, Doctor Baker, (not the Methodist, he is one of the meanest men in the city) Messrs. Payson, Davis, (merchants) and Hoffman, Gen. Stricker, and many others, are distinguished families; and are all worthy the highest place in the history of their country. Some of these patronized me, and some did not. Dr. Glen-

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\*This young man it is well known is the son of the great Latrobe, who discovered the native marble on Potomac, and showed the citizens how to use it—a source of wealth to the country. Look to the columns of the capitol, and blush ye sons of Maryland that ye patronize such men as W. and W., and let the son of the great Latrobe perish. The young Latrobe is about 23 years of age, and decidedly a man of the first abilities in the state. His countenance and features are of that cast that when once seen is never forgotten. He commanded in the brilliant battle of Baltimore.

di and Dr. Baker, however, are foreigners; the first is an Irish gentleman, and the latter from England. Dr. G. I knew thirty years ago, at the Sweet springs, where I heard him preach. He was then and still is reckoned one of the first orators in the country. It was with much pleasure I heard he was in Baltimore, and hastened to pay to him my respects. I found the dear old man in health, lively and active, though much altered of course; his hair (entirely grey) contrasted by his neat black coat and stockings, gave him a very dignified and venerable appearance. His manners are the most courtly and striking of any gentleman in the city. His wife I think is dead, but he introduced me to two of his daughters, amongst the most accomplished and amiable *young* ladies I met with in the city; the solace of his declining years, and an honor to their sex. Doctor Baker, an English gentleman, is a practising physician and surgeon, and one of the most gentlemanly and feeling men in Baltimore, though all amiable as he is, like Latrobe, he is little known. He is a small man, of middle age, of elegant manners, his countenance mild and pleasing.

Bishop Kemp is esteemed not only one of the most pious and exemplary, but one of the most able divines in the United States, and alike distinguished for his talents and high literary attainments. He is about fifty years of age, simple in his manners, and plain in his dress. He is the pride and honor of the church over which he presides. But I was most gratified with the Rev. Breckinridge, as he is the son of a much esteemed friend, the great counsellor Breckenridge, late of Kentucky, who was a native of West Virginia, and mentioned in my first travels. The son, like the father, is a man of the first talents; but this is saying the least in his praise. His humane and well directed efforts to instruct mankind and relieve their distress is his best eulogy. He is quite a small man, compared with his father, who was six feet in height; his complexion is fair, his hair light, of a golden hue; his eye is a sparkling black, his face oval, and features delicate; but no pen can portray his countenance—every feature in it beams with the heavenly charities. May he meet his reward.—

My greatest patronage, however, was amongst the Yankees.

From Baltimore I proceeded to Washington. We stopped for breakfast at my old friend's of noted memory, of Waterloo. The landlord met me at the door, and the first thing he said was, "O I have taken off twenty-five cents from my fare," and seemed mightily pleased that he was on the road to my favor. The waiter (who by the by is more of a gentleman than his master) informed me that "every traveller who stopped there since the appearance of my travels, inquired for the *seven-year-old-cheese*."

Upon my arrival in Washington, I found that six only out of twelve copies of my travels were sold, and the others were lost! After rummaging the book store of Davis for two or three hours, the last were found; and being told that P. T. was the best bookseller in the city, I sent them there. The next day I waited on the *best* bookseller myself, and inquired for the gentleman. He was not up, it being rather early for gentlemen of dignity to appear. After waiting some time, a man of middling height, in shape resembling a stuffed Paddy, of middling age, red face, with cheeks puffed out as if holding wind in his mouth, two little round pinkish black eyes, and an arrogant countenance of ineffable scorn, completed the portrait of the best bookseller in Washington. But his manners are to come yet. Angels and ministers of grace assist us! If you can imagine haughtiness, pride, malignity, scorn and contempt, combined both in look and action—his sleek coat and black silk vest, his pretty ruffle, partly displayed, you may form some idea of this Mr. "Fare and feed." He marched round the counter with all the importance of *Gander*, whilst I was struck dumb of course with the parade of greatness. Sir Peregrine Maitland (whose countryman he is) was nothing to this monarch of booksellers. "Has my box arrived?" said I. "I know nothing about your box," (with a stiff bend of the head) said the gentleman. "It was directed to you, sir." A little disconcerted at the manner in which this was said, he, playing with his watch chain, said first, "yes 'um," and then "no 'um," very foreign to the point. "Have you



sold my books?" I 'ave sold four or five." "You will receive a box to-day; as you are the best bookseller in the city, I expect you will sell a great many." "I 'aven't room for your box; you 'ad better take it to your room." "You are very short, sir; I have seen as good gentlemen as you take care of a box." "Is 'um." But not to trouble my readers with his 'ands, (hands) and his 'orses, (horses) 'ard, 'heggs, &c. he said "I 'ad better sell my books myself; they would not sell in the store;" turned his back on me, and walked off. I took his advice, and waited on the citizens for their patronage.

The first gentleman I called on was Mr. Graham, who, when I was poor and friendless, nobly stepped forward and aided me with his friendship and patronage, upon my first visit to Washington. He said he was surprised that I had not sent my work to the city sooner; adding, "it was highly spoken of, and he had heard much inquiry for the book." So much for the veracity of the best bookseller in the city. Mr. Graham is a man of middle age, good size, round, full, fair face, open countenance, and full blue eye; his manners easy and natural; he is much esteemed in Washington, for his integrity and assiduity in business.

Judge *Anderson*, first comptroller, fell in my way next. He is quite an old man, near seventy I should think, of middling size, fair complexion, and round face, deeply impressed with the marks of time. He is a most engaging and pleasant man, of chivalrous manners. He has *ten* sons, and has spent the whole of his useful life in one capacity or other, in the service of his country, with unimpeachable integrity—he was formerly of Tennessee.

Com. Bainbridge, at the head of the board of navy commissioners, is of middle age, common size, black hair, grey in spots, with a middling complexion, and clownish manners: though he can act the parasite occasionally, and grin a ghastly smile: his features are rough, and his countenance grim and austere.

Mr. R\*\*\*\*\* is a young man, and not unhandsomely featured; his face is oval and ruddy, with black hair and eyes; his manners are vulgar, and his countenance clown-

ish. Adjutant General Jones is also a young man, above the common height, and well formed; fair complexion, round face, handsomely featured, and of very pleasing manners. The treasurer, Mr. Tucker, is venerable from age, and like Mr. Anderson, maintains a spotless reputation. He is a stout man, of a dark complexion, oval, full face, and large black eye, which beams with benevolence and genius. He is an elder brother of St. George Tucker, of Virginia, celebrated for his legal knowledge, and is himself a gentleman of great experience and ability. N\*\*\*\* is a little old man, crooked in body and mind; his face is round, dark, small and wrinkled, with two little pinkish black eyes; his countenance is contracted, and his manners clownish; he is the meanest man in the government, except auditor L. A. L. is a tall man, about three yards round the abdomen, handsome face, broad and ruddy; but a man of despicable principles. That such a man should ever have been put into office, is a disgrace to the country, to say nothing of those who appointed him; but what astonished me was, that he is a Yankee—fie on him to disgrace the name; he must be one of the wooden nutmeg Yankees. He is said to be the most unprincipled man in the government; and that he is any thing but a gentleman, I am bold to aver. With a salary of \$4000, he will not pay his just debts. Should his little blue eye ever see this, he will recollect a letter he was to be the bearer of to Mrs. R., from Gen. Lafayette. Of all men living, he can play the sycophant the best. I am told he was formerly a carpenter: good clerks must have been scarce when he was put into office.

The pay master general, who behaved with such gallantry at the battle of Fort Erie, is at once my favorite and countryman; he has a Yankee wife, a true Bostonian; of course he is half a Yankee. He is a gentleman of the first order, and ranks high in the literary as well as polite circles of Washington. This, however, would have little weight with me; it is the virtues of the heart, and the uprightness of his conduct, that won my applause. Mr. T. is of middle age, good figure, rather stout, an oval face, dark complexion, and the softest black eye in nature; his

hair is dark, and very grey for his years; his countenance is mild, and benevolence itself. His chief clerk, Fry, also an honor to his country, is a small, young looking man, fair round face, delicate features, red hair, and very gentlemanly manners.

Mr. Smith, Captain of the corps of Engineers, is tall and well proportioned, also a man of young appearance; he is long visaged, fair complexion, with 'a soft blue eye, which drops with the heavenly charities.

Mr. Lovell, the surgeon general, in the prime of manhood, is possessed of uncommon personal advantages. He is about the common height, and a good figure; his hair and eyes are as black as jet; the latter unusually brilliant, indicative at once of genius and philanthropy; his visage is oval and ruddy, complexion dark, his countenance the most captivating in nature.

Mr. Rush, Secretary of the Treasury, is not only one of the most respectable men in the Union, but one of the most noble looking men of the present age, and may with propriety be called the Chesterfield of America. He is a common sized man, and well formed. He is in the prime of life, his complexion dark; his face is striking, and one of those which, when once seen, is not easily forgotten; it is of an oval cast, of the finest model, with strong, regular features; his countenance is difficult to describe, being at once grave, dignified, soft, mild, and winning; with a large, full, black eye, so eloquent and pleasing, it rivets the attention of the beholder; and his voice has a peculiar charm. In his person and manners he unites the scholar, the gentleman, and the statesman. With every intellectual and acquired quality, this gentleman is, as he ought to be, the pride of our country.

Secretary Southard, of the navy, whom I had not the pleasure to see on my first visit, has been greatly overrated—he is altogether a common man, without any of the shining qualities of his neighbor, Mr. R.; he will never set the Potomac on fire—he is rather under common size, sallow complexion, and not remarkable for any one quality, either of person, mind or manners; the latter are, however, very unaffected. If I were to judge, I should think



he was a little touched with the bigotry of his native state. Secretary Clay—It is needless to say any thing of this celebrated personage, as he is personally known in every part almost in the Union. He is very tall and spare, with a long, narrow, thin face, and eagle eye; his features and countenance are peculiar, and his complexion of the middling shade; his air is majestic, and his voice very fine. But like his friend over the way, S. S. his generosity and manners will never advance him, if his talents do not.—Mr. D. Brent, chief clerk, is advanced in life, and of great size—his face is round, fair, and full, the very mirror of benevolence and every other virtue; his hair is white, and his eye a mild blue. In short, all those Brents are an exemplary family, and in acts of charity have no equals. Though they have large incomes, they bestow almost the whole amount in alms to the indigent and distressed. Col. William Brent was the first friend I met with in Washington, and my obligations to this amiable man are infinite. D. Brent has been an old and faithful servant in the government. These gentlemen are Roman Catholics.

The present secretary of war, Mr. Barbour, mentioned in my first travels, is a middle aged man, stout, but not very warlike—his face is large and round; his blue eyes are almost hid by his heavy black eye brows; his countenance and manners are not distinguished by any thing remarkable. Mr. G , is at once a great old boor, unworthy of the time and paper it would take up to describe him.

Major General Brown, General-in-Chief of the United States' army, is a tall, fine figure, though with a slight paralytic—his age is about fifty, his face oval, his countenance manly and pleasing, and his complexion dark; his eye is black, and has much expression; his manners are easy and engaging.

General A. Macomb, chief Engineer, one of the most accomplished men in the government, is in the prime of life, and possessed of very liberal advantages both of mind and person. He is a good figure, fair, full face, and handsomely featured. His conduct, as a man of talents and integrity, reflects much honor to those by whom he was appointed. He is the author of a work well known to the



military world, which does him much honor. He distinguished himself by great gallantry and military skill, last war.

It was on this visit to Washington, that I became acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Thornton, who is at the head of the Patent-Office, a man of extensive learning and general knowledge, on almost every subject. Dr. T. is an old, active man, of seventy years of age at least, of middling height, slender make, and moves with all the ease and facility of twenty. His face is peculiar, being neither round nor oval, but thin, and terminates in a point, his nose is long and sharp, with the eye of an eagle; it is not easy to impose upon him in the construction of the moulds and models which must pass the scrutiny of his piercing eye. A word on the Patent-Office. This is an object of much interest, and well worth the attention of stranger. No museum can yield more pleasure. A large apartment filled with the works of ingenuity and skill, one is lost in wonder and admiration at the sight. Amongst a thousand specimens, I was particularly struck by a shirt woven by a lady, (I think) of North Carolina. The shirt, even to the wristbands and collar, is completed by the loom!—By the way, this office is almost fallen into neglect by the government.

I am told, it is under the control of the Secretary of State. Let it be under whose control it may, it is badly managed. The clerks of the department are oppressed to cruelty in their duties, their number being entirely inadequate to the business necessarily to be done. I called in one morning and found the principal (I think there are but three) quite worn out and almost fainting, having sat up the best part of three nights; in answer to my inquiries after his health, he told me he was sinking from fatigue: that so many persons, from different states, at one and the same time, had sent for patents and copies of patents, some of them to be produced in courts, and all to be furnished by a certain time, at his peril. He showed me many sheets of parchment, and some quires of paper, which he had been compelled to write, at a short notice. This matter calls loudly for relief.

I was also introduced to general D. Green, editor of the Jackson paper, as it is called; Mrs. Colvin, editor of the Messenger; the Rev. Mr. Little, pastor of the Unitarian Church, and Mr. King, the artist.

General Green is quite a young man, tall, spare and elegantly formed; his complexion neither dark nor fair, is of the middling shade; his features are regular and handsome; with a brilliant black eye; his countenance is intelligent and very pleasing, and would indicate humor and great benevolence; he is easy and affable in his manners. Mrs. Colvin is a widow lady, of high literary attainments, and is reckoned one of the best editors in the city. She appears to be about thirty years of age, tall and exquisitely formed; her face is oval; her features regular, and what may be called handsome; her hair is luxuriant, of a deep glossy black, which she wears neatly rolled up, with a comb, without a cap; her complexion is dark, with a keen black eye; her countenance is striking, and displays much dignity and genius; her manners are easy and artless, though familiar and condescending. She is ably patronized, and much respected in Washington, by all classes of people. The Rev. R. Little, is about forty years of age, and middling stature and portly size; his face is oval, of the middling shade; his features are peculiarly manly and striking; his countenance glowing with benevolence and love to mankind; every feature in his face is stamped with genius; with the highest intellectual attainments, and a mind naturally great, he is one of the most powerful orators of the age; his long and devoted labours in Washington, have contributed greatly to the improvement of society. He is said to be a native of England.\*

Mr. King—so little is genius valued (witness A. L.) in Washington, that it was a mere accident I discovered this celebrated artist. Passing near his house, one day, and struck by its singular size and appearance, I inquired who lived there? When I was told it was the artist King, one of the first portrait painters in the United States. On my visit to Washington, when writing my Sketches, though I

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\*He died last August, on his way to the Springs, in Pennsylvania.

was six months in the city, and inquired from time to time of the citizens, respecting the objects worthy of notice, this gentleman, an honor to the place, was never mentioned. As to the subject of a limner, I am by no means qualified to judge, but I should say, he was the best I have seen; nor would I wish for a greater treat, than to visit his gallery of paintings, and yet so little is he known.

It was quite amusing to see what a reformation the appearance of my Sketches wrought in Washington, particularly amongst those boarding-houses and the under-clerks of the government. Whenever I passed those doors formerly shut against me, they would run to the door, "Won't you walk in Mrs. R.? can't you stay and dine? won't you come and take tea?" In the great departments, it was still more amusing, as soon as it was known that I was in the building, you might hear them scampering like rats. Sometimes I would pen them up, about a dozen in one room, and would, of course, take them all prisoners. The dear fellows, upon the whole, were more generous than their superiors, and so great are the demands upon them from the flood of poor emigrants that infests Washington, that it is with great difficulty they get through the year upon their salary, and many of them are not able to do it. Many, however, particularly in the N. and S. departments are the meanest men in the world, except those on Pennsylvania Avenue, which, with the exception of four or five, are the last of the creation, the very refuse of mankind; of these, one C\*\*\*\*\*, a great beef-headed clown, is the king. The war department is, by a long ways, the best filled.

But of all the families in Washington, I was the most amused with the I——s—a pigmy race, who, like all the smaller animals, are very prolific. If you can unite coarse consequence and busy importance, about nothing, the nimble gate of a lacquey, you will hit upon the character of the I——s. Whoever has visited Washington, must recollect these pigmies, who pass you with the air of an Envoy Extraordinary, who is just dispatched with the news of a victory, defeat, or some state affair. If they happen to be before you, they look back to see if your eye be

upon them, and in order to display their agility, they redouble their speed to a half run.

In justice to the officers and clerks of the House of Representatives, from the highest, M. St. Clair Clarke, to the lowest officer, I met not only with a liberal patronage, but a polite and cordial reception, only excepting Mr. Frost, who is rightly named. I regret, exceedingly, having failed with a gentleman of his gallantry and *known* politeness, particularly as he is (I am told) a widower, and though next to his heart, the *frost* seems to have taken complete possession of his hair. He is what the ladies would call a smart man. He must have been fortified with some secret charm, to withstand a power that had carried some of the strongest fortresses in the country. I admire his firmness and courage, and shall certainly recommend him to succeed Gen. B. as Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. army.

I was rather overawed by the officers of the Senate, and thought myself lucky that I got off with whole bones. It is not only disgraceful to the country, but a disgrace to human nature, that such a sneaking ruffian as M\*\*\*\*\*, should receive those distinctions of honor and profit which ought never to be bestowed upon any other, than men of honest and modest merit. This pale faced, cold blooded wretch—one of those godly people, who are righteous over-much, not only attacked my work in the most insolent manner, but assailed my person with still less ceremony, and the result might have been serious, had not Gen. Bayley happened to step in, and shortly after him, Colonel Brent. Gen. Bayley immediately led me out to a place of safety. He is the first woman bully I ever heard of. I complained of the outrage to the Vice-President, but never heard the result. As for Mr. Mc. to do him justice, he behaved very politely, though he said "he would not buy a libel upon himself." "Then," said I, "the cap fits you," and left him. He is the only man in the city, who lays any claims to the character of a gentleman, who refused to patronize me. Gen. Bayley and Mr. Dicky, are very different men, from those, particularly Gen. B., who well merits the first instead of the lowest place. This gentleman, of spotless reputation, and a worthy of the Revolu-



tion, is a man of elegant manners, learned and accomplished, and though advanced in life, retains all the fire and activity of youth. Mr. Tims is also an exemplary and very pleasant man.

With all deference to our great men, we would expect they would place men of merit *first*, and not upon the last of the list of honor or profit.

Finding that some of my friends, the reviewers, had expressed some displeasure at my remarks on education, in Washington, in my first book of travels, and thinking the charge might be just, I called on the different institutions, from the Columbian College down to the lowest school; always willing to retract an error, and pleased that any gentleman (for I cannot endure a scrub) would tell me my faults. I shall improve by the lesson, and correct the error, if it prove to be one.

*Columbian College* exists only in name, and with the exception of two New-England professors, may be said to be destitute of instructors. As for the president, Dr. S. he is no more than an old woman. With such a head, *Columbian College* must soon come to naught.\* It is a beautiful building, a mile from the city, and from its situation, standing on an eminence, commands the finest prospect of any other site in the District. From this college I went to the Georgetown Roman Catholic College; found a drunken porter, at the gate, and no admittance. This institution is also fallen into disrepute, and almost wholly abandoned. The Rev. Mr. Baxter has left it since my first visit, and the present occupants are said to be void of principle and merit, keep the gate shut to prevent discovery, (no doubt) they riot on the funds, which I am told, are considerable, they have only a few boys. From this place, I went to see my old friends, the *nuns*, and had the pleasure to find this Seminary in a flourishing condition. Besides those who pay for their tuition, a

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\*Since this was written, *Columbian College* has died a natural death, and is no more; and Dr. S. must now go to preaching, and ogling the women, with whom, I am told, he is a great favorite. Shame on my sex; if they had no more prudence, they might have more taste, as he is both old and homely. I have been told, he is a great orator, and attracts a great many females. So do all priests.

great number of poor female children are educated at this school gratis, in every branch of literature! This benevolence is only extended to the poor of the district. This humane and praise-worthy improvement in the young ladies' academy at Georgetown, owes no part of it to my friend the receiver, or the sect to which he belongs, but to the amiable Priest Matthews, as he is called, and the Roman Catholics in general, by far the most benevolent sect in Washington; and here let it be observed, that the children of all sects are admitted without being asked to what sect they belong. This Revd. Matthews, is beyond doubt the most amiable and useful man in the City, his hands are forever spread in relieving the poor. My next call was at Mr. McCormick's school, this indefatigable man has indeed done much towards the improvement of Washington; he has labored in this good cause for about seven years. His school (which ought more probably to be called an academy) is established upon a very extensive and liberal plan, and embraces almost every branch of education at a low rate, boys and girls are educated here, he has several assistants, and well merits the applause and patronage of the citizens.

But the most important as well as the most ably conducted, literary institution in the District, is an academy conducted by several Roman Catholic gentlemen, of whom the Rev. W. Matthews is the head. The principal teacher, however, is the Rev'd. J. Keily, one of the most accomplished gentlemen of this or any other country—to assist him, he has two other gentlemen who as well as Mr. K. are gentlemen of the first abilities and learning in the country—to these qualities they unite diligence, temper, and the most devoted and unremitting attention, with the strictest regard to the morals of the pupils, interely void of that hypocritical sanctity too common to religious teachers; they are affable and liberal in their manners, which inspires their pupils with love for their persons, and a confidence productive of the happiest effects. This is called the "Catholic Seminary," but youths of all sects are admitted; it is patronized by the first gentlemen in Maryland, and next to Yale College, is the most flourishing and best conducted Seminary in the United States—It has already swallowed up Columbian and Georgetown Colleges, and this without funds, excepting the talents and enterprise of its laudable conductors, whose industry and application cannot be too highly praised; success to them, and may they

meet their reward. Notwithstanding these excellent institutions, many children in Washington are little the better for them, owing no doubt to the ignorance of parents who do not see the necessity of improving their children; while speaking of these institutions, I advert to a Medical Institution connected with the Columbian College, at the head of which stands the celebrated Doctor Sewall, one of the enlightened Yankees; yes, Maj. N. do you hear that! these Yankees, I find, are every where sought for, and employed in diffusing knowledge and instructing mankind in every part of the country, and where there are none of these, I find the people involved in gross ignorance; look at the other States, unless it be a few old schools, and those who have been educated in New England—what are they. The Medical College of Washington is the best institution of the kind I have witnessed in the United States; Dr. S. is a gentleman of the first talents and learning, and ranks high in Washington as a Surgeon, Physician, and gentleman—he is a young looking man, tall and spare, of very pleasing countenance and manners; Dr. May, also of New England, is one of the professors; Dr. McWilliams, and Dr. Cutbush, (of whose country I am ignorant) rank equally high in learning and medical science, and are also professors in this college.

Stepping suddenly into a store one evening on Pennsylvania Avenue, amongst a number of females engaged in shopping, I was particularly struck by one whose elegance of manners and intelligence of countenance I took to be of Boston, she was however, of Newburyport, in the same State, and not far from Boston, whilst my eyes were rivetted by her lady-like manners, and the brightness of her countenance, I observed one of my sketches under her arm, as she had both hands engaged in handling some goods which she was about to purchase—one of the ladies asked her “if she had been buying a book,” she replied she had only borrowed it, that she wanted to buy one some time, but could not, and she had borrowed that from a friend, having heard the work highly spoken of; what work is it said the lady; she said it was sketches by a traveller, and written by a lady.—“Oh!! said the other, I know the book, it is the meanest book in the world, I think very little of it and the author too, she abuses all the ladies in Washington;” “the cap fits you then,” said I “I am the author,” she flew out of the store like lightning. The name of the first mentioned lady is Brown, she is an

aunt of Dr. Sewall's, and very politely invited me to her house, which led to my acquaintance with the Doctor: she has a daughter as accomplished as herself, and yet so little are worth and merit prized in Washington, that these ladies, an ornament of society, are scarcely known.

It was during this visit to Washington I was introduced to Maj. Wheaton of the revolution, who had the honor of taking the first vessel and seizing the first British colors at the commencement of hostilities between the Colonies and Great Britain; he is now about seventy years of age, a low man, with a face and countenance of singular beauty and expression, his fine large full black eyes (though the sight is nearly gone) still beam with that ardent fire which animated his youthful soul, on that memorable occasion. The father of Maj. W. was a Major in the British service at the commencement of hostiles, he had served in the British army 55 years, part of this time under Gen. Wolf.

When war was determined upon by our country and England, Maj. W. the father (who remained firm to the British) sent a vessel to convey his wife, son, and three daughters to a place of safety. The present Maj. W. then only 19 years of age, put his mother and sisters on board, and taking leave of them, exclaimed "he would abide by his country;" at this time he had four brothers, and three brothers-in-law in the British service, and in an engagement during the war, he once fought with his own father.

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**REVOLUTIONARY ENTERPRISE.**—Information from the sketches and remarks on Revolutionary Enterprise, has become highly interesting, and sought for by the readers of the present day. The following event took place in the revolution, which I deem very interesting and proper to communicate.

In the month of March, 1780, general Washington ordered a detachment of four companies of infantry, taken from various regiments, and commanded by Major Stewart of the Maryland line, which were to march from Cantonment, in Morris Town, the head-quarters of the main army to Paramas, a frontier town, in New-Jersey. Paramas is a frontier town, situated in an extensive and beautiful plain surrounded by mountainous land. On the arrival of major



Stewart, who was engaged in reconnoitring the situation to which he was ordered, he (maj. S.) took up his quarters with the inhabitants of Hopper's mills, about a mile and a half from Paramas church, which was due east from his position. From Hopper's mills, he (maj. S.) ordered a detachment of 60 men, commanded by Joseph Wheaton, at that time a lieutenant, to the church. From thence, Mr. Wheaton directed a sergeant, corporal and 10 men still on further north, about a mile, particularly to observe, if any advance of the enemy on that route should be discovered, as the country was so woody, it encouraged an advance of the enemy. It was but some six or eight days afterwards, that the commanding general of the British army had obtained, through his spies, effectual information of the strength and position of major Stewart's force. When a detachment of 1000 men, commanded by colonel Small, was ordered to advance on the village of Paramas, capture this force, sack the village and surrounding neighborhood. In order to effect which, col. Small divided his men into two parties of 500 men each. The first party was commanded by col. Small in person, who was to move up North river, and cross some distance above Paramas; the second to cross at Hoboken, and pass over New bridge, nine miles from Paramas, and join him at the church in Paramas. So true to their object, so regulated their purpose, that their design was almost completely obtained, as to the point of time. Before the dawn of day, Mr. Wheaton's sergeant discovered the approach of colonel Small, and had only time, with a fleet horse and a trusty active soldier, to convey to Mr. Wheaton, the intelligence that a large British force was in full march upon him, and that he, the sergeant, was retreating to him, Mr. Wheaton, as fast as possible. On the arrival of this intelligence, Mr. Wheaton despatched the soldier to major Stewart. At the same time, Mr. Wheaton with the remainder, which were now only 50 strong, moved on to meet the enemy, without further intelligence or orders. He met his sergeant and men, who fell in and joined him. On coming to the edge of the wood, Mr. Wheaton distinguished the footsteps of the British marching, for it was not yet sufficiently light to discover their force.

Disregarding their numbers, Mr. Wheaton directed his men to fire upon them with all the correctness which the light would enable them. He, Mr. W. with the mind of a

soldier, must have had the double advantage of checking and alarming the enemy, by weight and quickness of his fire. And it had the effect of keeping colonel Small and his party in check, until the light of the morning increasing, the British reconnoitred Mr. W's force, and firing upon him they quickened their pace. Mr. W. so suddenly apprised of colonel Small's force, prudence forbid contention; he faced to the right-about, continuing a steady rear fire, until he arrived at the house, where he had quartered; regarding particularly a friend, Dr. Broadhurst and family, who resided near it. He crossed over to the door of Dr. B's house, and to a street running parallel to the one of the church. He went to the door and knocked. Mrs. B. it then being fairly day-light, stood at the door, in the act of opening it. When Mr. W. with great coolness, asked if the Dr. was within? She answered affirmatively. Said Mr. W. "tell the doctor to be off immediately, for a British force is here;" and as he spoke, the whole British force fired upon her house, him and his party; and the shot whistled past them as he was speaking, he without and she within the door. Mrs. B. standing with an infant in her arms, fainted. Dr. B. apprised by the fire, left his bed, and sought security, and became a spectator to the following scene:—Mr. W. stepped off and headed his party, and as he came to the road, but a little distance, he met colonel Small's second division of 500 men, and fired directly into them; but finding himself between two such powerful fires, he wheeled from the second, passed the causeway, and came in front of colonel Small, and made a direct attack in his front. And colonel Small rode up on a fleet little black horse, near to his flank and called out, "Lay doon yer arms, ye dom'd rebels, or I'll cut ye to pieces." Mr. W's only reply was, "forward, fire! forward, fire!" until he passed the first division, and threw himself and party behind the church. At which time, the rear company of the first division uncovered from the rear of the church, and met him, (Mr. W.) And Mr. W. called out, "charge! charge!" the British company recoiled, fell in with the first division, and altogether, retreated to New-York. from whence they came, completely foiled in their design; and not until the British were in full march, on the return, was major Stewart able to march to the church, with two companies, for the officer commanding one, from the quickness, quantity and weight of the first

fire by Mr. W. he supposed the British must have been very formidable, and he betook himself and company to the mountains, and was not able to appear in any part of the scenes of that day. When, however, major Stewart came up with his two companies and the remains of Mr. W's, (for now several were left in the care of Dr. Broadhurst) joined him. And major Stewart gave to Mr. W. the command of the flank guard, which he maintained, in harassing the enemy to New Bridge, while major Stewart pressed them close in the rear, killing, wounding some, and taking prisoners all those who fell through with fatigue. Thus this whole village, so populous, so well known for its hospitality, and so highly cultivated, was rescued, defended and preserved by a young lieutenant, who was unadvised by his commanding officer or by any other person, and without any aid, his company excepted.

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### TRAVELS IN 1827.

Having sold out my first book of travels, I returned to New Haven and printed the Novel: and turning to Washington as soon as it was out, with a view of catching the members of Congress before they adjourned; which was on the 4th of March. I had therefore no time to lose, as my work came out the 15th of February.

The rivers being frozen, I took my journey from New York by land, through New Jersey and Pennsylvania to Washington.

My fellow passengers were one sanctified old woman, whose trade I suspected from her affected and demure looks, and her fantastic dress, she was accompanied by two Misses, that is young women who appeared to be patronized by her, there were besides another very decent looking woman with an infant; a sea Captain who had spent some years in St. Domingo, and was accompanied by his little daughter of six years old, who was born in Hayti and spoke the Negro or Creolian language—besides these, there were three merry bucks of middling manners.

The weather being cold, we had to wrap up pretty warm and put on a little *steam* occasionally; for this purpose the young men would take it by turns to sit on the seat with the

driver, and when he would discover a sign of the *times* (no other than a tavern or grog-shop a head,) he would notify the passengers within by exclaiming aloud "an Indian Queen," here all the passengers, ladies excepted, would get out to take a glass of *sling*,\* after helping themselves and the driver, they very gallantly approached the coach-door with a brimming glass for the ladies, who always joined them: when they had all drank, we would proceed and the young man would mount with the driver. In the course of a mile, or perhaps less, the centinel would proclaim "another Indian Queen," here the same thing would be repeated, thus they kept on the whole way to Baltimore, where they were bound, being about half drunk the whole way. It was amusing to see how the old woman's eyes would sparkle when she heard the pleasing proclamation. Alas! for my country, drinking is not confined to females such as those I have just described. Ladies of the first, as well as the lowest class, all drink; they do not drink sling, (at least I would hope not) but do they not drink wine and brandy? In the steam-boats, public houses, every where in my travels I have witnessed this shocking practice. It is only a glass of wine, but she who takes a glass of wine to-day will take another to-morrow, the next day, and so on till it becomes a fixed habit—with the many fatal examples of drinking, staring us in the face, I am astonished that a female *dare* drink— but I drop the subject, as my country is bent on its own destruction—nothing else worthy of remark occurred; the country, as might be expected at the season, was dreary and the roads bad. In New Jersey we passed through Newark, one of the most beautiful towns in the United States, also, Wilmington in Delaware, a very handsome town. The Susquehannah (though we crossed it to the danger of our lives in the night, on account of the flowing of the ice,) is a very beautiful river about a mile wide; the land, however, is flat and poor.

At Wilmington I met with the Hon. Judge ——— of Wheeling, Va. who had just came on with his daughter to a Female Academy of high repute, which is kept at Wilmington—This town is pleasantly situated on an eminence which overlooks the noble Delaware and commands an extensive prospect: I ought to have noticed the Trenton bridge,

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\*In New England they drink *flip*, but what either consists of, or how made, I am totally ignorant.



in its place, which is justly celebrated for its strength and beauty, it is the handsomest and best built bridge I have met with in my travels. The battle of Trenton in the Revolution was fought near this place, and was pointed out to me as we passed it. The town of Trenton is an ordinary town quite small and going to decay. The monkish ignorance which has seized upon this once noble state is every where visible.

Upon my arrival at Washington I hastened to secure the patronage of the members of Congress, as the house was to rise in a few days. Here (as I expected) was a wonderful scampering, orders to the servants to be denied, "not in," "not at home;" and all the routine of fashionable falsehoods, what a disgrace to our country, that falsehood has become fashionable amongst the very men from whom, if nothing else, we ought at least to expect the truth. Now Major I have you again, for the honor of New England and her generous sons, the friends of the friendless, the friends of genius, and the unanimous and steady friends of literature, they opened their doors, their hearts, and their coffers; nor must I exclude the other states, Alabama supported me unanimously, and several members from North Carolina and Tennessee; but the Virginia members, excepting two or three of my particular acquaintances (to use their own phrases) all "flew the track." But the following case settles the question between the Southern and Northern people on the subject, often disputed by more than Maj. Noah, and as it happens to be in point, I shall be excused, I hope, by both parties for introducing it in this place, particularly as it will insure my victory over M. N., no small honor. The Hon. B. W. Crowninshield, of Salem, Mass. was amongst my subscribers for the Tennessean; so, also, was the Hon. Charles F. M\*\*\*\*, of Virginia, I sent both copies into the hall at the same time and by the same messenger, in a few minutes the messenger returned with both books, and a message from each gentleman: that from the Hon. C. as follows, with two dollars and the book, which was three and one-fourth inclusive; "I am sorry it is not in my power to carry the book, being incumbered with baggage." "That from the Hon. M. ran thus, "I don't know that I am a subscriber for the Tennessean, and if I was, I do not want it!" Now Maj. N. what have you to say, is not this a fair trial both of the same grade and equal in all respects, excepting one which I need not name. I snatched a card from somebody

and addressed a note to the Hon. C. F. M. as follows: Sir, you are not only a subscriber for the *Tennessean*, but for two other works, but in stating this fact I would by no means be understood to enforce the claim, as I spurn your patronage as cordially as I do your principles. A gentleman once observed to me, that the truth of the *Pudding* was not in chewing the *Bag*, but in walking a mile for the *String*; now that any man with the smallest pretensions to the character of a gentleman (honor and honesty out of the question) should, for the sake of a dollar, leave such a stain upon the representative body of the nation, and stamp his own character with dishonor, to say the least of it, shows the discernment of the people in electing such representatives to take care of their interests. Every body knows what specious speeches this gentleman can make, and the lofty strains in which he assumes to himself (on the floor of Congress Hall) exclusive principles of "unshaken integrity," national pride, national honor, and all the moral virtues; in short, he can draw such an unblushing picture of his spotless self," (read his speeches) as might render him the envy of Gods.\* But one little action puts the whole of those milk and honey speeches to flight; and shows the man in his true colors. But I leave him to his feelings, if he has any.

One more instance, going to a house early one morning where I was told several Yankees boarded, I inquired of the landlady where such and such gentlemen were to be found, "up stairs," said the lady, first door to the left, second, &c. Finding every thing still upon gaining the top of the stairs, and fearing to knock lest the gentlemen might still be in bed, I asked aloud "where are my Yankees?" "here we are" said they, one of them, the Hon. Facetious Herrick from Maine, said "come in," there were several in the adjoining rooms from other states, but they were as silent as midnight; it would save the country some thousand dollars if they were always as silent.

Upon the whole, I should have succeeded well, had the Union Line of New York sent on my box of books, which they did not until the members departed, to their exceeding joy that my books did not arrive. I would not be surprised if this line was in coalition with Congress, but I shall console myself by making up the loss in giving it a place in my *Black Book*. This is not the first, but I trust the last loss I shall sustain by this Union Line.

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\*I find, since my visit to the Atlantic States, that he who makes the finest speech is the cleverest fellow with the people without regard to principle.

It was at the close of this session I saw, for the first time, the Hon. E. Livingston of New Orleans, and the Hon. Mr. Houston, of Tennessee, and the Hon. Mr. Macon, of North Carolina; Mr. Livingston is one of the oldest members we have, and has ever been esteemed an able representative, first of New York, and latterly of Louisiana, I was particularly anxious to see this celebrated man, having read all his speeches in the House with uncommon pleasure, ever since the adoption of the Constitution. My first recollection of him was an animated and masterly speech he made in the House of Representatives many years ago, which referred to the revolutionary war, in which it appeared, his family were great sufferers, having all their property destroyed by the British. The particular subject at this distance of time, I do not recollect, but from his appearance now, he must at that time have been very young, the speech some how concerned England, of which the emphatic words, following were a part: "since the day that I saw my Father's mansion house in flames, I have declared enmity, eternal enmity, to the whole British nation." Mr. Livingston is rather under common height and of very light make, he appears to be about sixty years of age, and very active for his years; he moves light and quick and with much ease and grace; his face appears to have been, and still is, one of the finest cast, oval and thin, regular but delicate features, and must have been the handsomest of his day; many handsome things are said of Mr. Livingston's legal abilities, and his character generally, as a man of the first talents in the Union; this is plainly distinguished in the fire of his eye, which is black and piercing, though it sparkles at the same time with uncommon lustre; a sweet smile plays upon his countenance, at once open, benevolent and intelligent in his manners, he is pleasing and very affable, his mind like the noble mould in which it is embossed, is altogether worthy, the great family to which he appertains; he does not, however, resemble the Livingstons of New York, as they are mostly large men.

The Hon. Saml. Houston, of Tennessee, is a giant in what ever point he may be viewed, whether as to size, mind, or eloquence; his capacious mind stored with the

richest treasures, his voice like thunder, when in debate he makes the Hall of Congress ring, and like a mighty torrent bears down all opposition—he is in the prime of manhood, over six feet high and proportionably made, his face is large and countenance open, gay and conciliating; he has a very martial air and is altogether one of our greatest men. I am very sorry he is to be elected Governor of Tennessee (which it is said he will) as it will deprive me of much anticipated pleasure in my contemplated visit to the city the ensuing session.

While speaking of Tennessee members, the whole of them are distinguished for dignity of mien and manner, elevation of thought and a manly independence peculiar to that state. The silence and magnanimity with which they regard the scoffs and slanders levelled at their favorite Gen. Jackson, is truly characteristic, and challenges the admiration of the world—Gen. Eaton, the Senator from Tennessee, like the Hon. S. H. is a man of good size, also in the prime of life—though not so tall as the latter, his figure noble and commanding, his complexion is of the middling shade, his hair is auburn, and his face smooth, large and oval, his features regular and handsome, his countenance, like an unclouded sky, is serene, manly, and dignified; his fine large hazle eyes are soft and cool and steady, with great expression, his high majestic forehead, and his whole deportment partakes largely of that elevated cast peculiar to the heroes of Tennessee.

My greatest disappointment was in the Hon. N. M. of N. C. the exalted sentiments I had long cherished of this distinguished man, vanished with the winds upon seeing him: with the sternness of a Nero, he brushed by me without touching his hat or showing the least mark of civility, his look and manner is clownish and coarse beyond conception, he boards at D——s, one of the meanest boarding houses in the city; and here, I am told, with two or three exceptions, all the mean members herd, it is certainly the last house I ever was in, and not only mean, but dangerous, from the brutal insolence of the black bullies with which it swarms. It is out of the question even to have a card delivered to any member in the house without endangering



life.\* Yet this landlord has the greatest patronage of any in the city—a good specimen of our *enlightened* representatives—while his next neighbor, B. O. Tyler, one of the most amiable and generous men in the world, who has been at much expense to fit up a house, is almost without boarders. This proves how merit is estimated in Washington. Q., over the way, is another mean man, also patronized.

While speaking of boarding houses, for the benefit of strangers, Capt. Burch, B. O. Tyler, Mrs. Carlisle, Mr. Tims, Brown, Gadsby, and particularly Tennison and N. Fletcher, are all worthy of patronage, and richly merit the confidence of the public.

On this visit, also, I saw his Honor the celebrated chief judge Marshall, judge Cranch, and the far-famed counsellor Jones; the latter one of the first lawyers in the United States. Judge Marshall is a slender, keen made man, of the finest mould, above the common height, about sixty-five (perhaps more) years of age. His face, like his person, is thin and rather narrow, but every feature in it is stamped with Ciceronian elegance; and though legibly marked with the potent hand of time, still retains the polish of erudition, and a striking evidence of those bounties he inherited from nature. His countenance is chaste, firm and grave; his dark keen eye, and his arched brow, seem to be the only parts of his venerable form that have escaped the ravages of time.

Judge Cranch, in figure, features, and countenance, as well as his age, bears a striking resemblance to judge Marshall—not, however, so old or so tall. His countenance has the same impressive majesty; and inspires the same awe and respect.

Counsellor W. Jones is of middling age and stature; his face is round, complexion sallow, his features harsh, and cheek bones elevated; his eye is a light brown; keen, cool, and steady; his countenance, unsoftened by a smile, is thoughtful, and bears all the marks of temperance and intense study; his conversation is what one would expect

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\* One of these buffies told me it was in compliance with the orders of the members, they behaved as they did—quite likely it was.

in a very sensible man—unaffected, simple, and to the point; he speaks slowly, as if musing; his manners accord with the foregoing description, neither stiff nor specious. In him you see nothing you would wish to alter; he is perfect nature, or, if you please, nature perfected. Mr. Barrel, another distinguished lawyer, of Washington, is a younger man than Mr. Jones, tall and slender, with a thin, Cassius, oval face, delicate features, and clear blue eye; his countenance is serene and studious, and his manners are gentlemanly and polite. But a truce with great men—I am tired of them. Tired, did I say? No—I admire a man of true greatness—he seizes upon my heart the moment I see one. True, they are very scarce, and therefore ought to be duly prized—and whilst on the subject of great men, I should be guilty of the blackest ingratitude, were I to overlook one, whom of all those who had feasted at my table, in better days, remembered me in my sad reverse of fortune. This gentleman is no other than the Hon. L. Sawyer, of North Carolina. This amiable man, who had spent a few days at my house, in West Virginia, in my husband's life time, hearing of my arrival in Washington, in deep distress, hastened to my wretched apartment, and paid me every mark of respect and attention. He sympathised with, and consoled me, in the most feeling language, and tendered me his house and his purse. Such a man will seldom be found, and such as he is has few equals. His heart is the very temple of feeling, honest and upright, so far as I know or have heard; he has been a member of Congress many years, and yet this man (but who has not?) has been aspersed, by those whose souls differ as widely from his, as the rough stone differs from the diamond. It is not fine clothes, fine houses, or fine speeches—it is actions that prove mankind.

As I am drawing the line of distinction between the good and the bad, the noble and the ignoble, dragging humble merit from retirement, putting down the arrogant and presuming, suppressing vice and patronizing virtue, as respects Washington I have but little more to add—amongst those who are entitled to more than a name on their country's page, are Majors Hamilton, Baker, Edwards, Bull-

finch, Weightman, Carbury,\* and Lieut. Constantine Smith, of the navy. Some of these gentlemen are personally known to me, others only by fame, and are doomed to drag out a life of obscurity, or accept some pitiful pittance—while such men as Auditor, L. and his ruffian myrmidons, (who act under him) are promoted to office.

Apropos, my countryman, the great Mr. W.—some of the wags, not finding his name amongst those of the great men who patronized me in Washington, advised me to wait on him, and present him with a copy of my book gratis. This, as it savoured too much of impertinence, or insult rather, I declined. But willing to gratify my friends, as they were anxious to bring us together again, I waited on him for his patronage, as I had on other *great* men of the government. On my arrival at his office, I found a very genteel clerk, who very politely purchased one of my books for himself, and informed me Mr. W. was absent at the supreme court. I left a copy on his desk, with a message that I would call again, nothing doubting but he would be quite pleased with such an instance of *my* condescension.

A few days afterwards I called again, and was surprised to find instead of one messenger, (as these great men's lacqueys are called) at his office door, I found three. I told them I wished to see Mr. W. "He is not in," was the reply. "No matter," said I, advancing up to the door, and laying my hand on the latch, "I must see the clerk." One of the men (stretching his hand to guard the door from being opened) pointed to the next door below, and said the clerk was in there. I turned round, and entered the room, where sat the same clerk, sure enough, and some other gentlemen. "Well, sir, did Mr. W. take the book?" "No madam," said the clerk in a low whisper. "I am glad of it," said I, "as I shall make more by putting the upstart in my Black Book." As I said this, in an earnest and audible tone, (for which most women are famous) I perceived the side door, which was ajar, push slowly to.

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\*Mr. Carbury, former Mayor of Washington, one of the most amiable men in the world, I believe has lately been appointed to some little petty office.

“Who is in that room?” I asked. “Mr. W.,” said the clerk, in a low whisper, again. “Really,” said I, “our country has arrived at a fine pass, when free men, as you are, are afraid to speak above your breath, lest you might give offence to upstart gentry.” That man whose talents and genius draw him from the lowest shades of obscurity, and elevate him to the highest places of honor and trust in his country, deserves all possible praise; and I would be the last person to derogate from this best evidence of the excellence of human nature. But like the cat in the fable, their origin will at one time or other betray them.

How different from this was the conduct of Commodore Tingy—finding he had been rather uncourteous, he, gentleman-like, made the *amende honorable*. I cannot say but this was to be expected from a native of Maryland, the last state in the Union to encourage literature; and, as we are both from the same state, and both climbing the same ladder, at the same time, it is not to be expected we should both get to the top without jostling each other on the way.

Now for my friend, P. T., the best bookseller in the city. I must make a finish of him this time. The reader will recollect the description of his person, his 'ard heggs, and his pomposity, a few pages back. I left a few copies of my travels in his store, for the especial accommodation of the members of Congress, as I knew the book would be sought for at the meeting of Congress.

Being in want of money, to aid in getting out the Tennessean, I wrote repeatedly to Washington, (being then in New Haven) to several gentlemen—not that they were exactly gentlemen, but who ought to have been such—to inquire how sales went on, and send me the amount, whatever it might be. But I received neither money nor answer. At length I wrote to the post-master-general, who, gentleman-like, promptly attended to the request; and this master bookseller, P. T., a kisser, not of great men's hands, but their feet, condescended to take the pen in his hand. But as I was the object of it, he threw off the mask, and showed himself in his true colors, and wrote an impudent scroll to the assistant post-master-general. Hear



his elegant style—"I have to inform you that I have four or five dollars of Mrs. Royall's money, which is quite at her service." When I came to Washington, and interrogated the members respecting my books, they did not know the books were in the city. I went straight to the monarch of booksellers, and, after much searching, found my books, carefully hid under the counter. After this, will any American ever patronize a low-bred English bookseller? I find that a great part of the book-selling business, in the country, is done by *low* Englishmen, and so they swim, they care not if the whole United States sink. You are eternally met, go where you will, by these forward, impudent men, with a bundle of books and pamphlets, or a subscription paper—such sordid, unprincipled men, deserve the heaviest denunciation of every American, and ought to be kicked out of every house. One of them told me American works would not sell.

"When some exotics reach our happy shore,  
Where kings and hangmen can molest no more—  
Where neither sots nor madmen rule the nation,  
Where thieves are scarce, and halters out of fashion—  
As when a culprit leaves his dismal cell,  
He comes attended with a loathsome smell:  
So, when these proud exotics cross the waves,  
And turn dictators from degraded slaves;  
With plenty sated, pampered with the change,  
Through these fair climes, with sullen pride they range;  
Hunt every factious knave, espouse his cause,  
Abuse our learning, and asperse our laws;"

And, like P. T., "Show their lack of learning and of sense." But those peddling venders are nothing: swarms of them are stationary in our towns, for the purpose of vending foreign trash; a vile set of swindlers, who look American books out of countenance, and then have the impudence to ask, "Who reads American works?" If these booksellers could not avail themselves of the benefit derived from republishing, without setting their faces against American writers, it would be another matter; but this does not follow; they could give us an equal chance, at least, without encroaching upon the profits of foreign works.

But foreigners are not the only enemies of native genius;

our own countrymen, to their shame, are equally guilty; who, hired by British gold, have entered into a confederacy with the trade over the water; and between them and the missionaries—orthodox, or what you please—which last, as they have most of the capital in the country, have a whole hand in the pie; they have gibbeted American genius. These orthodox have at least one half of the booksellers in the United States in their pay, with a view of establishing a national religion; the British have nearly the balance in theirs, with a view of crushing the genius of our country, and, by trick and cunning, are gradually sapping the foundation of that structure which cost us so much blood and treasure; so that, by one or both, we are to be choused out of our liberties. Whose fault is this? The people's—not those hireling swindlers—it is the fault of the people at large, who encourage them, without once reflecting that they are working their own ruin. Every man must know that no country can stand without laws; and how can we have laws without learning? and how can learning flourish without support. If we patronize foreign literature, exclusively, the result is plain; those foreigners must ultimately govern us. If it be true, as we learn from the history of former times, that free governments are the soil of all others best suited to the growth of every species of excellence, by rewarding merit, then why throw away money upon the thankless foreigners? Let us cast our bread upon the waters, and after many days we shall find it.

It is amusing enough to see how well these book-selling gentlemen understand their trade, and the consummate knowledge they display in vending foreign trash. They scatter a few lines on a bundle of paper, and enclose it in a gaudy cover; this takes the vacant mind—how often have I seen a shallow dandy, and silly young woman, come in a book store, take up a book, and, without even glancing the inside, the book in one hand, with their eye upon the fine cover, put the other in their pocket, and pull out the money.

Mean time, should any American work happen to be popular, these bookselling gentry take the alarm; their ce-

tinels giving notice, the news flies through their ranks, and a league offensive and defensive is immediately formed; and their humble servants, the critics, go to work with their "scalping tomahawks," and hew the author and the book to pieces. These sweeping critics and booksellers are the most dangerous species of men in the country; in vain does literature and science implore protection where they reign. I have no doubt but some of those low pedants, at this moment, are getting their pens ready for my *Black Book*, and pricking up their ears. Let them do so; they shall have them pricked down again, for their pains.

At the head of this foreign bookselling business, stand Messrs. Carey and Lea, with Walsh at their elbow, notwithstanding his pretences to the contrary. He did condescend to puff off Cooper's works, for which he was well paid, no doubt; and so are the combined army of booksellers. In justice to Carey and Lea, I am under great obligations to them; not for selling my books, for that is against their profession, but they have rendered me many kind services, for which I shall never cease to be grateful. But I shall never sacrifice public good to private friendship—I "love my country most, and next my friends." These gentlemen, with Walsh at their nod, to puff off their books, have done more to injure native writers than all the booksellers in the Union. I am forced into these remarks, by the total prostration of American writers, none of whom, so far as I know, have been able to pay the cost of printing. I am forced into this course, when I look round and see the genius of my country drooping and dying—when I think of Latrobe, I can keep no measures with these men. One man says, "O, Mrs. Royall, I have a family to maintain." So had the traitor, Arnold. Another says, "it brings money into the country." Is the benefit of a few sharpers to be put in competition with that of our liberty, which this book trade, though slow, is sure to destroy?

I would ask these gentlemen who defended them when they were invaded by these same British? Americans! Who was the first to step forward, when their property, their lives, and their liberties, were endangered? This same Latrobe! Shame on such sordid, ungrateful men—

shame on the people who encourage them. Latrobe, whose only fortune is his genius, was unable to sell a single copy of his book; and many others are in his situation.

Having sent some of my books to a neighbouring town, (not Philadelphia) it happened that I passed through the same town shortly afterwards. Going into the store, early in the morning, I asked a lad, whom I found in, what new works he had? "Vivian Gray," said the little Jack-Pudding, with great pertness, and handed me a copy in a twinkling. I asked him if he had no other new work. "No." "Have you not received the Sketches?" "Oh yes," he replied, "but that is American." Can flesh and blood stand this? I made the same experiment at several other places, and met with the same treatment, in respect to this well known popular work. A more mischievous and ruinous system than this bookselling business, except the missionary, (as I will show by and by) does not exist in our country.

Mr. Walsh, who holds with the hare, and runs with the hound, could no doubt explain the reason of this exclusive trade; and from his long and frequent private interviews with some of the trade, we might be led to imagine the temptation is too powerful to resist; and while he helps his neighbors to get up foreign works, to the injury of the American public, he has the impudence to ask their patronage in behalf of his *Quarterly Review*. If I was at the head of state affairs, I would lay such a duty on foreign works, that he would have to write books himself, for his bread, or starve. But I must gratify the public by a description of this distinguished personage; although not exactly in course, yet sufficiently in point. It will be recollected that all my attempts to get a sight of him, proved abortive. One day, however, (no matter when) I stepped suddenly into Messrs. Carey and Lea's bookstore, intent on my own business. As I was saying something hastily to one of the clerks, without the counter, I observed H. Carey, and another gentleman, sitting in earnest conversation. Carey's face was directly opposite to me, while the other sat with his back to me; and, from his bending his head downward, I discovered he strove to avoid me—keeping



my eye upon them, as I spoke to the clerk, I discovered Carey's face turn as red as scarlet; what the man with his back to me said, I did not overhear, as he spoke in a whisper; but I heard Carey say, in a low voice, "She never stays long." I asked the clerk who that was talking with Mr. Carey. But the clerk had had his cue, and shook his head in silence. I walked up to them, and moving in front of the unknown, told him "he need not be alarmed; I was only a terror to evil doers." The fellow grinned, but was silent. I asked Mr. Carey to introduce me, but he refused. I took a good view of him, however, and was withdrawing, when, meeting a gentleman at the door, I asked him who that was, pointing to the man—he answered, it was Robert Walsh. I turned back, and saluted him by name; but he received me again with a broad grin, and made the best of his way out at the back door; some did say that he never stopped running till he arrived at Boston. Mr. Walsh is of middling height, spare make, narrow across the shoulders, black hair, dark, sallow complexion, with a long, thin visage, and lanthorn jaws; his eye is a dark grey, his teeth are long and broad, which he shows at full length when laughing, or grinning, rather.—His countenance is gloomy and morose; he is a man of vulgar manners, or rather no manners at all. He is said to be a man of genius, but there is no indication of it in his countenance. In justice to him, he has the handsomest and best behaved children in Philadelphia. I should think he was over forty years of age, and of a very raw appearance.

But to return, let the booksellers sell every book ever written in Europe, if they can find fools enough to buy them, but let them not refuse to *sell* ours too.

Having pursued these booksellers to Philadelphia,\* I must find my way back to W. and as I began with Mr. T. I shall end with him.

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\*I would, by no means, have the booksellers of New-York, Mr. Bliss, &c. imagine I have forgotten them, particularly his majesty's subject, Mr. G. he remembers what he did with the books sent to his care, for me, from New-Haven and Philadelphia, and what he told me respecting them; if he has tears, he may prepare to shed them now.

During the sessions of congress, when there is a great passing to and fro of foreign ministers, members of congress, and *distinguished* strangers, you always see T. standing his door, like a bag pudding in shape, and when a foreign minister, head of department, or member of congress (nothing less) passes, he makes a *grin* or a *bob*, like a country clown, as such a thing as a bow or a smile, never entered into his composition. Every one who has ever passed his door can never forget him. But let one of the people, a common citizen pass, he puts on a frown, bends back, swells out his cheeks and turns off in contempt.

Now it is natural, when we see such uncommon impudence in a man, to inquire who he is, as was the case with myself in regard to this *low* Englishman, who it appears betrayed his trust to his friend, one of the most sacred ever confided by one man to another. This friend who lived in England, confided the care of his daughter, to this best bookseller in the city, who regardless of every tie, being at the same time, a married man, seduced the daughter of this friend. Every one remembers Miss W. of Georgetown. What has become of her? Abandoned by the world! if alive, she roams an outcast, without a friend, in a strange land. She used to go to church with T. But I draw a veil over this appalling picture. Respecting her seducer, there can be but one opinion. Now this wretch, who would not be thought fit for a gentleman's lacquey, in his own country, because he has his pockets stuffed with money, is idolized by pitiful Americans, and received into society. I have, myself, seen him take precedence of the President of the U. S. at church; where he took the front pew, while the President took his humble seat at his back. What must respectable foreigners think of this? They must think—they can think nothing else, but, that virtue and intelligence have few friends in America. When they find our country filled with low foreigners, spies, pimps and traitors, and see them patronised by our citizens, they must think good men are scarce in America. But, when they see men, who have been gleaned from the jails and Bridewells of their own country; men who have trampled upon every law of jus-

tice and honor, openly patronised in the very metropolis of the United States; well may they think virtue has no friends in our country. One of our own citizens, a native American, keeps a bookstore in the city, a most amiable man, Mr. B. and does not make his bread. Shame on my country, will nothing but British gold, books I mean, and British impudence go down with you? one would think ye had enough of the British, when they burnt your capitol, and drove you like sheep before them.\* Again, I ask my country, what can respectable foreigners think, when they see native merit wholly neglected, and foreign ignorance and vice receiving such liberal patronage? Let my countrymen answer the question. They must think for one thing, that good encouragement is held out for other villains to come over, and for another thing, that they overshoot the mark, when they called themselves the most enlightened people on earth. In justice to my country, however, I am bold to say, that no other city, (or state) in the Union, can be found, that would openly countenance such barefaced impudence. That native worth and talent should succumb to men of such abandoned principles, is an insult on our national character, and ought to rouse the indignation of every friend to his country. This man was, no doubt, sent over by the trade, (as no honorable man would engage in such dirty business) and taken into the league on this side of the water, with plenty of British gold, and British books, and truly he has played his game well. He is the most monied man in the country, and able to loan vast sums. More shame for such a country. Is this the way ye reward merit, openly to patronise this monster of treachery, in your very metropolis? He, no doubt, expected to be made a *viscount*, at least, by the Hartford Convention, but the *heggs* proved too *ard* for him.

I can promise the citizens of Washington one thing, and all others whom it may concern, that if they continue to encourage such renegades, they may expect to lose the seat of government. It will be removed to a place where

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\*Washington reminds one of the Russian wives, the more they are beaten by their husbands, the better they like them.

virtue has some friends, to a place where our national character will be respected. For be it known, there are still a few left in our country, who cannot be bought by British gold.

Here, I must observe, what ought to have been remarked in another place, that the whole confederation of booksellers have regular meetings, which they never fail to attend, or send deputies, and enter into agreements, (secret ones) not for the benefit of our country, we may presume. I happened to be present at one of those meetings, at least in the town, at the same time, and saw a few of his majesty's subjects.

I must, however, except Messrs. Richardson & Lord of Boston, (and a few others, who are too honest to be bribed by British gold) from all imputation of this wicked conspiracy against the American writers.

Having made my way good through this *bastion* of booksellers, I trust my countrymen will follow. For those who encourage them, they deserve the heaviest denunciations of their country.

Before I take leave of Washington, I shall be pardoned for introducing a part of its history omitted in my sketches. It will be found, that Daniel Carroll, N. Young and D. Burns, formerly cultivated corn and tobacco where Washington city now stands. This D. Burns appertained to the family of the celebrated Scotch poet, Burns. Mr. Burns had a daughter, an only child, who married Gen. Van Ness, of New-York. It is well known, that the principal part of Washington, occupies the land owned by Gen. Van Vess, through his wife, of course he is *one*, if not the wealthiest men in the city. He is a descendant of the ancient nobility, to whom the states of Holland granted New-York, which has been mentioned in my first travels.

The General lives opposite the President's house, in a splendid palace, on the bank of the Potomac, at the mouth of the Tiber, and both he and his lady appear worthy their good fortune.

The gardens and pleasure ground, surrounding their stately palace, for taste and beauty are unrivalled. No



cost has been spared to render it one of the most delightful spots in the world.

In the midst of his terrestrial Paradise, in shady grove, I, for the first time, beheld Mrs. Van Ness, who accords with the description of Eve, in Milton. She is a light made woman, of common height and young appearance, with a sweetness of countenance, peculiar to herself, uniting all that is estimable in woman. She is at the head of every charitable and humane institution in Washington, and devotes most of her time and income to the relief of the distressed. She is the principal patroness of the Orphan's Asylum, in the city.

The house in which her father\*, Mr. Burns (now deceased) lived, and in which she gave her hand to Gen. V. N. is still standing. It stands near her present residence on the brink of the Potomac, at the junction of the Tyber. It is a low frame building, and she takes much pleasure in preserving it. She has had it recently painted white, and told me with a deep sigh, that "she enjoyed more real happiness in it than in her present princely edifice. This amiable female deeply laments the death of her only child, a daughter who lived but a short time after her marriage, and she has no descendant to inherit either her virtues or her fortune.

Laniel Carroll, is the only one of the original proprietors now living, Mr. Carroll is a hail active man, about sixty years of age, he lives in the city, is also a gentleman of great wealth, he owns a great number of houses in Washington.

One more anecdote and I have done with Washington for this time. It will be recollected that I came to Washington about the close of the session of Congress—the members, from their idleness, and much speaking in the early part of the session were compelled to make up their lost time by saying less, and doing more, towards the latter end, and were obliged to hold evening sessions, one evening, I having business in the city, set off from Capitol Hill to my little *Beau*, Clark's on Pennsylvania Avenue; I had proceeded but a short way on the pavement before I met a number of the members on their way to the Capitol;

they were walking abreast, with locked arms, and completely filled up the pavement, so that I must either be knocked down, or step into the ditch to let my gentlemen pass, I had no notion, however, of submitting to either, and taking the centre of the pavement, as near as I could guess, it being somewhat dark, I burst through the file—one of them said “who the Devil can that be,” faith said another she’d like to have knocked me down; no matter if I had, he might have had more politeness—in a few steps I met another mess, and had to make my way through them as before, and so on till I arrived at Brown’s.—From their great attention to ladies generally, I was surprised at their lack of good manners in this case. This is the Congress who degraded itself and its country, by convening in the Capitol to hear a silly enthusiastic woman (Miss L.) preach, it is astonishing that mankind must have a delusion of some sort or other, one would think that respect for the sex, would at least restrain sensible men from countenancing such a departure from the delicacy and modesty of the female character; from all this it appears that society, instead of advancing in these United States, is falling behind.

Taking a Southern course from Washington, I called at Alexandria, and with a degree of high wrought feeling, I hastened to pay my respects to Mr. H. Claggett, the friend of the friendless, and the pride of mankind. If I had a diadem to dispose of, I know of no man in the world at whose feet I would sooner lay it than Mr. C. a poor reward for goodness, like his; I trust there is a crown reserved for him in Heaven, from which place like an angel of mercy, he was sent to my relief—It is well known that I came to the Atlantic Country in a state of unequalled distress, a total stranger, without one cent in my pocket, or one change of raiment, badly drest, in the dreary month of December, ten o’clock at night, I entered Alexandria; this amiable man, every one knows, keeps the best tavern in the city, and because he keeps it, it is the best, and when I had not a friend on earth, he took me in and kept me from the 15th of December, till the 6th of April following—not in a style, according with my appearance, he

furnished me with an elegant parlour, and bed-chamber, and a servant to wait on me the whole winter—at this time he paid a high rent for his tavern, and had a family of ten children! Such another instance of benevolence is not upon record, it exceeds the most extravagant romance, and can only be equalled by the brutality of the ruffians who stript me of my fortune, to my last dress. This gentleman though he appertains to one of the first families in Maryland; a man of elegant manners and information, is almost wholly over-looked by his country, while such men as A. L. and P. T. are worshipped! Now, I would go twenty miles at any time, to see the man who had performed such a generous act, every traveller who may happen to pass through Alexandria, where he still keeps the City Hotel, must (after seeing this) be constrained to stop and gaze at so much goodness—his appearance is equal to his actions, being one of the finest looking men in the District; his soft full dark eyes speak all that I have said, and his countenance is like no other man's. Mr. C. will forgive this homage to his virtues; if I were to be silent, "the stones would cry out."

I met with a handsome patronage in Alexandria and much good feeling, excepting the booksellers, two of the most unprincipled clowns in the city—one of them as usual is from the rabble of Great Britain, whom no American ought to patronize. Apropos—the celebrated American Poet, Bryan, lives in Alexandria—I should undoubtedly have honored my first book of travels with the name of this distinguished writer, but (though I often saw him, and was struck by his gentlemanly appearance) I was wholly unapprised of his talents as a writer: Mr. Bryan is a tall spare man of middle age, fair complexion, and oval thin face—his countenance is open, pleasing and luminous, his eye is soft but has great expression; his manners are peculiarly engaging and familiar—he is said to be one, if not the first of our poetic writers: But, ah! Bryan will never be estimated agreeably to his worth, by his ungrateful country!—I say ungrateful, because it patronizes its enemies and crushes its friends; will Americans never awake to a sense of justice to their greatest interest, the encouragement of

its own genius. Now that such a genius as Bryan should be sacrificed to foreign trash, under which name I include their books and their retailers, is disgraceful to the American character. We have opposition Steam-boats, opposition Stages, opposition Taverns, and opposition politics. I wonder it does not come into some ones head to oppose this growing evil, I could almost venture to insure such a one success.

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## FREDERICKSBURG.

From Alexandria I took the Steamboat Mount Vernon, to Fredericksburg, my fellow passengers, were an old Pennsylvania farmer of middling acquirements but great size; a small Yankee from Hartford, with his wife and mother, and a few nondescripts as usual. The old Pennsylvanian was dressed in his best suit of blue cloth, but it set badly on him, from his not being accustomed to wear it, he was in very bad health, to restore which, he had undertaken the journey, his conversation was as simple as that of a child's; the Connecticut man, I took for a Missionary, and of course he met with no very cordial reception from me, his wife was a handsome well informed woman, and the mother was one of the first of ladies—she was very lively and facetious, and we cheered the time with tales of fun, and laughed at the Missionaries; the young lady, however, did not seem to relish the liberties of my pencil, which made very free with her husband's mouth and nose, and finally she informed me he was an Episcopalian, of course my remarks were crossed out.

The stages which met us at Potomac Creek, as usual, soon conveyed us to Fredericksburg, where three years since on my way to Richmond, I was sat down in the street by the stage driver to perish, and must inevitably have perished, had not a noble hearted Virginia farmer by the name of Grigsby, paid my fare \$ 5 to Richmond, friendless and penniless, I walked the streets of Fredericksburg imploring relief in vain! all I received was 25 cents from the



Mayor—so much for the humanity or charity, rather of Christians, and yet these people pretend to civilize the heathen!!!

Faint and weary, I returned to Young's, and seated myself in the common room, amongst the rabble, without receiving any notice from the iron-hearted landlord, who frowned at me from another room as I came in at the door, turned his back, and walked off. "Well," said an elderly, rough, plain dressed man, who had been taking a little too much, "how much did you get?" Thinking he could mean nothing more than an insult, and not accustomed to such liberties, I gave him a glance, and desired him to "mind his own business; that none but a ruffian would insult a female in distress." "Oh," said he, "I did not mean to insult you; I meant to befriend you." Calling to the stage agent, he said, "take this woman, I'll pay it; I left my pocket book at home, but you know I'm able to pay you; you take her to Richmond." No, he might as well have preached to a wolf. It appeared that he had brought a load of bacon and lard to Fredericksburg, besides a drove of horses for the market. He was a man of considerable wealth, lived some distance up the country, and, though subject to his cups, was a man of great generosity, and good character. Finding he could make no impression upon the agent, he beset the landlord, and offered to him the amount of my fare in bacon. No, the landlord wanted no bacon. "Well, take the good bacon hams, then; I know you want hams." "No, I want no hams," said the surly landlord. "Then take the *fat*, the prime lard, d—n you; you don't half fry your fish." This, by the bye, was half true. At this part of the story, I could not help smiling—Mr. Grigsby, observing this, redoubled his eloquence—"ha!" said he, "I'm glad to see you smile, madam; that smile does my heart good; cheer up, I'll not quit the place till you are happy, and go on wherever you wish to go, if it costs me all I have in town; I hate to see such barbarity. I say, you Joe Young, you look sour enough to turn the Rappahannoc into vinegar; take the bacon hams; here they are, in the lumber house, the counting house, or whatever you call it; take it at your own price, take the fat,

take all, but let the woman go—I don't know who she is; I don't want to know—I see she is a woman, and has no friends, and that's enough; and I will be her friend, that's it: you old churl, you would let her perish before you would give her a cent—and as for this cockroach here, (glancing at the agent) but I'll say nothing about him." Finally, the landlord finding it his interest to get rid of me, on any terms, agreed to take the hams, particularly as the good old man would give him no peace. The moment *Joe* agreed to it, the dear old man ran to me, his eye running over, and clapping me on the shoulder, said, "Now, madam, an't you glad? Now you can go, and no thanks to any of them." I was so overpowered by his generosity, that utterance failed me. The scene was deeply felt by all present, that had souls, I mean, as many of them had none.

I then took out two dollars, given to me, in the mean time, by a travelling gentleman, and desired him not to advance more than three dollars, which, with the two I had, (exclusive of the twenty-five cents I received of the mayor of Fredericksburg) made the five dollars required by the agent. "Keep your bit of a two dollars, to buy you some dinner on the road; do you think I would half do a thing? No, I scorn it; and as for this *Joe Young*—no matter, I've spent many a dollar in his house, but I shall remember him for this. The landlord relaxed in gloom; his countenance became as bright as a noonday sun. In justice to him, he refused all compensation for the time I spent at his house.

Thus this generous farmer evinced more generosity, and the right sort of feeling, than the whole of Virginia besides, as will appear in the end. This digression carries its own apology.

Very different was my reception on this second visit—blessed with friends and means—the same landlord met me with a smile, and recollected me well. I was introduced to his family, (what an honor) the best room in the house was at my service, I must hear his daughter (a bright eyed lassy, of sixteen,) play. Oh money, what wilt thou not do? In justice to Fredericksburg, it is inhabited by very genteel and highly polished people. Many of them

are possessed of great generosity and feeling. Amongst them I was pleased to find a few Yankees. As usual, the Yankees patronized me, to a man, excepting a priest, and a pedlar—not that they are now either the one or the other: the first having turned missionary, and the other, from peddling *tin* in a cart, stands behind a counter. Thus the New England states throw off the scum; and the ignorant southerner judges of New England by this sample. Any man of common sense, who has looked into a geography, must see that New England abounds in schools and colleges—consequently, are people of learning and intelligence. Now, even the ignorant, if they have ever been in distress, will acknowledge that benevolence is only found amongst the enlightened of all countries.

Fredericksburg, like all other towns, has the *great*, the *little great*, and the truly little. Amongst the great, I found Mr. Gorden, a Scotch gentleman, Mrs. Chew, Messrs. Gray, Collins, Seaden, (cashier of the bank) and many others. Mr. Gorden is a man of considerable wealth; and, excepting Mr. Gregory, of Washington, and a gentleman of Baltimore, is the only gentleman I have found of his country. He is middle aged, a fine, tall, slender figure—a small, oval face, with deep hazle eyes, which sparkle with human kindness. In his countenance, nobleness and benignity are alike displayed. His wife and daughters, robed in innocence, beauty, and virtue, to which they join the most polished manners, and the very milk of human kindness, are the solace of his life, and an ornament to their sex.

Mrs. Chew is a widow lady, also blessed with an amiable family. She is of young appearance, and seems altogether of the old school, in polite and accomplished manners; she has a beautiful daughter and son, (besides other children) accomplished as herself, who add much to the society of the place. Mr. Gray, the post-master, is of middling height, and dark complexion, with an intelligent, dark grey eye, and all the benevolent charities pleading in his countenance. He is also blessed with an amiable family. Mr. S——, of the bank, reminded me of the amiable and much lamented Mr. Wiley, deceased, of New York

The same modest blush, with his eyes bent on the floor, and the same sweet smile, he welcomed me to his town. His countenance is one of those from which we never wish to withdraw our eyes. Mr. C——s is also a man of very pleasing manners, and very gentlemanly appearance.—In gratitude for the kindness and respect every where bestowed on me, by editors, I called on the editor of Fredericksburg, and informed him who I was, and that, doubtless, he was acquainted with my pursuits and name, through the papers. This editor, who was a gloomy bigot, with a racoon face, a scribbler of missionary trash, said no, he had never heard of me. I told him it was the practice of editors to announce my arrival in the different places I visited—but that, as I had peculiar claims on Virginia, I waited on him with my vouchers, that he might bring me properly before the public. But his racoonship replied, “I had better get Mr. Gray to write an advertisement.” Thus the ancient dominion is sinking into barbarian ignorance. This ignoramus is the only editor in Fredericksburg, and he in the pay of the missionaries and their patrons. Shame on the once great state of Virginia, to be not only plundered by those ravenous harpies, their wives and daughters contaminated, but the whole country sinking into monkish bigotry and ignorance. One of those ignorant bigots, upon whom I called, said he was “too poor to patronize me:” and poor may the man be, who refuses a piece of bread to the widow of the man who aided in securing to him his independence. Half the men, and nearly all the women in this place, are supporters of missionaries. The town swarms with negroes and mulatto slaves. I should like to know whether those mulattoes are to be considered as a specimen of the labors of the missionaries, in *spreading* the gospel. If it be, they have labored to some purpose, as I saw *five* mulattoes in one house. But the cream of the story is, that those John and Jenny Dismals should spend their time and labor in sending the gospel to the heathen, while it is evident they have none to send, or they would not hold their fellow men in slavery. The towns, after leaving New York, southwardly, have the appearance of African towns; and, instead of seeing



the streets filled with neatly dressed white people, you see them filled with ill-dressed negroes. Five or six of those negroes, or mulattoes, are kept in every house, and are employed in rubbing the floors with wax; this is their daily labor. I thought they had better have set them to paving the streets, and sweeping them; for it is the dirtiest town I ever was in. Travellers look at the streets of a town, not at the insides of the houses. If they would put four out of five of those slaves to work on the streets, and one-tenth of the money given to support the tract, Bible, and missionary vortex, to the same purpose, and the other nine-tenths laid out in educating their children, bigotry, slavery, and dirt, would soon disappear from their streets. The houses are not covered with carpets, as in New York, and New England, in the first place; and *every* morning a negro rubs the floor with brush and wax, till he sweats and dries half a dozen times. By the time he is done, between the wax, the brush, and the negro, the floor is as slippery as glass; and, in many cases, endangers one's life, by having his heels tripped up, and his brains dashed out upon the floor. I should think an indictment, in case of actual crown-cracking, ought to lie against these house-keepers. To guard against accidents, a strip of stair-carpeting is spread from one room to another, which, notwithstanding, requires all your skill in balancing to keep from tripping up.\*

To see sensible men submit to this useless waste of labor, is very silly, to say the least. A lady, to whom I made this remark, said that they were not able, in that country, to buy carpets, to cover their floors, and yet in New England, where they keep but one servant, we find carpets.

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#### RICHMOND.

After spending a few days at Fredericksburg, I left it for Richmond. Having described this country in my first

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\* Beware, Jonathan, if you ever go to the south.

travels, I have little to add. The houses are black, gloomy, faded buildings, without paint. Around the mansion, without regularity, sit (or stand, which you please,) a number of smaller ones, like so many half-grown chickens around a hen, forming a great contrast to the neat, white painted houses of New England, the bright brick houses of New York, and the compact stone houses of Pennsylvania. Neither energy nor industry mark the face of the country. In some places a few negroes, of both sexes, are seen in the fields, badly dressed, and scarcely seem to move. Some were ploughing, some hoeing, and others leaning on the hoe-handles, looking at our coach. The whole country looked desolate, as though it had just escaped the ravages of war. This picture is only relieved by the chief pride of the forest, the dog-wood, in full bloom. We breakfasted at the Bowling Green, in an old house, which looked as though it had been used as a barrack in the revolution, and since that as a smoke-house.\* The meat stunk, the negroes (servants) stunk, and the house stunk. It was without furniture, and the floors dropping into holes. My heart ached as we drove up to the door, where a negro stood grinning to receive us. I observed to a gentleman in the stage, that he expected a few *quarters*. "A few *halves*, you mean," said the gentleman. After breakfasting, I looked for the rates, and finding none, I handed the bar-keeper (who, it is said, could neither read nor write) thirty-seven and a half cents, and walked towards the stage. "This a'n't enough," said he; "I charge fifty cents." "Where are your rates?" said I. "That is our rates," said this modern Solomon—stupidity itself—"all of these paid me fifty cents." "More fools they—they ought to have paid you over the head." He followed me to the coach; I stepped in; he got up on the step of the coach; I thought he was coming in, too. "I can't take this." "I can't help it; have your rates nailed up in the room, if you wish people to pay." Crack went the whip, and round rolled the wheels, and Mr. Clodpole walked off. The proprietor lived in a house hard by, and left the ta-

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\* A house where bacon is smoked.

vern to the care of this booby, and two or three awkward negroes. Every traveller remembers Bowling Green; but recollect not to pay your bill, unless you see the rates. My old fellow traveller, the Pennsylvania farmer, kept with me the whole route, and took up his lodgings with me at the Union Hotel, in Richmond. He was often very sick, both at Fredericksburg and Richmond, but I have never heard of him since; I think he was from Lancaster.

As I just remarked, we stopped in Richmond, at the Union, kept by Bohannon, who, three years ago (when Mr. Grigsby paid my passage from Fredericksburg) refused to admit me into his house, until I scribbled a line to Mr. Ritchie. This first visit to Richmond, I have noticed in my first travels, and my relation, Dr. T——t, but none of the particulars.

It will hardly be credited by future generations, that, in a situation which would have moved the compassion of savages, I, at that time, appealed to the humanity of the citizens, for a single dress to cover me, being almost naked, and was refused even one cent! Expecting to find *some* humanity in my own sex, I appealed to the ladies, in a style fraught with every expression which might be supposed to move the pity of infidels—but in vain—and, had it not been for the humanity of Messrs. Porter and Belden, two Yankees, I must inevitably have perished in the city of Richmond. These gentlemen took me from thence at their own cost, and found me on the road. I happened, in the meantime, to think of Dr. T., of whom, and his family, I had often heard my husband speak. This Dr. T's father was, in the time of the revolution, a man of great wealth, and lived in Norfolk, where they had every thing destroyed by the British. My husband, at that time engaged in the service, had his residence in Amelia. He took the family to his own house, found them in servants, (their own having deserted on board the British ships) furniture, and fed them gratis, for a year, until they could make some arrangements for their comfort and subsistence. This same Dr. T., then a boy, was one of the family. Thinking that he, at least, from motives of gratitude, if

nothing else, would relieve me, I sent for him to my room. He came; but when he learned who I was, he got up like another Grand Turk, and walked off, saying, "I know nothing about these things, maum; I wish you hadn't sent for me, maum; good morning, maum." And off this Shylock went. This is a specimen of the politeness and hospitality of Richmond. Now this man is esteemed a gentleman—from his *gentlemanly* dialect, you may guess of the refinement of Richmond. May all such Olivers meet with a Rowland. It is well known, as it has so often been repeated, how these people boast of their gratitude to their benefactors, in such phrases as "let no one, after this, say that republics are ungrateful." There are men now living, who remember that when this same city of Richmond was threatened by General Phillips, my husband risked his life in its defence, under General Lafayette; and yet these people had the effrontery to afford me no relief, but that of a common pauper, in the poor-house! It is well known I refused the offer with disdain.

My reception on this second visit, was very different from my first; though, in justice to Bohannon, he was very kind in his attention on my first visit, and acted as though he had a heart.

The servant showed me into the very same chamber where I suffered more agony, from the brutal usage of the world, than I ever did before or since. In this room, I learned, for the first time, (let the people of Richmond deny it if they can) that there are men in the world, and women too, in this enlightened country—in Virginia—in the Metropolis of the state, that, although in the shape of human beings, and professing the religion of Jesus Christ, were more savage and unfeeling than any of the savage tribes, or even brutes.

The carved bedstead, the same table, in the same place; the carpet, bureau, the window-curtains, just as they were three years since, and appeared as familiar, as though I had been absent but a day. The big chair was gone; I was glad of it, for it used to add to the horrors—those great chairs are abominable. How different were my feelings: now beloved and admired by the public, blessed with



friends, dreaded by foes, above want, I contemplated the chamber for some moments, with a "bliss serene."

Having received some marks of kindness from Mr. Ritchie, editor of the *Enquirer*, though I had never seen him, I hastened to pay my respects to him, in the course of a few minutes. He lives in a splendid house, on Shocko hill; a pretty good walk, by the way, and there are no hacks in Richmond.

I found a servant at the door, and informed her "I wished to see Mr Ritchie;" she walked up stairs, and in a short time, Mrs. Ritchie appeared. I was provoked at the servant, being impatient to see Mr. Ritchie; for as to the ladies, I would not have given one cent to have seen every one in the city, speaking with some spirit. "It is Mr. Ritchie I wish to see, madam." She turned off short, and in the course of a minute, a tall, spare man, with a *smile*, stood in the door. "Mrs. R." said he. "You are right, sir," and took him by the hand, surprised that he should know me, as it was impossible he should have heard of my arrival. He observed, "that Mrs. Ritchie said there was a lady down stairs, who wished to see him, and she would not be surprised, if it was Mrs. R." "Why so," said Mr. R. "Because their is so much independence in her manner, and naivete in her eye." Almost the first thing Mr. R. said to me was "Now I believe it, Mrs. R. that your Yankees, as you call them, are good people, and I am going to visit them." This was certainly more gratifying, coming from such a man as Mr. Ritchie, than if he had purchased a dozen of my books, whereas he did not buy one. He expressed much pleasure at the interview, and I can assure him, it was cordially reciprocated.

In the course of the conversation, however, he asked me "how I could reconcile the conduct of Col. Knapp, (a Yankee) in becoming a venal scribe for the *National Journal*." Col. Knapp (whose unsullied reputation ought to have saved him from the severity of this charge) was the only man in the world I should have pitched upon to illustrate the true Yankee character; and how a gentleman of his known philanthropy and uprightness could draw upon him such a remark, filled me with astonishment. I gave Mr. Ritchie

to understand that he had for once mistaken his man, and that Col. Knapp need only to be seen to be admired.

Mr. Ritchie is a tall, spare man, elegantly formed, near fifty years of age, fair complexion, and thin oval face; his eye is bright, blue, and intelligent; a mild radiance overspreads his countenance; his face is rather pale, and indicative of temperance, and slightly furrowed. His manners are pleasing, genteel, unaffected and familiar. In short, he is one of the most interesting and pleasant men I have met with in my travels. It is generally admitted, that Mr. Ritchie is one, if not the ablest editor in the United States; since this, I have understood that Mr. R. has actually visited Boston where (I am proud to hope) he no doubt found I had not misrepresented that city. He certainly must have been struck by the disparity between Boston and Richmond in point of improvement; to say nothing of the colour of the citizens.

Whether from the want of schools, the increase of population, the delusion of the missionary system, or all three together, Richmond is certainly inhabited by the most ignorant rabble of any city I have ever witnessed in the United States, not excepting Baltimore. I ransacked every street and every public edifice in the place, and could not find more than about half a dozen gentlemen in the whole. The streets and market swarm with insolent negroes, awkward children, with filthy hands, faces, and clothes—their hair uncombed, with staring eyes and open mouth. Instead of the neat dress, and ruddy cheek of the New England children, with book and slate going to school, they stand gawking at the passengers in the streets, from morning till night, and mixing with the negroes; the females are abominably affected in their dialect, manners, and dress: it is laughable to hear their up stars and down stars, (stairs;) their *thars* and their *whars*; moin, (mine;) ont, (aunt.) They pronounce as though they were all tongue-tied and avoid the common accent with marked and studied care. It evidently cost them much pain as well as labor to converse at all. The children are detestably stupid, and the negroes insolent beyond description, particularly the female negroes; they make it a point to insult every female they meet. I inquired the

cause of a friend: she said it was owing to the preference shown to them by the white gentlemen. If this be true, as it would seem by the great number of mixed breed, it evinces, to say the least, a black taste in the gentlemen of Richmond.

Though I had not the felicity of meeting my friend Dr. Maum, I nevertheless, besides Mr. Ritchie, met with several gentlemen in Richmond; the Chief Justice Marshall, whom I saw in Washington, lives in this city; the Right Rev. Bishop Moore is a man of highly polished manners, and his daughters are amongst the first females in the United States, handsome and accomplished: I was forcibly struck by their superior charms, and could not forbear inquiring if they received their education in Richmond, and was answered in the affirmative. But Bishop Moore is one of the old school, and consequently knew how to bring up his daughters. The Bishop is an aged man, bordering on eighty years of age; his countenance humane and striking; his venerable locks were covered with a cap, over which he wore a hat; he was dressed in the plainest manner, all in black. The celebrated Counsellor Wickham, is about fifty years of age, of middling height, neither spare nor robust. His complexion is fair, with an oval full face; his eye is full, clear, cool, and blue; his countenance is open, manly and dignified; his manners are artless and genteel, but not remarkably engaging. Dr. Brockenborough is a middle aged man, of great size, and majestic, well turned figure: his face is oval and dark, with manly features, and the finest eye in nature: his manners are of the first order: he is well known to rank amongst the first of great men. Mrs. Brockenborough is one of the most accomplished and dignified females in the United States.

German Baker, son of the celebrated counsellor of the same name, is a man of young appearance, and thin spare figure, and Cassius face; his countenance remarkably luminous; at once indicative of genius and good nature; in his manners he is easy, affable, and ranks amongst the first gentlemen of the state. Mr. Heath, First Auditor, is a young man, of good size; his face is round and full, with regular features, and a fine, full, dark eye: his complexion is fair, with reddish

hair: his countenance is lively and intelligent, and his manners sweet and engaging. The Register, Mr. Seldon, is a small spare man, in the prime of life, round regular face, being pale, except his nose, one half of which is a scarlet red, I cannot praise his manners; he said he was too poor to buy a book, and I offered him a dollar. Mr. Brown is a man of middling age, handsome figure, thin face, with much expression of countenance, and very gentlemanly manners.

Mr. Rawlings, Agent for the Insurance Society, is a tall, fine looking man, and noble countenance, fair face, and genteel manners.

But above all, I was pleased once more to meet my old acquaintance and fellow traveller Mr. W——c. his pleasing manners and gentlemanly deportment are mentioned in my first book of travels and, although those remarks fell far short of his worth, it drew down upon him, (I understand) the sarcasms of the ignorant; envy, that *green eyed monster*, cannot endure to look on merit. Mr. W. needs no other proof of his superior accomplishments. Besides these, after ranging the whole city, Mr. Nutall and Mr. M——l, and a gentleman, whose card I have lost, with one or two Yankees, I found none that deserved the name of gentlemen. The G——r, Mr. G., and the Mayor, are two of the meanest men in the city. The first was unwell and could not see me, though, in five minutes afterwards, he went to the counsel chamber. I saw his son and daughter; the latter a woman of elegant manners, but both were too poor to give a dollar for a book.

“But what I abhor and detest as a course;

Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.”

Had Mr. G. been ignorant of my claims on my country, (but that he was not) he would have been excusable. This man's father, a shoemaker it is said, used to work at the house of my husband's father, and I have often heard him say, though an admirer of Mr. G., that many a strapping he got with the shoe strap when a little fellow: he used to make too free with Mr. *Wax's* awls. It must have been some of this wax which stuck so close to Mr. G. that it confined him to his seat when I called. Well may it be said, Virginia has fallen. How differently was I received by the Governors of other States!



As for the M——r, he made an excuse which all mean men make.

The P. M., passing by his present residence, I called in. Seeing an elderly man in an old great coat, with a red face and bushy roan hair, I thought it impossible this could be the once polite and gentlemanly looking Colonel. Upon enquiry of himself, I found it was; but he growled something like a mastiff; and luckily for me, the bars through which he was showing his teeth prevented him from biting off my nose. Pursuing my walk, I returned the same way, when lo! this Mr. Col. was out in the street entertaining a mob of negroes and boys with horse laughs; repeating to them the adventure and throwing his head back in convulsion. It is said of him in Richmond, that his daily employment is to entertain these mobs: thus it is with this mushroom gentry. But the booksellers—here they are again—these prime ministers of foreign literature. Richmond, however, as well as Baltimore, is clear of the sin of encouraging foreign works, whatever may be said of other places, as their citizens do not read at all, unless it be Morgan, Tom Thumb, or tracts, and I am not quite sure of that, though I saw a great raw fellow, six feet high, inquiring for a primer. He had scarcely left the bookstore, when another one, of equal size and ignorance, stalked in, and inquired for a Jew's-harp. The next was a lady, who came in and asked for a book with pretty pictures in it. Meantime, Morgan was selling as fast as the clerks could hand it out; and I was informed that the bookseller had to hire several extra clerks, to aid him in sales: even the fair sex were carrying it off; and I am told they are about to institute lady-lodges amongst them, since Morgan has let out the secret. Well done for Richmond city! Whilst I remained in the store, the late publication of Messrs. Gales & Seaton arrived, (two copies only.) Having a showy red back, several gentlemen picked them up, and after admiring the outside, laid them down without once looking in the inside! After amusing myself with the gross ignorance of the citizens, I announced myself to the bookseller, and inquired whether my books sent to him (the Sketches,) were sold. He believed there were two or three copies sold. "You need not expect American works

to sell; we dont sell any books but school-books and Morgan: now, if you could write such a book as Morgan's, you might expect to sell it! "But," said he, "there is a good deal of inquiry for your book since you came in town." The next day, I called again, (the firm is Collins & Hanna,) when the same clerk, a little snivelling fellow, with a monkey's phiz and sallow face, talks through his nose, and hard of hearing to-boot, said, "I wish you would take your books away." "Why so?" "Why the people keeps plaguing me so about them." Had the American people one spark of national pride, they would hurl those traitors to their country from their towns. I was told that Nash, another bookseller, was a fine man; and that he may be, but he is not a fine bookseller. I found N. a young man; handsome person, a good open countenance, but with a little mind, little soul, and low manners. It was quite amusing to see his knowing winks and nods, directed to Dr. Leatherhead and Counsellor Cornstalk, whilst I did him the honor of an interview. Besides these, (who are kept in pay by their master-spirits—not to sell their books, for that is out of the question in Richmond, but to keep down American writers,) there are several venders of religious trash, calculated not to make the people ignorant, but to keep them so. Thus Richmond has become a sink of ignorance and bigotry; swarming with Missionary, Bible, and Tract Societies, and newspaper agents to support them. Thousands of dollars are levied here on the people, which, if appropriated to useful instruction, would drive priestcraft and bigotry out of the country.

In this metropolis of the once great Virginia, I found about twenty women, and a priest (parson, minister, or what you will,) to overlook them, whilst they made up clothes, pin-cushions, and what not, for the Home Mission Society to educate pious young men for the ministry, (better work to set their slaves free, thought I.) It was a lamentable sight to see the vain-glory, self-complacency and arrogant consequences of those city women, to think they were instruments in furthering the gospel, and getting their names in print. When I entered their parlor, had you seen how they flourished their work to draw attention, and lest

I might not be in the secret of their going to Heaven all so fast by putting themselves under the dominion of this priest. They all, at the same instant, informed me how laudably they were employed. Without taking much notice of this effusion of vanity, I informed them who I was; they had never heard of me: "strange! my name has been in the papers: I have been before the public." "Oh, I never read a newspaper!" "nor I," "nor I." I then ventured to apprise them that I was the distressed female who had appealed to them some time back even for a single dress; but I was not a priest; oh these cunning rogues, how well they know how to come round the women, they are the most successful of all men amongst females. Determined to convince them that they were any thing but Christians, I went on to depict my situation at that time, that I was even without those comforts which delicacy forbids me to name! All the impression I was able to make on these deluded females for lavishing those favors on the opposite sex whilst they refused relief to one of their own, was a stupid stare. To bring the matter still nearer, I observed that I was glad to see them so deeply interested for the gospel, and that I hoped they had better feelings and better views of the Christian religion now, and must be aware that the gospel directs us to relieve the distressed; and taking a book from my basket, solicited their patronage, saying I had no other means of support; "no, they did not read;" I told them "I perceived they did not, and that, if they were better read they would be priest-rid less, and that I did not suppose they were in want of a book, but I was in want of their charity: I might as well have preached to the dead. The Christian religion is a farce; even the Yankees lose their national character when they settle here and sink into ignorance; they have none of that public spirit and good feeling which distinguishes their country: they have their slaves too, and take no interest in promoting the literature of the country.

But those impudent female negroes and mulattoes, I cannot get them out of my head. I am surprised the ladies do not rise en masse and drive them out of the country. It is provoking, to see those saucy mulatto women trigged up

in their silks and their laces tripping along the streets, darting into the stores and attracting all the attention of the young gentlemen, whilst the love-lorn lass may for ever sigh neglected. I never was in favor of the blue-laws, but I really should be pleased to see some black-laws in force in this same city. I had almost overlooked Dr. D——e, a little mincing animal who has no soul; every body knows him, it is said he is a mason, he must be a Morgan mason. How he ever came to be admitted into such an honorable fraternity is unaccountable. He has a thin, close, clownish aspect, and take him all in all, he is quite a mean man; he was so unprincipled as to return my book after reading it.

In all Richmond there is not a licensed coach, porter or directory, neither are the streets marked, so that a stranger finds some difficulty in finding his way. I am told some poor man printed a directory once, but no one would buy it! and the thing was dropt; and as for a porter, even the name is not understood. I asked for a porter one day, and they ran to the store to bring a bottle of porter; the streets are badly paved and badly lighted, they are not marked nor the houses numbered.

It would astonish a Yankee (I don't mean those that are adulterated,) to see the difference between a tavern in this place and one in their country; a cook, a waiting-maid, and a chamber-maid, is all that is found in the New York or New England taverns. But here they have one servant to lay the cloth, another to put on the knives, and another the plates; one to brush your hat, another to brush your coat, and a third to brush your shoes; one to light you to bed, and another to carry your baggage.

The most of the business in Richmond is done by foreigners and Yankees, very few of the natives are engaged in business.

I have already said that Richmond is one of the handsomest cities in the United States. It consists, principally, of one handsome street, running nearly parallel with James river. From this street the town stretches back upon a lofty, but even eminence. The houses are thinly scattered over a wide surface. These houses are large and well



built, mostly of brick, and beautiful gardens are attached to them all. The state house is a superb edifice, on the brow of the hill, from which you have an extensive prospect of the surrounding scenery, which is as rich as fancy can imagine.

The river is seen at a vast distance, rushing over huge rocks, with a tremendous noise. The banks are fringed with handsome trees, through which the foaming river is distinctly seen to roll. The basin, with two bridges, an island in the river, and Manchester Heights, on the opposite shore, adds much to the beauty of the view. The falls (which at this place are gradual) are seen to most advantage from Mayo's bridge. This bridge, so celebrated, is a very slender piece of architecture, and not covered; it joins Richmond and Manchester.

Manchester is an old, shackling village, resembling a negro quarter, with one or two good houses only. I found two or three grum-looking human beings in it, doing something with tobacco, while the 'houses were dropping down about their ears. I asked one Hatchee (rightly named) to buy my book. He said he did not read any.—As to that, I replied, I perceived he was not alone; but he might throw the book in the fire, provided he gave me the worth of it. But there was too much pewter there. Mr. H. is old, tall, shrunken and lantern-jawed, with long, spindle shanks, and an iron countenance. I was told he was the greatest man in Manchester—if he be the greatest, heaven help the smallest.

At Manchester, I met with Mrs. Robertson, the daughter of an old friend of mine. I had not seen her since she was a child. She was quite a small lady, but very accomplished. The association of old times, which the sight of this lady brought to mind, in some degree consoled me for my failure with *slim-shanks*.

The city of Richmond, as well as the falls, has a fine effect when viewed from Manchester Heights, and might engage the immortal nine. But the people of Richmond, I mean the major part of them, are too ignorant to appreciate the beauties of the place. And here poor Mr. Ritchie (I pity him) has been wielding his pen, as he informed

me, since 1804, and yet has been unable to give the people a tone of literature, or keep down that *fell* monster, bigotry. In every little town in New England, and latterly in New York, societies are formed for the promotion of learning; but here every thing of that nature is neglected. It is painful to witness the stupidity of the children in the streets, to say nothing of the grown persons. Hence, quarrels and broils—envy, strife, and tale-bearing—all species of slandering, and a total disregard of improvement, or benevolence. I shall take leave of Richmond, with the following lines:

“There is a wilderness more dark  
 Than groves of Fir on Huron’s shore;  
 And, in that cheerless region, hark  
 What serpents *hiss*, what monsters roar.  
 It is not in the untrodden isles  
 Of vast Superior’s stormy lake,  
 Where social comfort never smiles,  
 Nor sun beams pierce the tangled brake.  
 Nor is it in the deepest shade  
 Of India’s tiger-haunted wood,  
 Nor Western forests, unsurveyed,  
 Where couching panthers pant for blood—  
 ’Tis in the dark, uncultured soul,  
 Where hissing malice, vices foul,  
 And all the hateful passions prowl—  
 The frightful wilderness of mind.”

I spent but a few days in Richmond, as a mine would not meet the extravagant charges of the South, after leaving New York\* Those tavern-keepers are nothing more than so many pickpockets, who keep shoals of servants, which are taxed upon the traveller.

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#### PETERSBURG.

From Richmond, I went to Petersburg. For ten miles, after leaving Richmond, in the direction of Petersburg,

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\*From Utica to, Buffalo, two hundred and twelve miles. your fare in the stage is four dollars. In Virginia, you pay five dollars for fifty miles!

you pass through a poor, piny country, in a state of nature, with the exception of one or two farms, only. Petersburg lies south from Richmond, about twenty-eight miles. The road running on high ground, we had a fine view of James River, and the appearance of much fertility on its banks; but our road lay through poor land, with here and there a fertile spot, till we arrived at Petersburg, on Appomattox River. Here the land is rich, and the appearance of the country beautiful and flourishing—neat houses, fine farms, and the scenery beautiful and picturesque.

Petersburg lies on the opposite side of the river from Richmond, upon a steep hill, rising abruptly from the river, back; and the view is equally fine from the town, or the opposite shore; and, in both, for richness and variety, is exceeded by none. Those streets running parallel with the river, rising up, one above the other, afford a fine prospect from each—the river, the shipping, the bridge, and the farms on the opposite shore, present a most charming prospect. The houses of Messrs. Spooner and Bowlin, are superb buildings, and the view from them is grand and imposing.

I was prepossessed in favor of Petersburg, from having travelled in company with some gentlemen of that town, whose manners very agreeably confirmed the opinion I had formed of the inhabitants. Petersburg is inhabited by an intelligent and enlightened people, and forms a great contrast to the rabble of Richmond. It is surprising how towns so near as they are, should differ so widely as they do. Petersburg is inhabited, emphatically, by gentlemen—families of old and respectable standing: and Richmond, by the refuse of all the countries on the globe.

One of the great Bolling family, of Virginia, lives in Petersburg. He is about fifty years of age, stout make, and round face, with all the indications of humor and benevolence. His manners are of the first order. But it is needless to attempt to set bounds either to the patriotism, hospitality, or politeness of the citizens of Petersburg; for, excepting one W., a mighty bookseller, before the Lord, in the mission pay, and one Dwight, (a relation of the Hart-

ford Convention) I found none but gentlemen in the place. As for Mr. Dwight, I can say but little of him. I only saw his back, as he ran from me. Understanding that a nephew of my dear friend, Theodore, lived in the town, I hastened to pay him my respects, with all the ardor my respect and esteem for his uncle might be supposed to inspire—when lo! he betook himself to his heels, and ran with the fleetness of a full-blooded race-horse. I am sorry he disgraced his country, as there are few Yankees who would run from a man, much less an *old* woman. But the bookseller—being called in by his clerk to see me, when he found who I was, turned off short, and rebuked the clerk harshly, for his pains. Thus it is with those missionaries; this is their religion. Before he came in, the clerk informed me that much inquiry was made for the book! I found, notwithstanding, a generous patronage in Petersburg; and, amongst the citizens, I was particularly struck with the manly appearance of F. G. Young, J. W. Wilcox, L. E. Stanback, E. Pescud, and John W——, Esqrs.—and, in short, many others. Those gentlemen will excuse me for this very poor tribute to their virtues. The mayor, Mr. Winfrer, to whom I had a letter, unfortunately was absent. I was sorry for this, being told he was a very amiable man. To my infinite pleasure, I met with a friend in Petersburg; an old and much esteemed acquaintance, Thompson Caputon, Esq. But my engagements were such, that I was forced to tear myself away from my old and new friends. Mr. C. is one of the finest looking men in Petersburg—amiable in his disposition, and a gentleman in his manners.

Petersburg is a port of entry, owns considerable shipping, and contains —— inhabitants. This nursery of heroes, has distinguished itself in three wars, viz: the French, the revolutionary, and the last war. I have often heard my husband speak of their gallantry and courage in the battle of Petersburg, fought in the revolution, under Gen. Lafayette, in which he himself was engaged; and every one remembers the *volunteers* of Petersburg, last war, and their gallantry while in the service. I saw them on their way to join the army, and also on their return. They



were the finest company I saw during the war, all gentlemen, then, and so they continue. Their bravery, and devotion to their country's cause, has done them much honor, and will be read with applause by latest posterity. And here, even here, in this garden spot of taste and refinement, the missionaries have crept in! Can no part of our fair country escape the griping fangs of those ferocious marauders? From Maine to Georgia—from the Atlantic to Missouri, they swarm like locusts; and, under the name of *foreign* missions, *home* missions, *Bible* societies, *tract* societies, societies for educating *pious* young men, to spread the gospel, *pincushion* societies, *cent* societies, *mite* societies, *widows'* societies, *children's* societies, *rag-bag* societies, and Sunday school societies, they have laid the whole country under contribution! Figures cannot calculate the amount collected by those public and private robbers: it is more than would liberate every slave in the United States; it would pay the British debt! They say, "We do not force people to give." I see no difference between forcing a man out of his money, at the mouth of a pistol, and forcing it from him by *trick* and cunning; the crime is the same. This is done under the *pretence* of spreading the gospel; but when the first principles of the gospel are violated, to this end, it is no longer the gospel.

The fact is (which I will demonstrate,) that the gospel has nothing to do with it, nor it with the gospel. But this money is not designated to spread the gospel, nor is it appropriated to that end, if indeed the true gospel of Christ could be bought and sold for a price: no it is piled up in banks to buy up the presses, to overturn our liberties, to make slaves of one part of the community, to maintain the other. True a few Missionaries are sent off for a blind to keep up appearances; but the principle part is secreted in Boston, Philadelphia and New York; to buy up and put in operation, presses and bookstores, and to hire men, as unprincipled as themselves, to conduct them. This fact is too obvious to be denied, for there are the presses, and there are the booksellers, both of which have suddenly increased to an alarming number. The plan has been well laid, and pursued by cool and deliberate steps, these

artful impostors well know the importance of presses to effect their purpose, and the necessity of having them under their control; were these palladiums of our liberties left free to combat their black designs, they would be exposed and defeated: with money they get presses, and by presses they get money, and by both they get power.

It is the long-headed Presbyterians who seem to have laid the plan, and though they congregationalists of New England began the business, and aided those others in getting into the saddle, they prize their liberty too high to surrender it to any power on earth; these black coats will find themselves sadly mistaken in their calculations upon the Calvinists of New England; happily for our religious and civil liberty, the people of New England are too enlightened to become slaves to any people; no, no, touch their liberties and you touch that which is dearer than life. True, there are a few (too many) zealous fools, silly woman and unprincipled men in New England, who are void of good sense, honor, or honesty, who would sell their birth right for less than a mess of broth; but these would have no more weight with the majority than a feather before the wind; they are already alarmed and have their centinels out. The late proceedings of those daring invaders to establish a national religion have opened the eyes of all lovers of liberty and religion.\*

I could not forbear smiling at the Hon. Dana, a soldier of the revolution, and formerly a member of Congress from Connecticut, showing him a blasphemous sermon preached in Pittsburg, by one of those canting hypocrites, on the propriety and blessings of a national religion, he rushed into an adjoining room, and running out with a double barrellled rusty pistol in his hand, red with rage, he exclaimed: "By this, madam, I achieved my liberty, and with this I will defend it." I fancy those fellows will meet with too many Danas to put their treacherous designs into effect. Since this, I have been told they have thrown off the mask and are preaching to the people, to elect none but godly men to represent them in the General and State Legislatures; as

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\*See Ely and Black's addresses to the people.

to godly men, I believe they are very scarce, but what they mean by godly people, is people of their own stamp; to bring this about, they are establishing presses over the whole country, and this they are able to do as they have the greatest revenue in the country. Having tasted the sweets of money, which has the same effect on them that drinking has upon a drunkard, the more he drinks the drier he is, so the more they get, the more they want; and taking the advantage of this run-mad delusion of spreading the gospel to obtain it, they think to get these godly men into the General Government; get two-thirds of the states to alter the Constitution; come out with their national religion, and then let the people get their throats ready. May the arm of the first member of Congress, who proposes a national religion, drop powerless from his shoulder; his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth and all the people say amen.

Let no one view this as an idle chimera; look at the vast sums of money they have obtained, let any sober man say why are all those presses and booksellers set up, have these any thing to do with converting the heathen? no, nor is it done with that view, it is done to blind mankind; make him a bigot, to fashion him into a tool; and thus, by slow but sure means, effect their purposes. See what they have done in a few years,\* they have contaminated the whole country, their name is legion; see the skill, the industry and the energy displayed by those band of pirates, to amass money, their God is mammon, and they worship no other. One of two things seems inevitable, either the country must put down these men, or they will put down the country; on this point there can be but one opinion, they are determined and will not stop short of despotism.

In all countries, and in all ages, from the Druids down to brother Beecher, priests have aimed at universal power; this may be accounted for thus: all men wish others to think as they do on all subjects, but more particularly on religion; this is natural, and such is the nature of man, that he devises means to compel others to think as he does; but no means are so effectual as power, and no means are more

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\*The foreign mission board was instituted in 1810.

successful in acquiring power than money—*money*, for which the Saviour of the world was sold—*money*, which “makes black white, foul fair, wrong right, base noble, old young, cowards valiant, buys religion, places thieves with senators on the bench, and old foolish widows wed again.” Thus these priests have always aimed at unconditional obedience; this point being gained, the rest is easy. Some difficulty arises out of this view of the case; how is universal opinion to be reconciled to those who have surrendered theirs to the priests? It cannot, they are passive tools, which the priest uses at his pleasure.

But let us inquire who these men are, that have turned the world upside down, and dare lift their hands against our sacred constitution? Are they gentlemen? No! Or the sons of gentlemen? No! Is it our enlightened Senators, Judges, or Statesmen—are they men of respectable descent? No! I ask who are these men, that dare aim such a deadly blow at our liberties? The refuse, the rabble, the sweepings of our towns, the scum of the earth, picked up in our streets, picked up every where, people of no property, bound by no law, held by no tie to society; these are called pious young men, not educated, though that is the pretence, but fed and clothed upon false charity, upon the money squeezed from the poor widow, the orphan, little children, and industrious mechanics; great strapping fellows, instead of maintaining the aged, the poor, and disabled, those have to maintain them.

These fellows are thrown into one of their Theological schools, and after a few lessons, in which they are taught to look upon all other sects as heretics, model their countenance into that of demons, (to frighten Bellzebub,) throw every spark of nature out of their composition, make a long face, and a long prayer, and (more to the point) a long *purse*, and digest sundry ways and means to fill it. Those young vipers are turned loose upon the world; (many a good plowman they have spoiled,) they are then formed into three grand divisions, each of which is subdivided into regiments, companies, and platoons, with (as all armies have) a goodly number of women (*Godly* ones) attached to each corps. All these are under able and experienced



commanders, who see that they are properly drilled and disciplined before they take the field; one party is then sent off to convert the heathen for the sake of appearances; a second party is sent off to scour the country, and a third mounts the pulpit, and the remainder are set up as printers and booksellers, and thus like a pestilence cover the land; not to scatter blessings amongst the distressed, root out ignorance, (as somebody wisely said of them,) or diffuse the lights of knowledge, to enoble the age, or amend mankind; not to break the chains of slavery, or teach man his religious or political duties, or cultivate the arts and sciences, no; quite the reverse. Their object and their interest is to plunge mankind into ignorance, to make him a bigot, a fanatic, a hypocrite, a heathen, to hate every sect but his own, (the orthodox,) to shut his eyes against the truth, harden his heart against the distress of his fellow man, and purchase heaven by money. This is the business of those *pious* young men; and to this end (as I shall soon make it appear) are those millions of dollars appropriated, which is wrung from ignorance and poverty. Is there no help? High heavens! Shades of our fathers; must his fair land, purchased with your blood, be wrested from us by a low ignorant rabble! Why talk of the delusions of blue laws, Hartford conventions, and witchcraft? This is the worst of all crafts. From Col. Stone and Dwight down to this ruffian book-seller, I have had my eye on these people, and know more of them than they are aware; they began with me, let them (as the King of France said to one of King John's friends, when Richard I. broke from his confinement) take care of themselves.

But let us look after these *pious* young men. I said they were divided into brigades, battalions, regiments, companies, and platoons—these platoons are so many foraging parties, scouring the country, entering cities, towns, and villages—they range regularly through every street, enter every house, beg of every individual in it, from the master to the scullion, the smallest child does not escape them; they go into oyster cellars, barber shops, shoe blacks, and sailors do not miss them; they creep into widows hovels, and the orphans, shed, like the frogs of Egypt; they stop

the traveller on his journey, and beg of the way-faring man, they sneak in at kitchen doors, lost to all sense of shame, and cajole ignorant cooks, chambermaids, and scullion boys.\* They preach up Juggernaut, (the true Juggernauts are amongst ourselves,) and draw such pictures of heathens going to Hell by thousands, that they frighten ignorant women and children into compliance. They will take no denial, "you will go to Hell if you do not give money to spread the gospel;" some will take out their watch and give the people so many minutes to consider upon the matter, and in case of refusal, everlasting torments in Hell is denounced against them. "Oh, sir, I have but one dollar to buy me clothes, indeed sir I cannot spare it." Oh give it, to send the gospel to the heathen, and trust to the Lord." Why don't they trust to the Lord? No! They trust to the cash; thus they wring the last cent from poor silly girls, who in many instances are sent to the grave by wearing a thin dress in winter; duped of their hard earnings (which would have clothed them comfortably,) by those *pious* young men. "Give as you would wish you had when you come to die, don't you read that Christ says go into all nations and preach the gospel? (Christ said take ye neither

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\*A gentleman of Boston coming home to dine, not long since, was surprised to find no dinner prepared, and hearing a man's voice in earnest conversation with his cook, he stepped down into the cellar (the kitchen) to see what was going on, and to his surprise, found the Rev. Dr. B—— engaged in soliciting his cook to give money to spread the gospel. The gentleman asked him "what door he came in at?" "The kitchen door" said Dr. B——! "Then walk out at the same door, and never let me catch you here again. By this way the Rev. Dr. has collected a vast Church of cooks, chamber-maids, and ignorant females in Boston, (as no genteel person will go to hear him,) and draws a vast revenue from those deluded creatures. Out of their hard earnings he has lately built a Church at Brighton, and says the orthodox Churches will, and shall out-number those of other sects. Softly brother B——, remember the tea. This same Dr B—— came to New-York a few days since, and such is the ignorance and bigotry of the people, that Dr. B—— with the assistance of other D. Dr. raised \$101,000; and such was the effect of their pleadings on spreading the gospel, and such was the mania of the people, that they pledged themselves to the society to pay \$100,000 a year for five years, making \$601,000 at one meeting. Let any one after this judge of the intelligence of the City of New-York. It was but last summer, that twenty-seven souls was taken out of a cellar in James street, in a state of starvation.

scrip nor purse.) When we go to the heathen, the heathen say, "Why did you not come to us sooner? Thousands of us have died and gone to Hell for want of the gospel."\* This is downright blasphemy against God, as if he could be thwarted in his providence for want of money; if he has the power to save souls, and will not do it without robbing the poor—in other words, without being paid for it, he is worse than Juggernaut; any one who can swallow such an absurdity as this, we pronounce him more ignorant than the heathen. Praying souls out of purgatory for money, is nothing to this. If money can keep souls out of Hell, why not bring them out when there. If the people of the United States can shut their eyes on such abominable swindling, no matter how soon they are made slaves—but to go on. In order to make sure work, and that no part of the United States may escape taxation, the whole is as regularly laid off into collecting districts as though it belonged to them. The citizens in each district are formed into societies of both sexes; every society has a President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and from four to twelve collectors. These are well disciplined in the first place by experienced officers, and have their cue by heart, under the name of "hints to collectors."† No friend of the human race can read those hints without shuddering. I have not room for the whole, but furnish a few extracts at the service of the public. "It is recommended just before commencing solicitations you meet together, read these hints, concert plans for simultaneous operation," feel interested in your object;" (precisely the language used by the leaders of highway robbers,) "millions are perishing for lack of the gospel;" "*preachers, bibles, tracts*, are sent to bring the heathen into the way of salvation." These are only hints of what they must say; also, printing presses are established, schools instituted, colleges founded, and secular labors undertaken by the missionaries." If common sense were not banish-

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\* New-York Observer.

† See missionary paper, No. 2. fifth edition of 3,000 printed in Boston, by Croaker and Brewster, (I am ashamed of Boston to countenance such high handed knavery,) 1827: to which they have had the impudence to affix a recommendation of President Day, designed for another purpose.

ed out of the country, it would be seen at a glance, that instead of employing this money to convert the heathen, they are building churches and fine palaces to live in, schools and colleges to educate *pious* young men; and as to the presses which require vast sums, I will show before I am done what they are intended for. But let us hear more hints—"understand what you are to do;" "obtain for the missionary cause as much as you can," (that is without regard to means or measures,) "be able to answer objections, be familiar with the strongest motives for contributing to the support of the heathen." Here follow a string of motives, (falsehoods,\* I mean) which would paralyze my pen. "Give to every one an opportunity to contribute, deprive no one of the privilege—it is to the poor no less a privilege than the rich, to contribute to the spread of the gospel, give them the opportunity." If the people were not missionary mad, these hints would have opened their eyes; farther, "if you are unfaithful the association must decline, funds are much needed now, and they will be more and more needed from year to year; present stations cannot be enlarged, and new ones cannot be formed without an augmentation of funds." Thus their capacious maws are never to be satisfied. If this can be exceeded by any Popish country, then I am no judge of history; this is making clean work, from year to year—they look a long way before them—can these be christians? Our Saviour says "take no thought for to-morrow what ye shall eat or what ye shall wear, &c. &c." Now see how well these hypocrites follow the bible, and they are sending the gospel to the heathen.

These collectors take all the money they can get down to one cent; when the last cent is extorted from man, woman, and child, they then demand goods of any sort, made or unmade, old clothes, even down to old rags for making paper. But they do not stop here—cellars, pantry's, and smoke-houses, are put in requisition, nothing comes amiss to those beggars of beggars; when all fails, work is demanded, and silly women cheated out of their senses, are clapt to work, so fond are they of those priests, they make up clothes, fancy goods, and every thing that needle and thread can accomplish; children are not exempt, I have seen them plaiting little matts out of common straw, to set tea cups on, peicing up

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\*See page 4, missionary paper No. 2, 1827.



old callico into bed-quilts. Thus no scheme is untried, every means is resorted to, however vile and unprincipled; we have laws to punish land and sea robbers, and have we no redress for this sweeping calamity? Common sense and reason ought to supply the place of laws, and every man ought to be master in his own house, and kick these robbers out of doors. It is the popularity of those priests with our women, that has ruined the country; our females will go all lengths to oblige them; they stint themselves, starve their children and servants, live on half allowance, work day and night, lay all schemes, and even steal from their husbands to give to these priests; the duties of a christian, the duties of a mother, the duties of wife, friend, and neighbor, are all sacrificed to those money-gluttled monsters; through storms of rain, hail, and snow, they follow them.—I blush for my sex. “Oh! I love my minister.” No doubt of it? It would become you better to love your husband, your brother, your children—it would become you better, to relieve your naked hungry sex and their little ones, who cannot work, the aged and infirm, and instead of forming societies to encompass land and sea—to take a penny a week from poor aged women, and poor orphan boys, and charity school children, and the bread out of the mouth of the destitute widow, to form societies for their relief—this would be acting the christian. Take the amiable Mrs. Van Ness\* for a pattern, who like a ministering angel, devotes her time and her income, in acts of charity to the friendless orphan, and the aged widow. It is much to be lamented, that we have not a few more Mrs. V. N’s.

If those millions squandered on designing missionaries had been deposited in funds for the support of yourselves, when old age, misfortune, or sickness (from which none are exempt,) overtakes you, or for the distressed of your race, what a heaven of happiness you would have created on earth: ye would now be an ornament to your sex, and ages to come would call you blessed. But it is in vain to try—a priest-ridden female is lost to reason. Why? because she has surrendered her reason to the priests—missionaries I mean—the orthodox; they are the grand deceivers.

But let us hear more of those priest-loving women, “to improve the manners and amend the age!” I am sorry to expose my sex, but the evil cannot be rooted out without

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\*The consort of Gen. Van Ness of Washington City.

exposing it. These cunning men well know, that if they gain the women the men will come over of course. But it would seem our men have turned women, and women have turned men, as all those priest-going women rule their husbands.\* "Oh, now an't he a dear man!"—"oh, now an't he?" another will say—a third, "yes, indeed, he is a precious, precious man." One would think there were no husbands, fathers, or brothers in the land, or none worthy those tender names. If my sex had no more prudence, they might have more taste, as those expressions (which I heard myself,) were lavished on one of the ugliest blubber-mouthed missionaries in the world. Shame on my sex: lost to all sense of propriety: what will the next age produce! Leaving those she-robbers to pursue their dirty work. Let us look after those pious young men with whom we sat out; and another description of pious young women of course.

These pious young men, as I have remarked, are divided into three grand divisions; one of which is divided into travelling committees, and, as I observed before, (which they will not dispense with,) a troop of women. These parties constitute their flying artillery, and have a higher trust than the local societies; a principal part of their business being to see that they do their duty—cast an eye to the treasury—now and then establish Sunday School Societies, Education Societies, Tract Societies, Bible Societies, Cent Societies, Mite Societies, Weekly Cent Societies, Widow's Societies, Rag-bag Societies, and make extra collections, pick up pious youths, and do other pious things, particularly glean after the regular collectors. The women, like the men, are regularly drilled and disciplined for the missionary campaign, and no disciplined army understands the right about, rear-front march, better; and, after the pious young men supply themselves with a long, pious purse, and the pious young women (you never catch an old woman with a missionary,) supply themselves with plenty of tracts, these male and female brigades take up the line of march over the country, from house to house, from street to street, from village to village, from town to town, from city to city, from county to county, from state to state, the highways, steam-boats, stages.

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\* Of all the acts of this religious farce, none surprised me more than seeing a respectable man—one of the first lawyers in New York, stalk into the parlor one day with a handkerchief full of tracts to his wife, she being a member of the tract society.

chaises, dearborns, all are put in requisition to convey this troop of marauders. No matter which way you turn, these pirates, like the plagues of Egypt, cross your path. Generally, you find six pious young women with one pious young man. Oh! the black coats, they are extravagant!

One would think this host of gospel-spreaders, those pious, godly men and women, were going forth to redress wrongs, visit the disconsolate prisoner, console the afflicted, feed the hungry, clothe the naked; not so, you never see them enter the house of the mourner, the orphan's woes, and the bursting tear of the widow, are totally unheeded by them; you never catch them at the side of a sick bed, unless some rich man, from whom they expect to extort a legacy.

They do enter widow's houses, it is true, but it is to rob, not comfort them. Not long since, a poor woman who had just finished a piece of cloth to clothe her children, received a call from one of those pious young men; he asked her for money—she had none, and casting his eyes round the house to see if it contained any thing he could spread the gospel with, he espied the roll of cloth, and shouldering the same, walked off with it, telling the woman that the Lord had need of it. If the Lord needs cloth, better go to Waltham, Dover or Chelmsford, and not strip a poor woman and children! Another (the same for ought I know,) called on a very old woman, and collecting for the education Society, and told her a long story about the want of ministers to spread the gospel, and thousands going to h—l for lack of knowledge. She pled extreme poverty, but she pled to a wolf—he was not to be put off, he pressed his claims for something: he must have it for the Lord. She told him she had nothing in the world but a bed-tick, which she had spun herself with her poor old hands, and had hoped to fill it, but her daughter had lately lost her husband, and was, herself, at the point of death, and she was compelled to sell the tick to procure relief for her. Had this ruffian had as much humanity or bowels of compassion, as the savage whom those miscreants pretend to gospelize—had he been any thing but a monster, he would have pulled out a dollar and given it to her; instead of this, the moment he heard of the bed-tick it fired his avarice, and have it he would, and have it he did, telling her the Lord would reward her four-fold. This is what the heads of these robbers call zeal in God's cause, and twenty per cent. which these pirates receive on their plunder,

sharpens this zeal wonderfully. People in Europe pay the tenth of what they make to the priests, our priests take the whole, this they say is for God and his cause; nothing can exceed the wickedness of such assertions; God does not require people to lie and rob for him—and as for a good cause it will support itself.

Whilst these *pious* young men are engaged in these praiseworthy actions, these *pious* young women are not idle; they are likewise engaged in God's cause, begging money for tracts, and to educate *pious* young men, and scattering tracts along the road; they throw them out of the coach windows, strew them over the decks of steamboats, scatter them through the bed chambers of taverns, slip them into the pews of churches, and who reads the trash? No one! This they do by stealth, no one can detect them, though I often travel with these she monsters, I never could detect them; I asked one of them one day ironically for tracts, she told me she would give me some when she stopt, that she had none out of her trunk, she had emptied one trunk she said, and had another ready to broach. When I wished to ascertain to a certainty the identity of those she tygers, I always ask for tracts, though I never read one in my life; may heaven protect us

“From trusting to hypocrites, wretches who trifle  
With Heaven, that on earth more secure they may rifle,  
Who conscience, and honor, and honesty stifle.”

Besides scattering this trash, robbing the poor, and fixing boxes\* in taverns and steamboats, for *pious* people to drop *pious* money in, establishing societies, &c.; these *pious* ones are getting subscriptions for *pious* papers and other *pious* things. But the tracts—when these she renegades have emptied their boxes, baskets, and trunks, they return to the board, and report they have distributed so many thousand tracts. (The last report was 3,000,000 of this and similar trash, New-York Observer, June 2d, 1827.) There, ye deluded people, goes the fruits of your industry; scattered to the winds, weighed in the scales, and sold by the pound for wrapping paper; to this and worse ends (as I shall show) silly women stint themselves, and live on half allowance!

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\*These boxes are placed on mantlepieces in *pious* boarding houses, and every boarder who may be guilty of any little oversight, such as being late at breakfast, must pay a cent, &c. &c. for the spread of the gospel.



Their distributions are immediately published in the papers, with a long story of the Lord's doings, sham revivals, and a call from Zion for more money—"or the work of the Lord must languish and die." I have now before me the New York Observer, that sink of iniquity and pollution: hear him—"Give us more money, *or our Bible societies, and Missionary, Education, and Tract societies, must soon be abandoned, and die.* (It cannot be the gospel, as that can never die for want of money, which is filthy lucre, and the root of all evil.) "What must be done?" (Sell the old woman's bed-tick.) "The United Foreign Missionary Society, the Domestic Missionary Society, and the American Tract Society, at *this* moment want ten thousand dollars, each." There is \$30,000 that must be raised, directly, and was raised in New York—what enlightened people! The same paper goes on to show what other enlightened people did, and what the Lord did. "The Lord has put this money into the hands of his people; and, were they disposed, it might all be raised in a single day." If it be in the hands of God's people, why take it out? They know best how to use it. Again—same article: "When a certain man heard the call of his Saviour, [for money? Oh, what a Saviour he must be!] he did not wait to hear it repeated by man; but, knowing his master's will, [his master must be Satan, as we hear of no one buying the gospel, but Simon Magus,] he mounted his horse, and rode more than forty miles to perform it—he paid \$450, and bound himself to pay \$1000, besides." There were not two fools, but a fool and a knave met. Who ever heard of such blasphemy—such high-handed villainy?

Can any sober man, (I say nothing of women, as the missionaries have them beyond redemption) can any man of common sense, be gulled by such stuff? Peter Pence, of the Pope, the tea tax, and paper tax, were nothing to this. Even Mahomet says, "Oppress not the orphan, neither repulse the beggar." Yet these soul-saving hypocrites rob both.

"If this be false, thy creed I'll hold,  
And bow before thy god of gold."

It is a great pity the state prisons have been cheated out of those *pious* young men, and (as they cannot live without) women too.\*

Let us see what the second grand division is about—I mean those pious young men who mount the pulpit. They certainly enjoin *all* God's commandments—exhort to humility, charity to the poor, obedience to parents, forgiveness to enemies, love to God and man, and to do to all others as they would be done by—they surely warn their flocks to reverence the higher powers, and pay honor to whom honor is due—of course they exhort women to stay at home, and not be “gadders abroad,” obedience to husbands, and self-denial to all. No such thing. You never hear one of the commandments mentioned, except one, and that is adapted to their scheme—it is the fourth. But you never hear them say, “thou shalt have no other gods before me.” That would open the eyes of the people (which is hard to do) to *their* god, mammon,—the only god they worship. You never hear them say a word about the second commandment, for the same reason—this would be evidence, “strong as holy writ,” against themselves. You never hear them mention a word of the tenth—“Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, his wife, servant, ox, or *any* thing that is thy neighbor's.” These cunning rogues avoid the tenth commandment as studiously as they would a dose of rat's bane—it would break them up at once—no *tenth* commandment for them, because they covet every thing belonging to their neighbor: house, lands, wife, daughters, sons, and servants, to the last cent. But the **FOURTH** commandment—aye, that is their weapon—this they wield with all their skill; and, of course, you hear nothing on that head, but “the holy Sabbath, the Lord's day, the blessed Sabbath.” The knaves—is one day more blessed than another? Are not all days the Lord's? The holy Sabbath—none of them keep the holy Sabbath, for that is Saturday. But this is not to my point. I believe that it makes no difference with the Deity which day of

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\*A state prison is under much better regulations—the men and women are kept apart—but keep missionaries and women apart if you can.

the seven we keep, provided we keep one. But let me ask these soul-saving priests, those orthodox, why they slip over all the commandments but one? They are the only sect that do it. All the other sects, Roman Catholics and all, I find, read the whole of the commandments to the audience, every time they preach. Now why one commandment should require obedience to God, more than another, I should like to know. Were they not all enjoined by God? Were they not all written by his finger? What part of the Bible absolves us from one, more than another? But this one, alone, suits their views. They make it the touch-stone of their power—they make it a stepping stone to press forward—it is the test of their strength—it is used as a muster-roll by which they draw out their forces. Of course we hear of nothing but the Sabbath, and giving money to spread the gospel. Letting go all the rest, they hang to these two. "What need is there for violating the Sabbath, by driving wagons and stages, the running of canal-boats and steam boats? What need is there for violating the Sabbath by law, by authorizing the mail to be carried on the Sabbath day, in time of peace?" This is a bold move toward stretching their power. Now it is not that they care any more for the Sabbath than Beelzebub—but because they are thieves, and have the bag. Who does it hurt, for a steam-boat or stage to run on Sunday, more than any other day? It cannot hurt God, any more than if they stood still. Who does it hurt? It does not defraud the unwary of his money—it does not rob the poor and industrious of their hard earnings. These captains of steam-boats, and drivers of stages, are pursuing an honest calling, by which they earn their bread. These men live on their own labor—they do not live by swindling the public—they do not rob the poor, aged widow, or the friendless orphan—they do not steal in at back doors, and kitchens, and rifle silly cooks and chamber-maids of their five shillings per week—they do not live in idleness, and keep women and children at work to maintain them—they do not, they dare not enter gentlemen's houses, and contaminate their wives and daughters, as these impudent priests do. They have not turned

the Christian religion into ridicule, trampled upon every law, human and divine, and made the Bible a farce and a by-word, by violating the whole of it under the pretence of teaching it to the heathen, and ten thousand other crimes. Not that I am opposed to keeping Sunday, but that I am opposed to vile hypocrisy and swindling. Crime is estimated in proportion to its injury. Who has done the most injury to mankind, these priests, or these mail-carriers? They wish to get a hand in the government; they want to get their fingers into the treasury; the money does not come fast enough; they want to set down at the fountain head, to which they are making long strides; they wish to stop the mail; this is only to feel the pulse of the nation, and ascertain their strength—when they would have gained one point, they would aim at another. They have gained a great many points, even since I have been writing. Now what business is it to these people what others do? They have liberty to worship God as they please. Can they not let others do the same?

The next is the money part—yes, money is the moving spring—money, money, money—all their plans tend to fill their treasury. The heathen are to be converted—this cannot be done without *pious* young men. These pious young men are to be clothed and educated—this cannot be done without teachers and money—these teachers must be fed and clothed, too, and must have large, fine houses to live in, and large buildings to teach in. Then there are all their foreign and home missions—their Bible, tract, and other societies—all require money; and the priest is not backward in telling them. In the forenoon it is money, in the afternoon it is money, and in the evening it is money—all for God. Why their God must be a very Dagon, without bottom or shore. Now this is at open war with common sense. But let us go on. “Thousands of heathen are now perishing for want of the gospel; our own country is in want of Christian ministers—[none are Christians but the orthodox, or Presbyterians, rather]—we want 700,000 ministers, and 25,000,000 competent, religious teachers.” There is an army for you. They must have a mis-



sionary revenue of \$748,323,000,\* and there is enough to pay it. These *pious* young men would leave St. Paul, if he were now on earth, in the back ground; they would not be caught in his company—St. Paul coveted no man's silver nor gold; he labored with his own hands. Which of our priests was ever seen at work? Which of them can say he never coveted any man's silver or gold? Which of them can say he does not receive it? Is it St. Ely, of Philadelphia, St. Beecher, of Boston, or St. Spring, of New York? Let these reverend saints answer the question. These three or four thousand dollar saints would not invite St. Paul into their houses. Now these are Bible men, missionary men—do they ever read the Bible? If they do, what do they think of this part of it? If the Bible has such an effect on them, as to make them notorious robbers and swindlers—a disgrace, not only to the Christian name, but to human nature, for God's sake keep it from the heathen. But let us hear more preaching—one Rev. Mr. L., in one of our towns, after saying every thing that the ingenuity of the most consummate villain could say, to get money, concludes thus—“And, my friends, if you leave this house without contributing your mite, you need not think of saving your money thereby; for the *Lord* will have it, some way or another. If you do not give it voluntarily, he will ~~burn~~ *burn your houses*, ~~destroy~~ *destroy your shipping and merchandise*, and blast your hopes forever.”† My opinion is, that in a century from this, there will not be a priest, parson, clergyman, or whatever you please to call them, in the United States. These scandalous proceedings will rouse the indignation of the country, and those pirates will be sacrificed to the vengeance of an insulted people. All the people are not fools. *Their Lord* must be the d——l, beyond all doubt. But let us hear more—I have hardly patience enough to copy such blasyhemy against common sense. Listen to what they put into our Saviour's mouth: “Imagine yourself at the bar of God, and listen to what

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\* Zion's call must be the d——l's call.

† The name of the priest is at the service of any one who may wish to know it.

Christ may be supposed to say to the man who withholds God's property- (money)--“ Could you not have parted with a portion of your property, to procure *that* for which I laid down my life? Was your property more precious than my blood, that you could not part with a portion to save immortal souls?” Now see the logic by which the ignorant are gulled. In the first place, if Christ has laid down his life to save immortal souls, the thing is done already, without money; and the plain fact is as clear as day light, that money cannot save immortal souls—if it could, there would have been no need of Christ's death; for I dare say, by raking and scraping heaven and earth, if money could have redeemed mankind, (as we had no missionaries then) enough might have been raised for the purpose.

Such abominable language from people calling themselves christians, would disgrace a Turk; and I should think, ought to rouse even our women; but there's the rub, while they have the women, it is easy to gull the men. I would ask my sex, if they can be so blind to those wicked priests? it is impossible they can; but I have no hopes of reclaiming my sex, after what I have seen and heard myself; “an't he a dear man,” and “Oh! I love my minister.” But I may be the means of keeping others out of their fangs. I must say, that no *lady*, who regards her reputation, would run after these blackcoats. It is bad enough to be run after, by them; and if ye *must* give money (I would stop working for them, for shame sake, and give your old rags and clothes to the aged poor and orphan children) give it for some wise national purpose; give it to construct roads and canals; give it to some generous sect, to found schools and colleges; employ it in adorning the minds of your children; found poor-houses, and asylums for orphans; your bounty would then be a common benefit, it would enrich the country, and perpetuate your names to latest posterity; and not give it to a thankless rabble, an army of pirates, who are by this very money, wielding fetters to bind you, overturn your liberties and enslave your offspring, as I shall show presently. What good has been done by all they have received; those vast sums are

lost to mankind? these Dondismals never gave a piece of bread to the beggar in their lives; you might as well expect to "see a soul come out of Pandemonium," as a dollar from the bottomless pocket of a missionary.

But let us return to the pulpit division. You never hear them utter a word on morality, charity to the poor, or the duties of man to man, and still less, their God. Charity, they say, consists in saving souls, and souls cannot be saved without money; this is an absurdity too gross for the most ignorant shoe-black. After this, need any one wonder at the dominion of the Pope, before the reformation. Therefore, you hear nothing but money, money, money—it is eternally, give, give, like the daughters of the Horse Leach. At intervals you hear a word of christian love bestowed on their neighbors; other sects, who may happen to differ with them, in the meaning of the gospel, such epithets as "infidel," "heretic," "imps of hell," "damnable tenets;" this is levelled at every sect that oppose their robbery. "The industry and efforts of certain heretical teachers to propagate their pernicious tenets." "The progress of *evangelical truth*," (meaning the robberies and the whole missionary scheme, which has gone before and what is to come; I have hardly begun with them yet, since they have provoked my pen, I shall expose the whole of their doings;) "is awakening the enmity and putting in array the forces of the prince of darkness." Are men who use such language as this, to be misunderstood; can these men, who reprobate, in such unqualified terms, respectable denominations—citizens of their own country—possessing the same right to their opinion, which these black-coats possess—respectable members of society, who live upon their own means? I ask, can they be credited in their gospel spreading scheme? If they vent such bitterness, railing and lies against their neighbor, whom Christ says, "they must love as themselves," are their professions to be believed? If they hate their neighbor, can they love the heathen? But what does this prove? Why, it proves plainly, if they have infidels and heretics at home, their next door neighbor, that they are abominable imposters, if we had no other evidence, (out of their own

mouths we condemn them.) But if they have heretics and unbelievers at home, why go abroad, which costs so much money; one soul must be as precious as another in the eyes of God, and while they are going the rounds, and planning so many round about ways to get money, & travelling thousands of miles to get to the heathen, to convert them, they might convert a thousand souls, without any trouble, & what saving of money. I am now in close quarters with them. If they have not been able to convert their neighbor, who has always lived under their nose, and may be said to be civilized, at least, how are they to civilize and convert the heathen? Now it is a wonder there should be heretics and infidels in a country like this, having the example and precepts of such a number of *pious*, godly men, daily before their eyes. But more of the pulpit.—“It is a very thin house to day. Why don’t the people come out to hear the word? I want to see more zeal, (more money.) It will never do. I expect to see a fuller house this evening. There is a collection to be taken up.” Meantime, it is amusing to see how carefully they avoid all those texts, which would expose them, their favorite text is, “be not weary in well doing,” which is giving money. I heard one of them take this text, and he concluded with the word *give!* which he repeated till he foamed at the mouth.

They preach down theatres. Why? Because they want the money. They preach down lottery offices—they want the money. They preach down balls—they want the money. All their preaching is one sing-song tune—money.

While the preacher is running on about money, the old people go to sleep, and the young ones ogle each other. I counted eleven asleep at one time—snoring aloud. It is laughable (for any one who could laugh at such abominable impiety) to see these men and women, studiously place themselves in the most convenient attitude, for a good nap, when they enter the pew. Which is the greater sin, to stay at home and sleep, or sleep at church? The *pious* preacher sees this—he cannot help seeing and hearing them too. But the sly hypocrite, if he can only draw the people inside the church, he cares not whether they sleep or not. I have often wondered, that the earth does not open and swallow those false pretenders to religion, up



All this drawing out their forces on Sunday, their Sunday schools, and the whole of their scheme, is to extend their power. "I considered," says the wise man, "all the oppressions that are under the sun; and on the side of the oppressor there was power." They shall have their fill of the Bible.

But let us see what effect all this pious preaching, and this ribaldry, of societies, and tracts, and Bibles, and Sunday schools, &c. has had on people in our own country. If they cannot reform themselves, how can they convert the heathen? How many have they converted? They have converted a great many into detestable hypocrites, but how many to Christianity? Look at the state of society in our towns—in every street. Old age is insulted, the poor are neglected, drunkenness, thefts, robberies, murders, debaucheries, divisions, broils, and strife abound. Let your state-prisons and workhouses speak—let the rabble in your streets testify against you. How can ye say to the heathen, "Let me pull the mote out of thine eye, and behold a beam is in thine own eye?" Well may the heathen say, "Physician, heal thyself." If the heathen were to come this way, they would catch the gospel spreaders at dirty work. They would detect them in acts of which no savage was ever guilty. When these vile hypocrites equal the heathen in virtue and hospitality, it will be time enough to preach the gospel to them. It is mockery, and the height of impudence, to talk of civilizing the heathen, when you have not been able to civilize yourselves.

We will now see what the third division of *pious* young men are about, viz. those who are sent off for a sham. It appears they amount to forty-two in number—now the deception appears! the mask drops—forty-two—and is it to support these forty-two missionaries, that the country is pillaged? the labor of the honest poor swallowed up; silly women held in bondage; the widow and orphan stripped; private calamity; individuals and whole families reduced to want and beggary? Hence crime, and "all the ills that flesh is heir to;" and the poorhouse, the workhouse, and the jail, become their final resort. Contented with the fleece, these swindlers care not for the flock.

But let us examine the vast revenue *pretended* to be raised to send the gospel to the heathen by these forty-two missionaries; as the whole of their societies were at first got up under this pretence. The American Board of Foreign Missions, has 1317 associations belonging to it; how many individuals belong to each of these, I know not; but the Board received from them, last year, (1827) \$44,000—from additional agents and auxiliaries, \$38,000—from fifteen (only) benevolent societies, \$356,163! A pretty good outfit for forty-two missionaries. We might add the \$101,000, raised in one evening's time, only, by St. Lyman, a few nights ago, in New York; and a great deal that is *hid* from profane eyes. We do not include any part of the other *pious* revenue; this is for the foreign missions, and little doubt but it is double, as the Board expended \$104,430, last year, (1827.) How this was spent, is a secret which may come to light, ere long.

Let any man look at the thing. As well might land and sea pirates set up claims to spreading the gospel. The sale of indulgences by Leo X. was not so absurd; none were forced to buy; but money, and money's worth, is forced from our poor, by those iron-handed priests.

But what I meant to show, was, that the face of the thing proves that those vast sums are not sent out of the country. They would as soon part with their hearts' blood.

As for those John and Jenny Dismals, (for they must have a seraglio of women after them) who go off to the islands, and where not, to convert the heathen, their very countenances would put a regiment of wolves to flight. It is murder to send these gloomy inquisitors amongst those islanders. Like flocks of sheep, as harmless and as innocent, they are perfectly happy, until these ruthless invaders of their peace, spread terror and distress through their ranks. Instead of preaching the mild religion of peace, they frighten them with hell-fire, and brimstone, and make them miserable by telling them how many of them have gone to hell. God, who made them, and placed them on these peaceful islands, certainly knows best how to dispose of them.

What these missionaries have done in foreign parts, I am not able to say; but I know well what they do amongst the Indians. These foes to mankind, are about as fit to spread the mild religion of our Saviour, as the Goths and Vandals; and, when they get a Presbyterian religion established, to which they are making long strides, we will soon see a Brennis at their head. I hold with preaching the gospel—still more with the practice; but these missionaries have no gospel to spread. But let facts speak—every one knows, or ought to know, how the Choctaw mission spread the gospel, by getting hold of their cash.

Our national government, in order to secure the Indians against the cunning and fraud of *civilized* men, passed a law, that no individual should be allowed to purchase their lands, reserving the right to the government; and, though the land was safe from the grasp of the missionaries, the annuities paid by government were left at the disposal of the Indians, and have been seized by those monsters of wickedness. By a treaty with the Choctaw Indians, our government bound itself to pay \$6,000 a year, for 16 years; and \$5,000 for an additional year. The missionaries at Elliot, persuaded the Chiefs to make over the whole of the annuity to them, amounting to \$101,000. The tribe disapproved of the transfer; but it was in vain! Let a missionary get hold of money, whether by robbing or stealing, (any one that would do as they did, would steal, rob, or murder,) get it from him if you can. But, to come to the point, the discontent of the tribe became so alarming, that Congress had to interfere, and paid the money over again, as those gospel-spreaders refused to relinquish the cash. Well may these daring robbers conspire against our liberties, when the government itself succumbs to them. Had Congress possessed one spark of that manly and becoming independence which ought ever to distinguish the representatives of a free people, instead of being frightened by a few Choctaws, to refund the money, they would have caused a suit to have been entered against Kingsbury, and his band, (who fingered the money) and have set aside the fraudulent outrage, in a court of justice. Thus Congress violated the high trust reposed in them, by squandering \$101,000 of the people's money, at one dash; and what was the consequence? Emboldened by their success, they were about to (and, for ought I know, did) petition Congress for more money. It is mockery for us to boast of our excellent constitution, our courts of justice, and religious toleration when we peaceably and openly submit to the violation of the whole of those sacred rights.

This atrocious act, which exceeds any thing upon record, ought to have alarmed the whole country, instead of that, perhaps there is not one in a million of our citizens knows a word of the matter, and why? Because by this very money the people are kept in ignorance. This money is employed in setting up presses over the country, and issuing papers and tracts, full of trash, to blind the people, and keep them from reading intelligent papers, which would expose the actions of those pirates. Had this money, and all the money given to those religious swindlers, been employed in founding schools, (not missionary schools,) and colleges, to improve the people, instead of blinding them, these priests would not, (as they now are,) be in possession of so great a revenue; for as I have often said, it is impossible to respect rights, which we do not understand.

But to go on; those robbers were not satisfied with this vast revenue, (no if the ocean were gold it would not satisfy their ravenous maws,) they soon possessed themselves of the Indians' cattle, kept them at work, and treated the children with so much cruelty, that many of them ran away. If the Choctaws had not been a people of considerable wealth, you would never have caught one of these orthodox missionaries amongst them.\*

Why do they not go amongst the Osages, the Snake, and other nations of Indians over the Mississippi? no, there is no cash there. The Choctaws and southern Indians are much better civilized than any missionary I have ever seen. It is a fact well known that there were not a more upright, noble or virtuous people on the globe, or possessed of a higher sense of honor, than the aborigines of America, until they were contaminated by these missionaries. Where was ever found a more noble character than Logan? But I must go on.

How did the missionaries behave amongst the Seneca Indians? does that base wretch, Harris, think there is a

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\*I do not wish to be understood to mean all missionaries; the Moravians do much good wherever they go, but they are Christians.

God? he cannot; none of them believes in a God, they cannot. Now these are the men who tell silly women, and sillier men, long stories about the Heathen worshipping wood and stone; aye, I have heard them hold forth for hours against the worship of idols, of wood and stone. What is the difference? which is the greater sin? to worship stone and wood, or gold and silver, and juggernaut; better be killed at once than be eat out of house and home, and starved to death by degrees, by a set of lazy, idle priests. Hard times, no money; wherever you turn this is the cry, distress and bankruptcy, while such a vile wretch as Harris, can spend upwards of \$3,000, per annum; and how many Indians did he convert? None, impossible, for he was ten times more wicked than any of the Indians; forgeries, and all sorts of abominable crimes; barbarous and vindictive to the children, until the Indians drove him away. When he expected any of the \$3,000 men to visit his school, he would send out runners to bring in all the children they could find, for a "make believe"\*. Many instances may be shewn of their doing considerable harm, but not a single instance of their ever having done any good. A great tall, guant missionary, (since this was written) said "don't you see now what good we have done? the Cherokees, by our assistance have got a printing press, and going to print papers and books." If they have, it is not by the aid of the missionaries, for they have never given a cent in their lives; the government, is to be thanked for that. But what language is those papers to be published in, Mr. Missionary? the Cherokee, did you teach him that? The traitors tell this tale, no doubt, to thousands; they are always telling of deeds they never performed. Thus I could fill an octavo of such vile prostitutions of the christian religion; it is disgraceful to man that free Americans should submit to such abominable impositions. "This missionary mania" destroys every thing before it; it is worse than the South Sea bubble, or any other bubble; "it despoils us of our prop-

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\* Buffalo Patriot.



erty, corrupts public taste, and every honest principle." "It infuses poison into domestic life, perverts and destroys the best affections and virtues of wives and daughters, and ruins our children." "It debases alike the ruler and the ruled, the civilized and the savage."

Now comes another host of evils all, for God, and spreading the gospel amongst the heathen; observe there are only forty-two missionaries out. The receipts of the foreign board, for the years 1825—6, was\*

|                |   |     |   |                   |
|----------------|---|-----|---|-------------------|
| Home Mission   | - | do. | - | \$15797           |
| Bible Society  | - | do. | - | \$59966 66 2 3    |
| Education      | - | do. | - | \$35506 47 51-100 |
| Sunday School  | - | do. | - | \$12830 55 55-100 |
| Sunday Union   | - | do. | - | \$62409 25 92-100 |
| Tract Society† | - | do. | - | \$5777.44 44-100  |
| Connecticut    | - | do. | - | \$28158 33 33-100 |
| Boston Tract   | - | do. | - | \$4317 96 29-100  |

There is a sum! What goes with it? what substantial good is derived from it? and the whole income since these societies were established, what a tax! If we add to this, the expense of eleven theological seminaries, professorships, donations to constitute members of societies, and the sums paid to their ministers, figures could not calculate it! A few days since, the education society at Boston voted to support thirty young men (pious ones) at \$75 each, \$22,500!—last year this society raised \$1200—was there ever such madness! Besides this they voted \$1200 for the current year, (1828,) for religious tracts—not worth one cent.† A professorship in the theological

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\*I am now writing in 1828, and that there may be no misunderstanding on the subject, I apprise the public, that I only take notes when I travel, and throw them together as I print; I therefore take the advantage of the intervening time, (10 months,) to follow those missionaries.

†Now all this is worse than robbery, so called, for the highway-man only takes from the rich; these vast sums of money are taken from the poor, and the working classes, in Boston, honest mechanics and servants. For all wealthy and intelligent people in Boston are Unitarians and Universalists; as different from the orthodox, as lightousness is from sin, or light from darkness. Their religion

seminary, at Princeton, was founded a few months since at \$25,000, by contribution. A scholarship was endowed in December last (a month since) by one Gosman of Dutchess, New York, at \$25,000. A legacy for the same purpose was bequeathed by Benjamin Smith of Elizabeth-town, of \$25,000. One Haga of Philadelphia, lately bequeathed to the missionary cause, \$220,000. The pews in one church only, in Newark, N. J. sold for \$22,000. Money to the amount of \$34,000 was contributed last year in Philadelphia, to build another missionary palace, equal to the one in New York, which is the finest house in the city—what that in New York cost, I could not learn, (I would thank the editor of the New York Observer, who with about fifty of his myrmidons lives in it, to inform me,) but the bible palace in the same street, Nassau, cost \$22,000. If the state of New York, at this moment, was to stop paying this priesthood for what they can get for nothing, [the gospel is to be had without money and without price; filthy lucre is not gospel, the gospel is simply to love God and our neighbor] they would not recover the injury they have done the state, in a century. They have feathered their nest well in New York, but their time is short; I advise them to make the most of it. The amount annually paid to the priesthood of New York, independently of the *pious* boards, donations and legacies, is estimated at \$1,050,000. St. Spring himself has \$4000! I would ask this amiable gospel spreading, bible preaching, and tract printing priest, how many dollars St. Paul had (by their works ye shall know them). A modest sum indeed; this sum was raised in one evening! He only asked for \$3,500, but so infatuated are the people, and so priest rid, that they made it up, \$4,000. I blush for New York! I blush for

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coasts in relieving the poor. St. B—— is at the head of this robbery, which is giving it too mild a name. I am astonished that the enlightened citizens of Boston do not adopt measures to suppress this shocking outrage upon humanity. Committees of safety ought to be formed, as in the revolution, and societies to react against this clerical robber, and the eyes of the honest poor opened to his enormities. The direct tax was nothing to this.

my sex! This is all their doings, if they were to object the men of course would obey, for ladies rule the roast in New York, as well as in other places. If money be the root of all evil, St. Spring has a good share of it. Thus those abominable hypocrites have made a speculation of the gospel. They have done the Christian religion more injury [in fact so far as they go they have destroyed it] than all the deists and infidels that have been on earth, since our Saviour, I will not except the Pope; for though the Roman Catholics have a great deal of parade and ceremony in their worship, (which hurts nobody) they are a people of sincere piety and the most charitable sect I met with when I needed charity. But to return; they have lately invented another society for getting money, this is called the National Bible *Class* Society. I have neither time nor room to notice it, further than that there is a director, ten vice-presidents, and a board of managers of thirty-one in number, to correspond with the whole globe! to get money and hatch treason; a great blessing it was truly that we had the privilege of translating the bible for the vilest purposes!

Their ingenuity at laying schemes to get money, throws the Popes in the back ground; another contrivance which out does all the popes. They have little carved images which they call the hindoo god,\* and which they show to little children for eleven-penny-bits, six-penny-bits, and down to a cent; these are shown in schools where there are large collections of children! These are the men who preach down lottery offices, &c. but what heightens the wickedness of those monsters, and aggravates the sin into the rankest impiety is, that this money is to fill the Lord's treasury. This is nothing yet—they calculate the amount to a cent, of all the property of the citizens in our great towns, and make estimates how much they ought to give to fill the *Lord's* treasury; one of these calculations has fallen in my way, it is in the Boston Re-

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\*The one I heard of was shewn in Philadelphia; it was made of brass, very small, and sat on a rat of the same metal.

order\* and would make two pages of my book in figures. St. Beecher's no doubt; he only wants a loan for the *Lord* for twenty years, without interest, and at the end of that time the money is to be returned to the contributors; now if we had no other evidence this is conclusive of itself. *Their* God must be the most insatiable sharper on earth, or in heaven, to fill his treasury with money taken from the poor, even to one cent, and not allow them interest; gods of wood and stone are angels to him. The scheme runs in this way, they begin with Boston, and suppose in the outset, that there are eight persons in Boston possessing over \$100,000, of which, if they contribute one-tenth, would make \$10,000; they then suppose eleven persons able to give \$550,000. They go on in this manner with the whole population of the United States, until they make the total wanted by the Lord, \$748,323,000. This is to be funded and designed, "to educate 80,000 foreign, 10,000 domestic missionaries, and 10,000 domestic schoolmasters for the interior and remote part of our country," and "leaving a permanent fund of \$729,763,728." The Lord deliver us from the Phitistines! But the amusing part of the story is, that these people, God's treasurers, only allow (in this calculation) \$450, per annum for foreign missionaries, while they have \$32,400. To all this is to be added presses for 600 stations, which including paper and contingences is estimated at \$43,200,000. May we never see the day that another missionary press be set up in our land! this is sporting with the common sense of the people. It is not however much to be wondered at, when those monsters of wickedness, with a stamp of their foot, can raise \$100,000; the Pope of Rome never was more popular than those men. Another plan to get money for the Lord, [I always conceived that we received every thing from God, instead of giving him any thing—why if this be case, the heathen will never find money enough for such an avaricious God.] They have lately drawn up

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\*It is dated Jan. 7, 1826, headed Zion's Call, and signed a Layman.



blank wills, to have them ready, should any rich man be pleased to die. and by threats of hell and promises of heaven, they assail him in his dying moments, and solicit money for the Lord. This I do not assert of my own knowledge, but from what I *have seen*, I am bold to say, they would rifle the tomb of the dead, for money.

This holy alliance has at this time 3000 theological scholars, 159,246 Sunday scholars, 22,291 teachers, increasing in the last year (1826) 2933 teachers, and 25,172 scholars, "amongst these were 5,481 hopefully *converted*;" true, into knaves and bigots. Now almost every one I have conversed with on the dangerous strides of those missionaries, think that they are declining; no such thing, the most of people think the march of intelligence is lessening bigotry and priest-craft, not so; they cannot be losing ground when such a scape gallows as L. B. could raise \$60,000 in one evening. Nor will they ever, until the men take the reins of government into their own hands, and forbid those ruffians their houses. When men are out of the jurisdiction of petticoat government, they act *like* men; witness their manly conduct the other day in the Pennsylvania Legislature. If this legislature had been composed of women, these priests would have carried the day.\* This bold and manly stand against priest craft, is highly honorable to the state; but they will not give up yet, as I will show before I am done.

Sitting in a room one evening with a mixed company, the conversation turned upon a person who had drawn a prize of \$100,000, "if you had so much" said a gentleman "what would you do with it?" addressing himself to his friend, "I would build a bridge over the — in the first place," and went on to say how he would dispose of the balance. The question went round, some was for doing one thing and some another, till it come to one of those she-missionaries, as appeared by the reply, "I would give every cent of it to the missionaries, to spread the gospel;" she was a very poor widow. Let those acquainted

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\*If those missionary ladies knew what men of sense said of them when they see them running after those black-coats, they would at least act with more circumspection,

with history, say whether the Roman Pontiff in the zenith of his power, with the laws of church and state, the whole of the then known world united in his person, possessed more influence over the ignorant.

Let us return to the *holy* alliance; besides what has gone before they have 360 bible auxiliary societies, 369 tract societies, and how many presses I cannot tell; enough to blind the people. These presses issue enough annually, (as some gentlemen justly observed,) to load the largest ship in the navy. What is it? nothing but trash, falsehoods and slanders, against other sects; not one word of common sense in the whole of it. Their newspapers, their magazines, their heralds and tracts, are filled with nothing but stupid old wives' stories, about some old woman, little child, some fool or knave, sham revival, bitterness against neighbors; and ends with money. In every other sentence you have God, the gospel, and the *blessed* Sabbath. Then comes a long story about 'Ann Brown,' 'Sally White,' and Tom, Dick and Harry, "that lived a long time without God in the world" [what blasphemy! as if God did not exist every where] "but through God's mercy they came across a bible?" "precious bible, dear reader [all in capitals] perhaps you are not possessed of a bible; Oh! then endeavor to obtain one." If the reader wants a bible, he may get them by the bushel, in Calcutta. *Jack* when he wants a dram measures up a half bushel of bible.\* If the bible was ten dollars a copy [a much less sum than it costs the poor annually,] it would be much better attended to; as it is, it is no more esteemed than an old almanack, and not half so much read.

Now if the bible contains all the means of salvation, and costs such enormous sums, why are we saddled with an additional tax in those tracts, and newspapers? If *they* possess the gospel, then what need we of the bible? I would thank one of those black coats to explain.

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\*Report says (what I hope for the sake of the sacred book, is not true) that there are so plenty in New Orleans, that they set them up for targets, to shoot at.

*Presses*, these presses which every one knows is very expensive, requiring vast sums to set them up, must mean something, what is it? Ye that prize your liberty, look to them, there lies the danger, they can have nothing to do with converting the heathen; on the contrary, they tend to convert civilized people into heathens, to blind them to their best interests and rights. Let any one read them see whether they are calculated to enlighten mankind or plunge them into ignorance. These iron handed priests are aware that by holding out false representations, and trash suited to the delusion they have excited, their hoodwinked flocks will fall into the snare. Fanatism and bigotry require any food but common sense, and reason, which would break the charm of those spell-bound fanatics. The trash vended by these presses gives "tone to the manners and feelings, and has an irresistible influence on those who read nothing else." Those sly enemies therefore, carefully avoid every thing that is intelligent or liberal, and the infatuated people are thus lulled into security, whilst their enemies are busy in the great work of national religion, and welding chains for those simpletons, (though I believe there are many well meaning people amongst them) with their own money.

These keen-sighted politicians well know what they are about; they know that while the press remains unshackelled, their treasonable designs would be detected, and hence the sudden appearance of all those missionary presses, and the same of their book-stores; what a deep laid scheme! Beelzebub himself is not a match for them, and by working under the cloak of religion, they have almost succeeded—no one dreamed of such a thing, though every man of sense knew (if he did not, he was a fool) that money and the gospel were as opposite as sin and righteousness. I defy those men, I challenge them, to prove either from sacred or profane history, that money ever saved a soul.

The business of establishing those presses and book-stores, is not confided to those *pious* young men;\* men

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\*Those young scrubs are only used as tools by the knowing ones.

of graver years are selected for this business; men of experience, tried fidelity, and unquestionable devotion to the general assembly. I have often met these emissaries on my tours; they are readily distinguished by their *wari-ness*, their *silence*, the midnight gloom in their countenance, and above all, the mark of the beast in their forehead. The blackness of guilt is pictured in their faces, because they "carry the *bag*," a good heavy one—they never appeared to have any great liking for me; nobody knows them—they skulk along, softly, and slyly, keep a confidential scout in advance, to watch the movements of the enemy, (the infidels and heretics) and see that the out posts are well manned, and that every man does his duty. I have often met those advance guards, (who has not?) whilst those are scouring the field, watching the advance foe. The old steady generals are organizing presses, book-stores, Sunday schools, theological schools, bible societies and every other society belonging to the scheme; every engine is put in motion, to get money, that is the end, but none is more powerful than presses.† Thus the business goes on with the regularity of clock work. They are determined to be avenged for the front put upon them, by excluding them from any civil privilege, by the constitution. *Bibles*, these pious gentleman have the bible in their mouth, continually they are printed, to convert the heathen. Let us begin at the fountain head, in New York, where they are to be found in piles as large as hay stacks. When in New York I have some distance to walk to my boarding house, and often come in contact with the tools of this sink of wickedness. A great stalking fellow (a small man could not carry enough) with a

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\*I happened to call at one of those missionary presses, a few days after it was set up—this was in Ipswich, Mass. The editor was a very amiable young man; I expressed some surprise that he could be bribed to write against his conscience, "ah," said he, "Mrs. R. what could do? I served my time to the trade—nobody else would employ me; I could not starve." See the use they make of the money squeezed from the poor—corrupting our youths and controlling the press; many an innocent young man out of his apprenticeship is obliged to accept their terms; because those who would aid the genius of their country have not the means.



bundle of bibles under his arm, steals along in the dusk of the evening, and with a Tyburn countenance, skulks through Henry-street, ———street, the upper end of Water-street, and all the streets inhabited by low foreigners and negroes; they creep slyly into the cellars—"don't you want a bible here?" "and that's what I do" says Pat. Next day it is pawned or sold for a gill of gin. But the man of bibles goes on gives a bible to every drunken fellow he meets, until he has got rid of his bibles. While he is going the rounds in one place, half a dozen more, perhaps twenty, is going the rounds at the same time in other parts of the city.

One of those six feet-high fellows came into the parlor where I was sitting, one evening (their favorite hour, they love darkness rather than light) and asked me "if I did not want a bible," I told him "I did not." He asked "what other families lived in the house," I said there were two, one white family up stairs, and a black woman in the cellar." In the mean time my landlady came in; he asked her if she wanted a bible, she being an honest woman told him she had one. He went up stairs and from thence he went into the cellar. He was not long gone when the black woman came up with a bible in her hand "looky here" said she, "see what the man gave me, now I have got three bibles." Now this was a drunken old woman, and did not know a letter in the book, and no doubt sold them for a gill of gin. I am told that they are brought so often to the grog shops, that the proprietors refuse to take them any longer. Next day I happened to walk up stairs and saw two bibles on the desk. If I understand the nature of the society, it is intended to furnish those who have no bible, and are unable to buy, and the poor generally, at low prices. This woman had two bibles before, and had she none, she was able to buy. Speaking of this abuse of the bible one day, to a young lady in Hartford, a missionary of course, and one who ought to have known better, "they cannot have too much of a good thing" was her reply—she was a wise one.

But if this bible is to spread the gospel, let us see the

*effects* of it at the fountain head, in this same city of New York; was it in the bible that Col. Stone learned to instigate the public to shut every door against me? said I was a swindler, an impostor, and epithets too gross for me to repeat? Was it in the bible that Dwight learned the same thing, abused me in the most scurrilous language. These men are at the head of the missionary and bible societies in New York, was it in the bible (they shall have enough of the bible) that Dr. M——(if I am not mistaken, President of the board] learned to order me out of his house in the most insulting and brutal language. “Oh madam I know you, Col. Stone gave you a character” [oh you wicked Col. see what you did by spreading *your* gospel, that is the gospel you all spread]. True Dr. M. was drunk, but I blame him for that, how dare such a wretch profane the gospel? how can he tell the drunkard to drink no more. No one can mistake the man; he may be known by a broad, red face, and a good portly body; can people be gulled by such hypocrites as these? Hear his address\* for money, for the society, after those six feet men distribute them; “take a view of the unprecedented increase of our inhabitants, and say whether there be not need of more excitement in the cause of the *bible*. The bible must be the basis of the teachings of a *living* ministry [his own for instance] religious tracts, and Sunday schools cannot be sustained in their plenitude of usefulness” [“all blessedness of good”]† how like a canting hypocrite that sounds; “unless through this society and its auxiliaries, Oh then let ministers and people awake, let the former make it the subject of their earnest appeal to the people, of their charge,” [to fleece them he means]

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\*I would rather be a dog and bay the moon; I would rather be a toad and live on the vapours of a dungeon, than to be in the Doctor's place, or any man's place who would prostitute the learning and talents, (which he unquestionably possesses) and every thing that is noble or dignified in man, to be the hired tool of notaries, and swindlers, worse, conspirators, “all blessedness of good,” a bundle of trash not worth half so much as so much blank paper, and this is in the first city in our country.

†New York Observer, a paper that ought to be taken by every friend to his country, if he wishes to detect villainy

"thousands of your fellow-men are perishing for lack of knowledge." How zealous, one would think he would forego his bottle of wine and plate of turtle soup, to save ten at least of those thousands, "let the wealthy be stimulated to *still* larger gifts, let auxiliaries be established in every town and county." But enough of this disgrace of the Christian name; if this, coming from him, does not cap the climax, I should like to know what does. Was it in the bible (I only ask for information) that St. Eastburn learned to stigmatize honest men, peaceable, orderly citizens, who support the character of gentlemen, and have done more for the good of mankind, than his whole sect? I ask, was it in the bible that he learned the following: "I speak not sir, of the weapons of infidelity, be it steeped in their blackest poison, the shafts of ribaldry and of blasphemy, let the unbeliever do what he may, we defy him, (convert him you mean, Mr. Priest, a challenge does not belong to the gospel, you have let out the cat, you forget that you are a gospel spreader,) let him even go so far as we have seen him doing, as to indite upon the very title-page of his tracts [I wonder that any one would dare to write tracts but their reverences, what a piece of assurance!] that motto, &c. and then expose this spring of diabolical malignity in the very windows of our cities, and villages."\* Then it appears Mr. Priest, that you have business enough at home, without going abroad, to spread the gospel, and another thing, out of your own mouth I condemn you—your words prove that you are a hypocrite, or you would convert those infidels you speak of.

I presume this is meant for some attempts to expose the hypocrisy of those Mr. Priests, perhaps the Unitarians, or Universalists, as "Heretic," and "Infidel," are the best names they bestow on them. But admitting them to be such, does not our Saviour say (look in your *precious* bible) "love your enemies, and when reviled, revile not again, bless them that curse you, and do good to them

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\*New York Observer.

that despitefully use you, if they smite you on one cheek turn to him the other also, (I stick to the bible)\* if your enemy hunger, feed him, &c. &c.” and thereby heap coals of fire on his head. These are the men belching out such vindictive bitterness, with all the rage and fury of devils, that pretend to convert the heathen; his gospel is blood, and all he wants is power to spill it; his language is more like an assassin’s than any thing else. This is one of those who profess so much sorrow for the souls of the heathen; believe him who may. These are the men who draw our women after them, and learn them to be “gadders abroad.” These are the men who have the control of our youths, having insinuated themselves into most of our colleges; these are the men who have so much to say about the bible; these are men that are making hopeful converts like themselves; let parents look to this. Are these men fit to promulgate the mild religion of Jesus? It would be impious to think so. But more of the bible. Was it in the bible that the general assembly found the following, “within the bounds of some of our Presbyterians we hear of the industrious efforts of *heretical* teachers to propagate their pernicious tenets; the progress of evangelical truth [it is understood, or ought to be, that no religion is accounted evangelical by these men, but one, that is the Presbyterian] is awakening the enmity and putting in array the forces of the prince of darkness” Now this is handsome language to come out of the mouths of ministers of the gospel of peace; and of whom it is said brethren laboring to the same end, to which they pretend; doubtless the Unitarians and Universalists; men of character, men of family, not the refuse, the rabble of our streets, educated and living on the labor of the poor. They are gentlemen of wealth and live on their own money; men of learning, talents and charity to all mankind, of whatsoever religion, clime or country he may be. These are the men whom *they* call the forces of the prince of darkness!

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\*I am a missionary too, in a new garb; I write (if I can’t preach) against infidels.



I leave it to the world to say, whether if the sentence were reversed, it would not come nearer the truth; for a greater curse never beset any land, than those black-coats; any man that has ever looked in a bible, must be convinced that men who proclaim their own righteousness from the house-tops, and thank God that they are not like these "Publicans," are any thing but Christians. Gentlemen of the assembly, remember Charles I. of England, remember how ye overturned the government and drenched the land in blood; remember how ye hung the quakers of *New England*; the rope is at the bottom of *your* gospel, the *rope*, the *rope*, that is the end of all this raking and scraping of money, as I will show when I am done with the *holy* bible, which no doubt like Cromwell, ye will have engraved on the mouth of your cannon. But these Universalists and Unitarians are exposing us to the people, and if we let them alone, this, our craft, "by which we get our wealth, will come to nought." Ah! is that it; knock them down with a bundle of bibles; you have plenty of bibles in Nassau-street, New York; give them bible enough; it appears that it must be for want of the bible they are infidels. "Oh no, it is because they do not understand the bible." Then explain it to them, ye are God's people, ye ought to understand His book. "But we do explain it; we say the bible means that the people, rich and poor, must contribute money to maintain us, and educate us, build fine houses for us, because we are more holy than they; that it means we must have the control of their schools, presses, and colleges, because we are holy men and God's people, and that every man, woman and child, is bound to give us money, to spread the gospel; we say the bible means, nay, expresses it as plain as the nose on one's face, that the cause of the Redeemer, or in other words, the gospel, cannot be sent to the heathen without money." They explain the bible quite different; they say that the bible properly understood, means that one man is no better than another, and that we ought to go to work and support ourselves by our own labor; that we are deceiving the people, and further that the gospel

means charity to the distressed and doing good to our fellow men—so it is plain they are heretics and infidels beyond dispute.” Success to them; truth is mighty and will prevail; may they succeed in their laudable undertaking. Though I belong to neither, I admire their christian spirit and catholic charity; and hope they may prove successful in counteracting those enemies of mankind, and strip the mask off every knave engaged in this universal plundering. A universal religion is at least as good as a universal banditti. They have the wise and the good; truth and justice on their side. I find that the whole weight of relieving human misery and distress falls on the shoulders of those *Heretics and Infidels*; and though great part of this distress has been occasioned by those ravening wolves’ hopeful converts, if the amount of a piece of bread would save the life of a fellow man, he might perish in the street for them,\* who ever saw them relieve the poor. These *Heretics* are the men that feed the hungry, cloth the naked, take in the stranger, visit the sick and the prisoner. These are the men to whom Christ, will say “sit thou on my right hand, for I was an hungred and ye fed me; I was thirsty and ye gave drink; I was naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison and ye came unto me. Then shall they say unto the Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, &c. &c. &c.” His reply will be, for as much as ye have done it unto one of those little ones, ye have done it unto me;” not a word about tract societies, bible societies, or newspaper trash, or money to spread the gospel, for this plain reason, that *only* true and vital religion is not in scattering tracts and running off with a poor old woman’s bed, and robbing the poor to spread the gospel; it is in succoring the widow and orphan in their distress. But to return to the bible-men; was it in the bible that the Presbyterian clergy of Connecticut, learned to come forward “*vi et armis*” to compel the legislature of the state, to give the avails of

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\*Dr. M. of New York and St. Ely of Philadelphia, will not deny this; these gentlemen both remember how much they gave me when I asked them for bread.

lands appropriated by it for common schools, as an annual stipend for themselves, and was carried in favor of schools. by *one* vote only! [the indigo keeps its ground] Such wickedness shocks humanity! and that they should be countenanced in the attempt in a country calling itself *Christian*, is still more shocking! It is alarming to the true friends of the Christian religion. One old savage (for a savage he was) commenced an outrageous harangue, and said, "what is a child's A B C to a preached gospel." Detestable *hypocrite*! Can that gospel which robs the helpless child of poverty, of the means of learning its A B C? and these are your gospel spreaders! the women call them "precious men,"—was it in the bible (I thank them for the word, perhaps I may become a hopeful convert myself; after a while, as the bible works such miracles) that the precious Rev. F——y, of Troy, learned to shake his fist in Mrs. Mosier's face—told her she lied, and would go to hell, and the like epithets—and told the people if they could climb up to heaven they would hurl God from his throne," "oh yes, if you could get there, you would cut God's throat; yes you would cut God's throat; you would *club* God out of heaven;" this same Finny must have been a Dublin buffer. Was it in the bible that one B. [a Rev. of course,] of the same place, learned to abuse another lady, until her husband chastised him for his insolence? Was it in the bible that the missionary in New York learned to shoulder the poor woman's cloth and walk off with it. Was it in the bible that St. S. E. of Philadelphia learned to threaten those [in his sermon] who did not give him as much money as he wanted, [to save souls] with a lower seat in heaven, "yes these mean spirited believers must take a lower seat, amongst vessels of smaller size, the gill measures of heaven." I would thank his St. ship to tell us the chapter and verse he found that gill measures are in heaven. Is this not mockery? if people will be gulled out of their senses in this manner, by priests, they richly deserve slavery. Was it in the bible that the editor of the *Argus* in Pittsfield. Mass. the Prime Minister of missionaries,

earned to attack me in the most wanton and lawless manner, [by their fruit ye may know them,] ransacked the English language for Billingsgate, to abuse me; what part of the bible did he learn this in? Was it in the bible that his brother ruffian of Springfield, the editor of another Godly paper, learned to outdo him in slander and falsehood, against me; even charged me with leaving the place without paying my bill. These are the editors who suit the missionaries; the more they can lie, and the more they can slander and abuse those who do not join them in their infamous practices, the better they suit their employers. Those base, unprincipled hirelings, who sell themselves for gold, stop at nothing; what had I done to these monsters of the human race, what could I do? I was invited to Pittsfield by Dr. Childs, a very gentlemanly man; a professor in the medical academy; I was an aged female; a widow unprotected; with the highest claims on my country; I was engaged in honest pursuits; I neither plundered the widow nor the orphan; I took no man's money without giving him value received. But what I was is not the question, what were they? read their papers, nothing but the "precious bible, holy bible, and the blessed sabbath, the Lord's day, and the gospel, saving the souls of the heathen, hopeful converts, revivals, &c." such stuff; now this accords well with their conduct to me. I have always remarked, that where so much is said of religion there is none of the practice. To say the least of these two gentlemen, their attack on a destitute female was the most lawless violation of the rites of hospitality, [to say nothing of christianity] of which any editor was ever guilty; it was unmanly, it was savage; nay, the savage respects the rites of hospitality, and yet those wild beasts have the effrontery to talk of converting the heathen: let the world judge of their professions.\* This Pittsfield is a perfect den of missionaries, and ought to be avoided as a deadly contagion, by those who prize their

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\*I am under great obligations to my friend of Northampton, for his gentlemanly and spirited reply to this Pittsfield ruffian; for none but a ruffian would insult a female:



comfort or safety, and here is a large school for young ladies; they will be *hopeful* converts, no doubt: I would as soon send a daughter of mine amongst the Osages. The female inhabitants, several of them came into my parlour while I remained in Pittsfield. I am acquainted with seven nations of Indians. I was reared amongst them, and never saw any thing more savage than the appearance of those females; what a monster is bigotry. It destroys every thing feminine, or estimable in the female countenance; they have a fixed blood-spilling gloom, peculiar to them. I would as soon encounter the most ferocious wild beast, as one of those finny dismals, their vinegar aspect would appal a Pottiwattimi Chief. Nature is entirely subverted, by moddling their faces to please their priests; but enough of them and the bible. I hope to *hear* no more of the bible, let it be seen and not heard, as we say to little children; the bible was given to us as a rule of faith and practice, not to be talked of; I have demonstrated that those *bible* people wholly disregard its precepts, not only disregard, but *trample* on the whole of them, in the most shocking and atrocious manner; let the bible be seen in your actions; I would, (and I presume God would) rather see one good deed, than to hear ten thousand good words; the bible is of no more value than an almanack, if it be not reduced to practice. Filling newspapers with bibles, and crying "bibles, bibles," from the housetops, has no more title to the name of religion than crying oysters in the streets, or advertising filberts. These *bible* people remind me of another calamity similar to this missionary scheme, when our people, or any christian power would go to Africa for the pious purpose of kidnapping negroes, the mother would cry out to her children "run, run, the *christians* are coming," so when ever you hear "bibles," run for your life, if you do not want your pockets picked, or to be insulted and slandered as I was, by my friends of Pittsfield and Springfield, &c. &c. and if you hear "*hopeful* conversions" or the "gospel," don't stop to look behind you.

From all these facts it is clear that the bible is prosti-

tuted to the most infamous purposes, it is made a subject of vile speculation, of a piece with the whole of the missionary system. The bible is the same good book it ever was "but the Godly man ceaseth" If the bible has this effect keep it from the heathen.

"But God wants us to go and spread the gospel," say they; God wants no such thing, God can spread his gospel himself, or send honest men to do it. When you convert yourselves, when you convert the rabble in your cities, when you cease to oppress the poor, when you restore that which you have unjustly taken, when you become meek and lowly, returning good for evil, working for your own support; in one word, *when* you become honest men (which is giving you time enough) then talk of spreading the gospel. But while the means you take to spread the gospel is in opposition to the gospel, it is no longer the gospel.

So far I have only fed my readers with skimmed milk, I am now coming to the cream of my subject, *church and state*. The facts detailed in the preceding pages, go to prove *four* things: 1st. That there are a great number of those missionaries, or orthodoxy, same thing; I mean the whole of those *bible societies*, *Sunday school*, *education*, *missionary*, *tract*, *home missions*, *converts*, *cent*, *mite*, *widows*, *children*, and *rag bag* societies. I said there were a great number of these; and 2d, that they have an immense revenue, and are taking daily measures to increase it; 3d, that they have done no good; and 4th, that they have done a great deal of harm. All this must mean something or nothing. If it means nothing, *why* is it? If it means something, *what* is it? One thing is clear, that let the object be what it may, it is to be accomplished by money. To this end these people sacrifice religion, honor, principle and humanity. They set no bounds to measures; every scheme is laid; they resort to every stratagem; they stop at no meanness; they go all lengths; they take no denial; private families are assailed, a man's house is no security to him: the sanctuary of the dying man is invaded; and the poverty of the widow can-

not screen her from the avarice of those men. It would appal humanity to look over their heralds and see the vast sums of money they obtain; every nerve is strained; and the whole of this money getting scheme, is pursued with a diligence, labor, skill, and success unparralled.

The friends of virtue and religious liberty are divided in opinion on this business; some say it has the union of church and state for its object; others say the idea is chimerical; while all unite in denouncing it a serious and alarming evil; but the truth has at length burst upon the people. Their late attempts to establish their power by law, in the Pennsylvania legislature, has at length resolved the doubting, and left no room with the most credulous to question their designs.

This daring attempt upon our liberties, has however, been long foreseen. Many of our citizens have kept a steady eye upon them; and though the secret was carefully guarded by the general assembly, and the knowing ones, yet the unprecedented industry of those numerous societies under their control, and the unheard of impositions upon the ignorant and industrious poor, to drain money to the total disregard of every other object. Their theological seminaries, and Sunday schools, naturally led to the truth. If any *still* doubt, I submit the following testimony for their consideration. The piece is a circular, written some time back by one of the three saints, no doubt; the following is an extract. "To reform the lawless manners of the nation, and establish a *systematical* worship in all the churches of our American Israel, (the Presbyterian) and 2d, efficient legislation in all the branches of our civil government, there must be one great national effort." What this effort is, I leave to the friends of American liberty to guess; it can mean nothing more nor less than arms. They add, "a broad line of distinction must be drawn." This broad line I apprehend is the rope. "There may be a little objection at first, but a little coercion will soon reconcile the people." Now ye deluded people see what ye have done; you have given those fellows the purse, what can they not do with money?

Money, as an able general once said, is "the sinews of war;" this is their gospel, those bloodthirsty Presbyters.

"Build their faith upon

The holy text of pike and gun."

The heathen they have had in view are the people of the United States. They are in a hurry to begin; they *might* have waited another half century. They have always been a turbulent people dipping in troubled waters and thirsting for blood. But this world was *not* made for Cæsar, they will find many, many a Brutus. But hear more from a sermon preached on the *blessings* of a national religion by one Black, (rightly named) the sermon was preached in Pittsburg, and just published. This sermon is treason against our liberties from beginning to end; and so lulled are the people into security, and so blind to the conduct of this dangerous sect, that I have never heard it mentioned by a single individual; hence their craft in getting the control of the presses till they are ready for battle. I can only afford room for a few extracts of this abominable outrage against our liberties. The text is "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," "civil government is the *ordinance* of God. It is founded in the law of nature, and flows from God's universal dominion, over all nations. But the law of nature [he is quite logical] is the moral law the same law which is more clearly revealed in the bible, [the bible again.] The law of nature *obliges* all its subjects to receive any new communication which God may be pleased to make, and as soon as a new revelation is made [through his priesthood] the original law of nature homologates it, and gives to it the solemn sanction of all its authority. The *bible* therefore wherever it obtains a place on earth, ought to regulate all concerns of civil government" He wants to put us under the blue laws again. The drift of the whole sermon is to have a national religion, and that religion his own; in the winding up he says "the church of God [the Presbyterian] should have her existence recognized and protection extended to her; this was the case under the old testament"



economy; it ought still to be so." But Mr. Presbyterian I know a little scripture too; we are not under the law, but under grace; and I hope have enough left effectually to defeat your treasonable designs. I see your drift; you want to persuade government to adopt the laws of Moses, the old Jewish law, under which our Saviour suffered, the religion of peace does not suit your blood-spilling religion, if it deserves the name. Is it not astonishing that this sect, having the liberty to worship as they please, cannot be at peace, and let other sects enjoy the same liberty? This impudent preacher goes on, hear him, "not recognizing God and his law by a nation, in its national capacity, but resolving all power into the will of the *people*, whether right or wrong. The christian motto is, the law of God our guide, but all who regard not the divine law are willing to say the people's will our guide; let that be what it may; a Mahometan, zealous for the honor which he thinks due to God and his prophet, begins every instrument of importance in the name of Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet, [Congress will after this know how to draft all their reports,] but national establishments may be found (the U. S.) amongst those that are called christians, that recognize neither the name, nor the providence nor the law of God." Law of rope you mean; what a pity it is, this priest cannot have a finger in the government; he would soon set matters to rights; how he thirsts for blood. This is the gospel they are spreading; but let us hear more of this church and state business.

The general assembly at their last session (1827) held in Philadelphia, is bold; in it their language is plain and unequivocal, and proves as plain as words can prove, that arms is their gospel and the time not distant when we may expect to see these gospel spreaders, spreading fire and sword. "The church needs only be told of these signs of the times," (attempts to expose their robbery doubtless) to perceive the obligations which they impose and the demands which they make [these demands you can supply out of the money you have filched from the people by telling them falsehoods] upon her intellectual

and moral (money) resources. The day of spiritual conflict is approaching; and it becomes the church to stand ready to sustain her acquired glory, and to hold fast and defend the standard of the cross." These are the firebrands who have all this time, been imposing on the people; and prove what was plain enough before, that money and the gospel are as opposite as heaven and hell. The people of the United States may put what construction they please on this language. There is no need of a conjurer to explain it. The word "church" means, doubtless the Presbyterians. What is to become of the Congregationalists? they will not desert their good friends and coadjutors; good, they now see whom they have to deal with. If they never were before, they are by this time hopeful converts, [it is said many of the Congregationalists will join them] a few more of us may say the same thing. But let us go on; this church "must stand ready to sustain her acquired glory, and to hold fast and defend the standard of the cross;" I should explain (if it need explanation) thus: "the people have the assurance to interfere with our measures, and many have the audacity to say we have no right to their money, and we must defend the glory we have acquired by duping them out of it and hold fast to the bag. The bag is our salvation; we *will* defend it to the last; money we want, and money we *will* have; and power we *will* have to get it; and at our nod every knee shall bend. These heretics and infidels must be exterminated; they stand in our way; they shall either yield to our sway or die."

This is the fruits of picking up the rabble in the streets they are now picking out the eyes of those who maintained them. This general assembly is composed of those *pious* young men, the scum of the earth, without honor or principle, as their language and actions prove. If this is not a *conspiracy* against our liberties, I am a stranger to the phrase. But to return; this general assembly, composed principally of the druggs of society, are under the guidance of the old *long* headed ones, the Hartford Convention fellows, who like so many able generals, confide their se-

crets only to those of known fidelity, the plan is only let out to the young fry by hints and scraps, "hints to young ministers," you understand me gentlemen, I am one of those Infidels, I shall never believe in your religion, that is, that it is the gospel. But as I was about to say, the main point is at length no secret, confiding in their numbers, emboldened by success, particularly amongst the women, an overflowing treasury, they have thrown off the mask and come out in their true colors to our government under the cloak of religion; "I propose fellow-citizens to send the gospel to the heathen, oh no, a new sort of union, or if you please a *Christian party in politics*." I thought every one in the United States were christians except a few Jews and the missionaries; "which I am exceedingly desirous all good men in our country," and what will we do with the bad ones, "should join, not by subscribing a constitution and the formation of a new society, but by *adopting, avowing*, and determining to act upon truly religious principles." Now see the cunning of this priest, and what is your proposal if it be not forming a new society? What next, Mr. Priest? why "the Presbyterians alone could bring half a million of electors into the field." Ah! and how many do you suppose other sects can bring into the field? But other sects do not belong to God's church, the Presbyterians are the only true christians, and ought to rule the others; these have no business in the government; and suppose they think otherwise, they have no right to think, we will think for them. But if you please, they have the same right that you have, and I fancy you will meet a goodly number of them at the polls, since you have shown your cloven foot. But let us hear what next; "the electors of those fine classes of true christians, (his societies for spreading the gospel, no doubt,) united in the sole requisition of apparent friendship to christianity, in every candidate for office, whom they will support, *could govern every public election in our country*, without infringing in the least upon the character of our civil liberties. This is "killing, no murder." "I am free to avow," and who

are you, pray? a hypocritical priest, who has trampled upon every principle of the christian religion, truth, honor and justice, in aiding and abetting a set of unprincipled men, to pillage the country, under the false pretensions of spreading the gospel, and are now setting that country at defiance, by the very money you received from them. Remember how you have prostituted your pen and the pulpit to this iniquitous falsehood. But let us finish his sentence; "I am free to avow that, other things being equal, I would prefer for my chief magistrate, and judge, and ruler, a *sound Presbyterian*." The Lord deliver us from what he calls sound. There is nothing in the name of a sect, a real Christian is the same thing, let him be of what sect he may. But it is clear this priest means one of those unprincipled robbers.—Other sects may now look to their danger, the alarm has been long sounded, and long disregarded: the true friends of liberty in our country have viewed this sweeping calamity with serious alarm; but had not the most distant thought that any set of men, however vile, would dare to attempt to overturn our liberties. They now find (though not too late) how completely they have been deceived. Any man of brains ought to have known that those vast sums of money never went to convert the heathen. Mark the words of this wicked priest, or the assembly rather (those pious young men) through him: united in the sole requisition of apparent friendship to christianity;" here it is plain that no other sect is to be regarded as worthy either of voting or filling any office, as we are well aware, that this sect considers no other sect entitled to the name of christians.\* They

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\*I am sick of recording the conspiracies of those men against other sects, but let us hear St. L. Beecher another mouth of the J—Ass, tells us that "500,000 in our nation are unsupplied with competent religious instructors." "The population of Georgia is 452,083, while in the whole State there does not exceed ten Ministers who are qualified to preach the gospel, leaving 442,433 of the population of that State destitute of such instructions as God has decided to be proper for the salvation of men." I think this is the most outrageous insult, not only upon decency and common sense, but upon the whole human family; was ever the christian religion so degraded in any country? Will Americans submit to such indignities? As there is no half-way work, this impudent priest denounces every sect, and so do they all.



take bold ground in the offset, and I must say the people have no one to blame but themselves, the care with which those black-coats have pillaged them, naturally suggested the idea, that a people so simple, could be easily over-reached. Stop a little Mr. Blackcoats, remember what you are, a set of mercenaries scraped from our streets, have lived by rapine, public and private enemies of virtue and religion, and that you will have to contend with gentlemen; men of principle and property; men who will not surrender their liberties so easily as you imagine. But we will hear more of the sermon, "suffer me, christian fellow citizens," he will not condescend to call other sects fellow citizens," a word of exhortation, let us all be christian politicians." "Let us be as conscientiously religious at the polls as in the pulpit, or any house of worship." So now we find that these fellows, instead of going to convert the heathen, are busy at the polls; they have ransacked the country for money to convert the heathen, but the heathen turns out to be our liberties. In saying, let us be as conscientiously religious at the polls as the pulpit, &c. he tells no lie, for he never had any religion. But more of the sermon. "The whole number of scholars in Philadelphia is not less than 1,200, and probably exceed that number: the estimate for this State in connexion with the Union is 480 schools, 4,459 teachers, and 34,261 scholars;" thus these Sunday schools, and Theological schools, which were all blessed means under God to spread the gospel, turns out to be so many nests of young Janissaries to cut our throats. Let parents reflect upon what they have done, these enemies of peace and happiness, have first taken our money, and are now ready to take our lives, or our liberties, which is dearer.

From another address in the Boston Recorder of our gospel spreader, St. B. no doubt, I extract the following.

"It is needless to say that under this economy, the destinies of the church and the state will soon be in the hands of those who are now receiving their education. In our academic halls will be the future law givers and religious teachers of this great republic." Now ye deluded people ye see how ye have been duped and that your giving mo-

ney to educate pious young men to spread the gospel, has been employed to make slaves of you to maintain a set of wicked priests; this you may expect of course, for you maintain them, now, can the people of America sport with their liberties in this manner, more of the address. "The number of young men enjoying classical education now is estimated at 3000," maintained by the money that was to spread the gospel, "800 of these will leave our colleges the present year, and go forth to scatter blessings over the face of the earth," curses rather. "In 20 years the number will increase to 15,000," "in a single generation 30,000, give us this army of education," on their principles. "This immense weight of talent, energy and influence, and what is there of ignorance or irreligion in the nation that could long stand before it," with a skilful General and plenty of cannon, they would certainly do a great deal of damage. So it appears that instead of preparing for war with foreign foes we must prepare to fight the gospel spreaders a civil war! the most calamitous of all wars: but it will not come to that, the people have had their eyes opened by the late attempt to have their American Sunday Schools Union chartered, which has met with its well deserved defeat. This daring stretch of power has at length roused the people to a sense of their danger. The Legislature of Pennsylvania has done itself immortal honor by this spirited act in behalf of mankind, they have also, been defeated in New York. The Baptists of North Carolina have likewise immortalized their name, their state, and their sect by denouncing the whole missionary plan, a wicked hypocritical fraud, a vile trick of the priesthood to get money.

These examples will no doubt be followed by other states and sects; every State Legislature ought to organize Seminaries for the education of the rising generation, upon a plan sufficiently guarded against those enemies of their lives and liberties; every city, and every county, town and village, ought to enter into resolutions to oppose the strides of this dangerous sect, committees of safety and vigilance ought to be formed throughout the whole country to counter-act them. Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Unitarians, Universalists,

Jews and Gentiles, ought all to unite against the common enemy; but above all rid them out of your schools, there is where they are making the greatest havoc of virtue, by contaminating your youths. Let any man discard prejudice and view the subject impartially, and say, whether such monsters of wickedness are to be trusted, even for an hour with the instruction of those youths, who are to become our future Judges, Senators, and Statesmen; in their eagerness to get into power; wonder not at their industry in collecting money; what parent but must shudder at the appalling thought, to reflect, that they have been the means of poisoning the minds of their children, and rearing them up to be cut throats? for it is no longer pretended they are designed to convert the Heathen. What parent of rational understanding can see his offspring changed into a gloomy bigot? not a gleam of sunshine in his countenance, far from it, these young gospel spreaders have a ferociousness of aspect that would appal a savage; and, instead of enlarging their reasoning powers and teaching them charity and love for all mankind, inspire forgiveness of injuries, humility and compassion for their distressed fellow creatures, the principles of honor and justice, or a taste for sociability, common to the nature of man and the foundation of his happiness; they teach him to trample on every feeling of humanity; they teach him to trample on the sacred scriptures (you never hear them call the sacred book the scriptures, no that would not draw money like the Bible,) by misrepresenting the whole of it, and turning it into a vile speculation. They teach him to blaspheme his maker, by eternally repeating his name for the most wicked ends, making him a perfect robber of the poor; they teach him impiety, by telling him he must fill God's treasury with money; they teach him to hate all mankind; they teach him to call the man who wipes the tear from the widow's eye a heretic; they inspire him with a furious zeal, which pronounces h——l and eternal punishment, not against sin, but against the man, woman or child, who refuse to give them money; in one word, they change him, not into a savage, some of the finest traits in the human character are to be found in savages, but into a perfect wild beast,

they extinguish every good feeling and inspire every one that is bad; what can be worse than prostituting the scriptures for money? Both scholars and teachers are now the terror of the country, and what will they be, as they boast themselves, when they double and treble their number, no man will know how far he may call his life or his property his own.

“Do not its votaries clearly prove,  
It robs their souls of social love;  
Roots from their breasts the generous sigh?”  
“Doth it not prompt the selfish trick,  
And call what’s meanness politic?  
In *religion’s* name, broach the snug lie  
And countenance duplicity;  
And crush that tenderness of soul  
Which, like the needle to the pole,  
Turns to the scene of each distress:  
Pleased every evil to redress.  
If this be *false*, thy creed I’ll hold,  
And bow before thy god of gold.  
These its effects, but these are small:  
The god-like virtues one and all,  
Where ever *Mammon’s* sons appear,  
Fly fast, and flying, drop a tear.  
Such tears as angels shed when they  
The worst of human crimes survey.”

These copper-headed christians, as somebody called them, (in fact no name is too bad for them) not contented to insinuate themselves into our seminaries of learning, have laid their talons on our children! they are quite in earnest, and whose fault is this, parents again; the people, tyranny is always the fault of the people. It is their own work and may be traced to this source where ever it has obtained. It is the fault of the people by submitting the many, to the few. Despots, whether Kings or Priests, have always imployed artifice to insnare the faculties of men, as in the present case, but why do the people submit? I ask; why the people say it is impious to oppose GOD’S people: we think they may do good by converting the heathen, but it is always lawful to oppose craft; and you must have known that if these people could not civilize themselves, common sense ought to have convinced you they could not convert the heathen; and when you saw them



eternally begging for money, common sense and reason ought to have convinced you that money was alone their GOD; and when you saw them harden their hearts to the cries of distress, and come to your house to know why your child staid at home from Sabbath school, there was some plot at the bottom; common sense ought to have convinced you then as well as now, that either the Bible was not true, or these people were not christians. But now they have decided the question themselves in plain terms, and tell you plainly that those scholars are to form armies for them to deprive you of your liberty, and no doubt but they will, as formerly, have the Bible engraved on the mouth of their cannon. But to the Sunday School Union, all possible pains are taken in these schools as well as the seminaries to shut out knowlege from the pupil; they are profiting by the error of Leo the Xth, he destroyed his power by the encouragement of learning. These well know that the dissemination of light and knowledge would expose them to the world; besides the Sunday School Union, a number of day schools is taught by the missionaries; and such is their discipline that those little innocent creatures are martyred. They must torture their feelings and looks into every thing but cheerfulness and common sense. The smile is banished from their countenance, their tyrannical teachers debar them from play and those exercises conducive to health; the very walls of their school room is infected with fanatical gloom. The result of all those orthodox schools is plain, stupified by weariness and the opposition of nature, their physical and intellectual powers will be destroyed, and they will become a degenerate race. Look at those pious young men? Do they look like any thing human? No criminal going to execution looks more guilty. Look at our whole country? it is lamentable to see husbands and fathers led by the nose by their wives and daughters, and silly woman gad-dling over the country; they have even insinuated themselves into that best establishment for young men in our country, West Point, they set no bounds to their impudence; I suspect their object was to get generals from thence to command their forces. Let no one say after this

there is no danger. Respecting West Point, I had the honor of driving them from there myself, and Col. Thayer is a traitor to his trust and ought to have lost his place, for suffering them to come there. The board was sitting at West Point at the time, 1827, about as fit for the business (except one man) as so many old women; for, although they knew those black-coats had crept in there, and had nearly overturned the whole establishment, they, I find, were silent upon it in their report.

A lady in New York, observed to me once, "what you say of those people Mrs. R. is very true, they are the greatest curse in our country, but it is a dangerous thing to meddle with." Has it come to this already? If it be dangerous to speak now, what will it be in a few years? The danger of the thing proves the necessity of it, and it proves more, it proves that it ought never to have been countenanced; the monster ought to have been crushed in its infancy; it has now grown formidable and will require the united energy of our country to put them down; as for myself I neither fear their frowns nor court their favor; my pen cannot be better employed, nor am I afraid, but the good sense of the people will apply the proper remedy and act with becoming spirit. It is in vain to surprise a free people by artifice; their laws and maxims, will always bring them back to their lasting interest, and finally, these priests, orthodox, or what name you please, will be caught in their own net, though they have outwitted Beelzebub himself. No, gentlemen, the people do not wish to pay you to be thinkers for them; by your leave, they will think for themselves.

In truth, the people are not so much to blame in the beginning; I recollect well the first of it those hypocrites: when the plan first went into operation, would draw such a picture of the heathen and Juggernaut, that well meaning people, as was very natural, not suspecting the trick, with all the feelings common to humanity, would have given and did give immense sums. Those artful men found out, by various stratagems, the weak side of the people, and women, by their nature, being easily moved to pity and as

easily moved to brutal cruelty,\* soon became the humble servants of those black-coats, various schemes were immediately put into the hands of these women, and no newly elected corporal was more elated, than were those ridiculous she robbers, at being made a secretary, a president, vice president, or treasurer, and having their names in print. But of all their schemes the heathen Juggernaut drew most money. Thus finding the ease with which they could open the purses of the people, they stuck to that. This was some years ago, 1816, and Juggernaut still draws money. This is the artifice they employed and have succeeded, like all other clerical tyrants, by keeping their motives concealed, clerical power always comes like a thief in the night, silent and cautious, until an opportunity offers, and then it stalks forth like a pestilence.

The people at length have opened their eyes; their late insolent attempt to charter a band of robbers, to rob by law, is a blot on the American character, that ages will not wipe out. The amount of scholars and teachers of the Sunday school union, in Pennsylvania, (with two hundred and thirty-nine presses at their service) is 387,920. These have their head-quarters in the heart of Philadelphia, in a stately palace, or fortification, rather; and, with the theological students, are no more than so many fanatics, well instructed in the art of pillaging; and, hating the heretics, and all other sects, they only wait for the word of command, to begin the work of death—a fanatic is always a fanatic. Every one acquainted with history, knows, that a fanatic thinks he is doing God's pleasure, to spill the blood of those who differ with him in opinion. Hear the reports of the board of the Sunday school union, accompanying their petition to the Pennsylvania Legislature, praying to be incorporated; and judge for yourselves what hands (if not prevented) you are soon to be in. Dr. Ely, who was the principal agent in the business, delivered an address to the Legislature, after the reading of the petition, and the reports of the Board—an extract:† “Your Board have felt desirous, therefore, not only of furnishing

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\*Witness their butchery in the French Revolution.

†Dr. Ely is neither more nor less than secretary of the general assembly.

their own schools with suitable books, but of introducing such books into schools of a different description; [they wish to spread their poison wide,] and of rendering them so abundant, as to *force out of circulation* those which tend to mislead the mind. They have not been backward, [If ever you are backward in any thing but truth and honesty, it will be when the people cease to give you money.] therefore, to assume the high responsibility of revising and altering the books they have published, wherever alterations seemed necessary."--2d Report Sunday School Union, p. 5. I should like to have a peep at those books. So goes the money which was to spread the gospel. Let us hear more: "While the committee feel"—how feeling; certainly they feel for some distressed widow or orphan. No—"the immense responsibility which they assume, in becoming *dictators to the consciences* of thousands of immortal beings, [A Pope, a Pope in America; he dictated to the consciences of thousands too; to come to the truth, at once, every black-coat is a Pope, in his calling; as his sole business is money and power, and power and money.] on the great and all important subject of the welfare of their souls." Exactly the language of the Popes. "While they dread [the light,] the consequences of uttering *forgeries*, or giving their sanction to misrepresentations of the glorious truth of [getting money] the gospel, they are not backward to become [a modest man would,] the responsible *arbitrators* in these high points, rather than tamely issuing sentiments which, in their *consciences*, they believe to be false, or inconsistent with [getting money] O no—fie Mrs. Royall, how could such a wicked thing come into your head? Now we mean, the purity of divine truth, in preparing works for the press; the utmost liberty is used with regard to [getting money,] whatever is republished by them." Catalogue Sunday School Union, 1826. I should like to know what those forgeries are, which they believe to be false. But let us hear their annual report: "These institutions may terminate in an *organized system of mutual co-operation*, [to get money,] between ministers and private Christians, so that every church shall be a disciplined army, [of cut-throats,] where every one knows his place; where every one has a



place, and a duty, in the grand onset against sin." Every man who has ears to hear, let him hear. If this is not conspiracy against toleration, then two and two are not four.

But this grand onset is meant for the heathen. Are not all those pious young men to be sent out to spread the gospel? This was the tale they told us, when we furnished the money to educate, feed, and clothe them. And, moreover, the Bibles, and tracts, which have cost us a round sum, were to be precious means to bring the heathen in the way of the gospel. No such thing, if they are to be believed, themselves. They tell plainly what this disciplined army is for. "*In ten years, or certainly in twenty, the political power of our country would be in the hands of men whose characters have been formed under the influence of Sabbath schools.*" 2d Annual Report, Sunday School Union. This needs no comment; and the friends of liberty, throughout the world, must feel much gratification that virtue enough was found in the very state where such corruption has sprung up, to defeat it. I have heretofore said, that all these people wanted, was rope enough; and, though the attempt has failed in this instance, they will try it again. This was the doings of the general Assembly. Doubtless these pious *young* men are fulfilling the fable of the frozen adder—a pretty good move, by the bye, for a rabble so suddenly raised. Had they been put to the plough, the spade, ditching, or some useful trade, they would now, instead of being a nuisance to the country, be advancing its interest. Instead of this, they have become dictators; putting themselves in formidable array against the liberties of our country; and, forsooth, are determined to be nothing less than presidents, senators, and statesmen. No, gentlemen—not quite so fast—remember what you are; remember where you came from; liberty is too sweet, to surrender it to men gleaned from our streets. This general Assembly is made up of men from every state in the Union; whence they have been planted, from charity schools, to spread their tenets; and not, as was said, amongst the heathen. They come all the way from Missouri, Indiana, the Territories, every where, and meet in Philadelphia, where they digest their treasonable plans.

The most of them are raw, ignorant fanatics, subject to the control of the old *Roundheads*, such as Sts. Ely, Spring, and Beecher: these are the gentlemen who move the wires; and, though it would be sacrilege to admit, for a moment, that they can ever establish their religion, yet they are bent upon harm, and one thing is certain: this army of priests, their schools, their presses, and their societies, are supported by the people; they are the drones, who eat up the honey; and, God knows, that is evil enough, without having our throats cut. If they must needs go to war, I hope it will be with each other; the world will be well rid of them.

I have just seen a newspaper, wherein Dr. Ely denies, in positive terms, his ever having advocated a national religion! It is a common thing, for a criminal, when arraigned for a crime, to deny it—not, however, meaning to say the Doctor is one—but I would merely ask the pious Doctor what he means, when he says, “These five classes could govern every public election in our country?” Every, means the whole, if it means any thing. I would ask him what he means, when he says, “Let us all be Christian politicians?” If words can be plainer, I never heard them. He says, “for his part, he would prefer a sound Presbyterian for his chief magistrate,” &c. &c. And what is this, but establishing your sect upon the downfall of others? and the moment you would carry your point, (which you could not do unless you had the power) you would then use that power to alter the constitution. No, sir, a Presbyterian is not to be trusted—we know you of old; and now, I ask, what business any of these meddling priests have with elections? their business, I thought, was to preach. If the pious Doctor is so innocent of the charge of establishing his religion, pray why did he take such an active part in chartering the Sunday school union? Ah, Doctor, you stand condemned. Do these Presbyterians, or orthodox, who never had a spark of the peaceful religion of Christ, think we have forgotten what use they made of power, when they had it? Do they think we have forgotten how they drenched England in blood, created a civil war, (what they are in a fair way to do

here) and, when they could no longer retain the power of killing there, came over to this country, and began it afresh—dipping their hands in the blood of harmless, unresisting people? Do they think we have forgotten how they whipped, branded, banished, and imprisoned the innocent Quakers? Five of those who were banished, happening to return privately, to settle some private business, were taken and hung by those monsters, at *one* time. Do they think we have forgotten how they put innocent men, women, and children to death, in cool blood, under the pretence of witchcraft? “Even refused to bury the victims of their inhuman barbarity; but left them hanging on the gibbets, exposed to wild beasts, and birds of prey.” The innocence of youth, the infirmities of old age, virgin modesty, fortune, honor, virtue, and the most dignified employments of the state, were no security; they hung a lawyer, because he refused to plead against those innocent sufferers; they hung seventeen in *one* day. Children of ten years of age were put to death; young girls were stripped naked, (by God’s people, the ministers,) and the marks of witchcraft searched for, on their bodies, with the most indecent curiosity. Those spots of the scurvy, which age impresses upon the bodies of old men, were taken for evident signs of the infernal power. When witnesses failed, those blood-spilling monsters put the innocent creatures to tortures, to extort confessions dictated by their executioners, themselves; and they have the impudence to dictate to us now, to go to blood-spilling again; nothing else, under heaven. What else is it? They are in full possession of every liberty, but that of hanging heretics. They are itching to get hold of the halter. St. Eastburn could drink a quart of blood, himself. “If the magistrates, tired out with executions, refused to punish, they were themselves accused of the crimes they tolerated. The ministers [monsters] of religion, raised false witnesses against them, who made them forfeit their lives, for their tardy humanity. The prisons were filled, till they could hold no more, and gibbets left standing.\* It was made a capital crime for

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\* Abbe Raynal—vol. v. p. 194 and 199.

any one to dissent from their religion." Thus, Americans, you see what hands you are likely to fall into. These were *then*, as they are now called, God's people. These Calvinists are always the same, from Calvin down to this *Eastman*, or any other man of them. They have always been a vindictive, blood-spilling crew. What did Calvin, their leader, do? Did he not burn an innocent man, by piece-meal—kept him three days in torture, by the flames—was this monster a Christian? True, all sects have been persecutors; but these persecutions were the acts of their tyrannical kings, pontiffs, and rulers. Not so those bloody Calvinists: they, when they have the power, devour their equals, their fellow men, with that wanton, savage ferocity, with which wild beasts destroy each other; and worse, for the wild beast only kills to satisfy his hunger; but those monsters of hypocrisy kill for the pure pleasure of seeing blood flow. It is bred in them; it is in their grain, and will never be extinguished; it is in the nature of their tenets, and a distinguishing trait of this sect. See what a roundabout way they have gone to work, in our country, again—again to reach their favorite work of slaughter. See how they have trampled on every thing that is Christian, by stealing insiduously, like so many thieves, over the country, under its cloak, to amass money. See how they have trampled on truth, by saying this money was to be employed in converting the heathen. Instead of that, we find them erecting stately palaces, and strong holds, over the country. See how diligent, unwearied, and unremitting they are in collecting money. Not a corner of the earth escapes them, imposing taxes to the amount of one cent. See how the houses of worship are turned into sanctuaries, for the base crimes of extorting money from the poor. See how the youths who were to be the pride, the safeguard, and ornament of our country, are degraded into gloomy savages, and fanatics. Instead of inculcating those virtues which ennoble human nature, enlarge the powers of thinking, or advance their future happiness by a liberal course of improvement, they are taught that sordid avarice, and haughtiness, is religion; they tell the student that hating his neighbor, is religion; that all sects but his own are heretics, and must be exterminated to



make way for God's people—except a few, to *work* for God's people. They teach him that rapine and plunder are the gospel.

I have not been so fortunate as to see those books they have been altering, which they wished to have printed, and established by law; but, from what I have seen of scholars and teachers, those books, doubtless, are to make fanatics cut the throats of their parents, or friends, who believe differently. All tyrants have been raised to power by the dregs of the people, whom the tyrant can mould as he pleases. To this end, doubtless, Dr. Ely, and no other man but such as he is, and the profound ones of his sect, could have fostered such a plan. He denies being an agent for the Sunday school union. This is like the two men who stole the meat from the butcher. He was not the agent. His plan was too consummate for that. It was not necessary he should be the agent—any one might be the agent; he had a deeper part to act. That he was the prime mover, in conjunction with his friends, of those schools, and every other plan connected with the pretended scheme of spreading the gospel, there is little doubt; it was the work of no fool. It would require more than his word, to induce people to believe that he was not in the confidence of the general assembly, who are evidently the authors of the whole missionary scheme, which turns out to be a perfidious juggle of priest-craft—a downright conspiracy against religion, liberty, and virtue. He pretends to be entirely ignorant on the subject of the Sunday school union—believe this who may. How many miles does he live from Philadelphia? How did he know, and how did he boast, that the Presbyterians alone, including those schools, could bring half a million into the field. He wrote the report, and must be supposed to know something about it; and, that he knows every thing about the motives of these schools, is very evident, from his exertions to have the Board incorporated. The subtlety with which he attempts to palliate this daring blow at our liberties, only aggravates his crime. He says, “he hopes, in future, more effectually to become their fellow-servant, in their benevolent operations.” There is no need for the

pious Doctor to tell us this. His whole talents have long been at their service—they have been in good training. He denies advocating church and state—"Let church and state forever be distinct." This is like an enemy, who, while he is treating for peace, is making all possible preparation for war. But you have deceived us once, sir, by a similar falsehood, and we trust you no more. You told us that "thousands of heathen were perishing for lack of the gospel; and that you must have money to educate *pious* young men, to send the gospel to the heathen." It now appears, that these young men are to be marshalled to the *polls*, to shut out every other sect. After telling this falsehood, we believe you no more, sir. You are doubtless to be president of the United States, and St. Beecher, and St. Spring, and St. Black, are to form your cabinet. The government then would be exactly to your taste, in the hands of God's people. You would have a *Rump* Congress,\* and Speaker Rouse, and vice-president "Praise-God-Barebones." Our government then would certainly do no wrong; and, of course, would attract not only the admiration of Europe, but of the angels, themselves. As in the Hartford Convention, the Lord would be sought by long prayers, previous to every motion. The door-keepers, sergeants, clerks, and messengers, will be, of course, selected from those *pious* young men; and Miss February would have to give way to some Godly she missionary; and as for those naughty women——!

Now mark this cunning doctor how insidiously he perverts common sense, like Satan talking to Eve, "let us all be Christian politicians." What business has he with politics, the arch traitor? let him stick to his pulpit. But what I was going to say of this consummate deceiver outwits every, the whole combined army of mintisters, teachers, and missionaries. I think it is the deepest piece of clerical craft and duplicity to be found in ancient or modern times, and ought to be met as it deserves, with prompt attention. No man of sense can be blind to the policy of this clerical conspirator. In order to redeem the good opinion

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\* Cromwell had a Rump Parliament.

of the public, either to disguise or blind it to his real designs, and hold out false colors a little longer, he comes out in the papers since his defeat, and says, "There is reason to hope that the resistance which the school Union has experienced in the Senate will commend it to the more ardent friendship of all who love (like himself) the progress of knowledge, liberty, and piety, in our land." By turning a page or two back, the reader will see in the reports of the board, the falsehood of this dangerous priest; the people will see that what he calls knowledge, liberty, and piety, is ignorance, slavery, and wickedness. No, Mr. Priest, you carry the bag in one hand, and a dagger in the other; we know you, sir, you smell too strong of the Hartford Convention—you smell too strong of sulphur. Your whole sect have always been alike dangerous to thrones, liberty, and religion.

No government that has ever existed, can please a Presbyterian; monarchy cannot please them; they beheaded their king, and drenched the country in blood. Democracy does not please them. When they had the power in their own hands, they devoured each other like wild beasts. Republicanism, our present government, does not please them; every other sect is pleased with it. They seem to possess an inbred hostility to peace, and an unconquerable thirst for human blood; and all their aim is to get into power, to spill it. If they had the power in their hands this moment, in less than ten years the United States would exhibit a fine spectacle. It is more than probable that half the population would be destroyed; gibbets and faggots would be as plenty as missionaries are now. Read Eastburn's speech; such fierce monsters as he, would make human blood flow like rivers;\* and if they once had power, a thousand Eastburns would start from their coverts. See the pains they are taking to raise an army of fanatics, altering the school books, and forcing all intelligent books out of use. All those theological and Sunday

\* This has heretofore been the case with fanatics, at four different times in Europe, the blood of the victims run in rivers through the streets.

school scholars, are nothing but gloomy fanatics, ready to cut throats at a minute's warning.

There is not a spark of the Christian religion in one of them, unless it be where dame Nature has set them at defiance. On the contrary, their whole conduct is in direct opposition to that religion. A Christian is one thing, they another. A Christian honors his country and respects its rulers. They disgrace their country, and call their rulers a lawless set of men, that must be put down. A Christian is meek and merciful. They are turbulent and cruel. A Christian is peaceable. They disturb private and public tranquillity; breed strife in families, and set father against son, and husband against wife. A Christian loves his neighbor and honors God. They hate their neighbor; call him a heretic, an infidel; and make God no better than a usurer. A Christian reveres the Bible, and walks *by* it. They trample it under foot, and walk *over* it. A Christian thinketh no evil. They slander and revile every sect but their own. A Christian relieves the widow, and dries the tears of the orphan. They strip both to the last cent, and shut their doors upon them. A Christian courts no man's silver or gold. They covet all things from all men. A Christian lives on his own labor. They live on the labor of others. A Christian has charity for all mankind. They wish to control the liberty of conscience, and entire liberty of thinking. A Christian never *talks* of the blessed Sabbath, the precious Bible, the gospel; he practises them. They have those words eternally in their mouths, their books, and their papers, but no where else. These Rev. Doctors, that talk so much about the Bible, never gave a piece of bread to the hungry in their lives; but many a piece they have taken from them. This they call serving the Lord; and spreading the gospel; and hopeful conversions! They will never have the impudence—they can never have the face to call themselves *missionaries* after this, or ask for money to spread the gospel. This name *missionary* has served them for a cloak long enough.

Thus, having shown what these missionaries have done in the United States, let us see what good they have done in



England, for it appears there are knaves and fools there too.

In 1823, the Missionary Board received 1,458,406 dollars. In 1824 the Board received from fifteen societies only, 1,150,000 dollars. Now let us see what effect this missionary madness has had upon society in England. The number of persons charged with criminal offences in England and Wales, in the year 1826, was 16,147. The number convicted of crimes the same year, in France, was 7,591. The population in England and Wales is *fourteen* millions; that of France amounts to *thirty* millions. So we see what effect it has had in England.

It is hoped that the American people will convince the world that they have not become such a tame, pitiful race, in half a century, as to surrender their liberty to an aspiring priesthood.\*

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#### JOURNEY TO NORFOLK.

Having pursued these missionaries to their strong holds, I return to Petersburg. They pursue a different plan here in the south from that pursued in the north. Instead of employing these jenny dismals which would frighten the gay young clerks out of their stores, they choose the most gay and fashionable ladies they can find, (for priests can always command women when they please,) young and handsome. These young ladies take the town street by street, shop by shop, and get their fifty cents from every clerk. Upon rebuking a friend of mine for contributing to such impostures, he replied, "O, Mrs. R. how could I refuse such a handsome young lady?" Another would say, "I gave it to her to get rid of her. How much more amiable those ladies would have appeared, had they begged, (if they must beg) for the infirm and the aged.

\* Since this has been written, those monsters of cruelty and wickedness, knowing I was about to expose their impositions, made an attempt on my life, and, though they failed in their attempt, they succeeded in maiming me, very probably, for life. If any one wishes to know the kind of gospel they are spreading, let them come to me.

The celebrated Queen Pocahontas, once lived where Petersburg now stands.

Taking leave of my friends in Petersburg, I took my departure for Norfolk, Va. The journey is performed partly by land and partly by water. We take the stage at Petersburg, which, in about two or three hours drive, sets us down at City Point, (twelve miles from Petersburg) on James River, where a steam boat, on her way from Richmond, takes in the passengers. Upon taking my seat in the stage, I found it occupied by four passengers, three ladies and one gentleman. The ladies were seated on the back seat; and, though all were somewhat younger (not much,) than I was, they sat firm, without moving hand, foot, head, or tongue. I, therefore, took the front seat with the gentleman, which, in fact, is the most agreeable seat to me in the coach.

To begin with the ladies, one was rising forty; tall, fair, spare, thin visaged, red-haired, sharp and thin nosed, blue eyed, long-necked, thin-lipped, with a good set of teeth. Her countenance was haughty, scornful, imperious, proud, vindictive, prudish, and (as nature appeared unwilling to stint her in any thing) the whole was copiously seasoned with pepper, salt, and vinegar. By this time my readers will naturally guess I have got hold of another old maid—aye, and that is not the worst of it, all three were old maids, at least unmarried. The youngest could not, however, be called very old. They were all sisters, and (excepting the age and height of the last) the same description may serve for the whole. The gentleman turned out to be their father, their mother was dead; they were Scotch people, by the name of Maitland, and I was told claimed kin with Sir Peregrine Maitland, of Canada. But I should never have believed it. The old man appeared to be about fifty years of age, thick set, fair complexion, and as haughty and scornful as his daughters. His face looked as if it was enveloped in hoar frost, and of a *hexagon* shape. He never condescended to touch his hat, or even deign to look at me; and, to come to the truth at once, I saw by their haughty leers, they considered it a great *indignity* to ride in the stage with me. The Misses, who, as well

as the father, treated me with profound silence; would draw their veils close over their faces to conceal them, from my vulgar eye. Thus this broadfaced Scotchman, having left his sheepheads behind him in Scotland, passed off his airs of nobility. He was what I should call an old coxcomb, and his daughters prudish old maids. Notwithstanding their vexation at being compelled to ride in the same stage with an ignoble American, if they knew it, I had the worst of the bargain. I never was in less agreeable company.

The country, upon leaving Petersburg, maintains a fine appearance for a few miles, when it sinks to a low, level plain, and in many places, marshy. The road was bad, being destitute of bridges over the marshes, though otherwise level, and without a stone. The population was thin, and the soil poor whitish clay. The timber, excepting pine, was all new to me. The ignorant driver knew no more about it than his horses. Now and then an old field of broom-sedge appeared, and a dreary appearance after leaving the Appamattox.

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#### CITY POINT.

From the time I left Petersburg, and after my arrival at City Point, I gave myself up to the most extravagant raptures! not, however, unmixed with melancholy associations. This region, which I was now to see, for the first time, had for years been familiar to me; I had had the history of every inch of ground, swamp, tree, orchard, grove, and garden; the houses, the shores, the river, the sedge fields, even to the river banks. The very ducks in the swamps were as familiar as though I had spent my days there. It was the birth-place of my husband!!—It was the place where he spent his boyhood, and where he grew up to man!

As we came in view of City Point, I naturally cast my eye toward the well known marsh, where with his faithful Spaniel and his gun, he passed whole days in pursuit

of the shell drake. Over the river, I saw the well known solitary house, peeping through a thick grove, where he spent his childhood, some 80 years since. This house is at the Hundred, which took its name from a creek. A little higher up the river, is Shirly plain. Then the wharf, or where it once was—upon which the Guinea ships used to land their numerous slaves. I saw the grove, through which he used, when young, to wander, or sat and read under its shade. I saw the river banks upon which he indulged his infantile sports, now in pursuit of a butterfly, and now plucking a wild flower. The sight of all those images, appeared like so many old acquaintances, and filled me with a train of ineffable sensations. Every thing was silent, the whole place exhibited a uniform gloom—almost abandoned by man—it looked as though industry had taken its everlasting flight from a place, once covered with the busy multitude—large fleets of trading vessels, used to anchor at Shirly; now only a few little schooners come to City Point. A collector keeps an office at this place; but I would think he could not make his bread.

City Point, once the residence of my husband's uncle, Peter Epps, a man of large fortune, is a poor deserted place. A tavern, the collector's house, and a house where a widow Epps (a descendant of its former owner) lives, is all that is left of this once lively and flourishing place.

When we drove up to the tavern door, the Scotch *Earl* jumped out first, and did condescend to offer his hand, which I refused, and sprung on the porch at once, without putting my foot on the step, (rather more than the old maids could do.) "God bless me," he exclaimed, "that was a great jump." I dare say, he took me to be something supernatural. I never saw any one so much astonished. Their old maidships would not pollute their immaculate selves, by going into the tavern, they went to the collector's, who was a relative of theirs. It was about an hour after we arrived, before the boat came, and I spent the time very agreeably, in chatting with the landlord, a most amiable and pleasant man; a foreigner, if I recollect aright. I don't know that I ever was so taken



with a stranger, and never parted from one with more regret. He possessed those easy every-day manners, which please every one.

While waiting for the boat, I sent a message to Mrs. Epps, informing her whom I was, and expressed a wish to see her. She sent me some trifling unlady-like answer, which proved that the family had greatly degenerated. The society, from what I saw of them in the boat, that same evening, is in the lowest state of degradation.

I inquired of my landlord, after the shell-drake, which, in my husband's time, abounded in such numbers, that the proceeds of his gun and his Spaniel, amounted to 100 weight of feathers, annually; "but this species of duck," the gentleman said, "had almost become extinct.\*" My friend accompanied me to the boat, and we had the honor to walk behind the Scotch gentry, who could be no great things, or they would have attracted the attention of some young beau to attend them.

I found very few, in fact, no genteel people on board, with the exception of a young man, and two young ladies, his sisters; and they had a fight, I mean the two girls. The fight (or what I should call a fight) happened about a love letter, as we may suppose. When we were called to dinner, one of the sisters dropped behind, and in an instant, jerked a letter out of the other's reticule, and putting it

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\*His favorite Spaniel was named *Spad*, and from all account, was worth more than his weight in gold. He would follow the ducks, when wounded, for miles, and bring them to his master. During our winter evenings, he used to relate many of those ancient tales; and being extremely fond of fowling, great part of those anecdotes related to his dogs and his gun; one in particular, of this *Spad*. Upon one of those fowling excursions, *Spad* after bringing all the ducks to his master, to his astonishment, disappeared. After waiting sometime, calling and whistling for the dog, he returned home, very disconsolate for his favorite. He changed his clothes, and dined, which took up some hours; when lo! *Spad* came with a duck in his mouth, which he had pursued about four miles, as appeared from the evidence of some of the neighbors. But *Spad*, though the best of his kind, when in good humor, would sometimes get in the pouts and run home, as fast as his legs would carry him; deaf to all entreaty, he would leave his master to get the ducks out of the water, the best way he could. Whenever I got in the pouts, my husband would uniformly call me "*Spad*," which never failed to restore me to good humor.

in her bosom, walked on to dinner. The one who owned the letter, suspecting some treachery, hardly waited to swallow her dinner, before she ran into the ladies cabin, to search for the letter, and ascertaining from the chambermaid the other had put it in her bosom, she stood in the door of the cabin, to watch her, till she should have dined, and the moment she entered the cabin, she clinched her. As to size and strength, they were the most equally matched of any two boxers that ever engaged, though they only pulled hair, scratched, hugged, and bit. They were young, stout women, weighing about 140 lbs. each. The aggrieved one caught the other by the back, and placing her arms round her waist, now and then attempted to get one of her hands into the other's bosom, which the thief would sometimes bite, and sometimes pinch and scratch. One scolded in French, the other in English. Combs, ruffles, curls, bonnets, and ribbons soon went to pot. After struggling a long time, the injured one had to give it up, and threatened to send for her brother, who was on deck, being afraid to go herself, lest the other would read the letter, (which she seemed to dread worse than death.) How they made it, finally, I never learned; the owner of the letter stuck close to the other, while they remained on board, which was some time in the night. They had the appearance of genteel women, as to dress and education, which surprised me the more. I think their brother was an officer either in the army or navy.

But the Scotch folks went on to Norfolk. It is truly afflicting to see the low shifts of parents to put off their daughters; this old Scotchman was trailing these old maids after him, no doubt to pick up some unguarded young man as his conduct showed, particularly at dinner; and though neither he nor they smiled or spoke while in the coach, they were no sooner in the boat, (where there was nothing but a few rusty-looking old bachelors, and one or two coarse young men,) than they were all chat, smirks, and smiles. But it was sickening to see them at the dinner table. The old man, (for none of the rest had that much politeness,) was continually ad-

dressing his daughters, 'Will you have a bit of this, Miss?' and then enter into conversation with them to draw the attention of the gentlemen to the excellent qualities of his daughters. He had something to say to them all, and all had something to say to him; but all in vain, no gentleman took the hint, or spoke a word to them; as they could, by no means, stoop to the indignity of sitting in the cabin with such low company, my Royall self, for instance, they kept on deck amongst the gentlemen, though it was cold and blustering. Now, the most ignorant man on board this boat could not be blind to the low artifice of those people, and the whole put together, always defeats the object. I have seen so much of those disgusting and overplished advances of females, since I have been in the Atlantic country, that I am always sorry when I hear of the birth of a female. Men are not blind nor deaf, and some of them have common sense.

James' river is a mile wide at City Point, and becomes wider as you sail on. It has very few vessels on it: now and then a solitary sloop: though large vessels can come up to City Point. The land on the shore is low, thin, and not very populous. I ought to have mentioned Jamestown, the oldest in Virginia. It is now overgrown with trees and shrubs: the whole being in ruins. The remains of an old church, just visible through the trees, and the traces of an old fortification, mark the site of Jamestown. It stands on an island at the mouth of Appamattox river.

*Norfolk.* It was late in the evening, or night rather, when we landed in Norfolk. The Captain sending a man, both as a guide and porter, to conduct me to Mrs. —, who kept a boarding house. I was pleased to find the family up, and met with an obliging old lady in my landlady, and some genteel company, which at once interested me in favor of Norfolk. I merely requested the Captain to send me to the nearest house, without further particulars

Of all the towns in the Union, I met with the greatest disappointment in Norfolk. It has uniformly been represented to be a low, marshy situation; the streets filthy, and houses mean. How was I astonished to find it a neat,

handsome town: never was a town more grossly slandered; and hearing the same report from various people, geographers and all, it looks as though the whole world had conspired against it. The town is not only neat, it is beautiful. The streets well paved, lighted, and the neatest kept of any town in the Union, except Providence.\* I will not except Philadelphia. It is shameful to traduce a whole people in this manner. A gentleman removed from my neighborhood some years ago, and for mercantile purposes, fixed his residence in Norfolk. Upon inquiring of him, sometime afterwards, how he liked the place, he said it was the filthiest hole in the world. Let it have been what it might, heretofore, it is now a very pleasant, and remarkably neat town, and the scite, though level, is dry. The streets are not regular, but they are lively, and display much fashion, politeness, and business, though it has met with a serious misfortune in the loss of its trade with the West Indies.

I expected to have seen an old, dirty-looking, gloomy, clownish town, inhabited by barbarous tuckyhoes: on the contrary, the houses looked fresh, and the citizens polite and hospitable; on the score of refinement and taste, it has more than any town in Virginia; in this respect, it resembles Boston. The houses are large and elegant, and many of them surrounded with beautiful trees; the water, however, is not very good. Norfolk stands on Elizabeth river, which, at this place, forms a beautiful basin, a mile in width. It contains three banks, a court-house, a jail, an academy, three insurance offices, an orphans' asylum, an atheneum, containing 6000 volumes of well chosen books, and seven churches; none of the churches in the Southern States have any thing that can be called steeples. It contains 11,000 inhabitants. Norfolk owns 32 tons of shipping, and has, heretofore, carried on a brisk trade, principally with the West Indies. Thinking I could do every thing, it was amusing, if not distressing, to hear them, particularly those who kept boarding houses, begging me to

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\* Providence being on a descent, the rains keep the streets clean always.



intercede with Government to have their trade restored. It certainly is a serious misfortune to those deserving people, as they have no other means of support.

*The Market.* The market of Norfolk is a subject of much astonishment to a person from the North. This was the 25th of April; of course I was surprised to find ripe strawberries, peas, potatoes, green beans, cucumbers, and all sorts of vegetables in the greatest perfection and abundance; but their meat of every sort is very indifferent. They, however, have fine fish, fowl, and game. I should say the prices were low, but this depends on the plenty or scarcity of money. But the horses and the negroes! The little horses and the little carts in which the articles are brought to market, are quite a show. The horses are about the size of a two year old cow, and nothing but skin and bone, the carts are about the size of the porter's cart in New York. Two small bundles of maize fodder is brought in the cart to feed the tiny animal who pulls it, while the driver is marketing. These carts, with every thing brought to market, is the business of negroes; those are the most insolent of any thing that can be called human. Their insolence and impertinence to the white people, is insufferable. This is the case in most of the towns in Virginia, and gives the lie to the reports charging them with cruelty to their slaves. But this slavery, nevertheless, is a great curse, as it takes all they make to feed and clothe them; they are, on every account, prejudicial to the country; for instance, in the North, the white females do the work, this gives them health and a beautiful complexion. Here, all the work is done by negroes. What is the consequence? The females are pale, bloated, slothful, and always complaining. In the North, the kitchens and all their appurtenances, are as neat as any gentleman's parlor. Here, they are filthy, and the cooks abominable. Every private house has a half a dozen black ones, at least, as servants, and the taverns and boarding-houses have from ten to thirty! I counted thirty black servants at Niblos, in Petersburg. This is taxed on the traveller, which is petty robbery! It is shameful to make innocent travellers pay for their laziness! Here you pay from 75

cents to a dollar for your dinner; in New England and New York, you get a better dinner, neatly cooked, for 37½ cents. "I have seen the time," said my landlady, "that I could get as good a two dollars a day for boarding as ever was seen, but now times are altered, I only ask \$1 50. We used to have good times, but hardly any body travels this way now!!" I should wonder if they did. No one, if he could help it, would wish to have his pockets picked. Norfolk abounds in boarding houses, which, though large and elegant, are mostly empty.

These people always feast while a stranger stops with them. The market is ransacked for the choicest and rarest delicacies, out of pure accommodation to the traveller, they would make you believe—whilst his pocket pays for it. They then fast till another traveller comes along, and then fine times again. This is the case, I believe, generally in the South. There is, however, a great deal of good feeling and hospitality in Norfolk, as well as learning. I know of no city, where a stranger could spend his time more pleasantly. As soon as the mayor of the city heard of my arrival, he hastened to pay to me his respects, very different from the mayor of Richmond; but the mayor of Richmond was a clown, and could not be expected to act the part of a gentleman. This mark of respect from one in his office and gentlemanly manners, was certainly flattering, while it reflected the highest honor upon the town. This gentleman continued his kind and polite attention to me, whilst I remained in the town. Norfolk is the residence of the Hon. L. W. Tazewell and many other gentlemen of distinction. Mr. T. is about sixty years of age, middle size, and thin visaged; his countenance is grave, but intelligent, and his manners evince a highly cultivated mind. Mr. Maxwell, one of the first attorney's in the place, is a man of youthful appearance, stout and well made, his face round, and remarkably fair, with a soft, dark grey eye, and handsome features, with all the heavenly charities expressed in his countenance; he is at once a Christian and a gentleman, and take him all in all, one of the most amiable of his species; though he is, as I was told, a P—n

in his religion. To be brief, I found many gentlemen in Norfolk; equally entitled to notice. The ladies, likewise, are to the full as accomplished and agreeable as in Boston, but not so generally.

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### PORTSMOUTH

Is a considerable village, over Elizabeth river, opposite Norfolk; contains about 3000 inhabitants, and is very handsomely situated. These towns bid fair, from their situation, to become the emporium for all the trade of the Chesapeake and its waters.

At Portsmouth, I also found many genteel families; amongst those, were Dr. Butt, Samuel Watts, and Jesse Nicholson, esquires, &c.

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### GOSPORT

Is but a short walk from Portsmouth. The United States have a naval depot at Gosport, under the command of Commodore Barron. I waited on the Commodore, and met him walking from his house (which is in the yard) to where the men were at work. He received me with all the ease and politeness common to the first gentleman; and after informing him of the nature of my visit, he very politely invited me to his house, saying I would find his daughters at home. The result proved that he might well presume upon the nature of the reception I would receive. He walked on, and I never saw him afterwards. His daughters (he has three) received me with all the warmth and cordiality of an old friend. I was scarcely seated, before I found myself perfectly at home. Upon saying I was long familiar with the name. "Ah!" said the eldest, "our misfortunes, Mrs. R. have spread our names far and wide." As she said this, the tear stood in her eye. The eldest was married, though she lived with her father

Both her and her sisters are the most accomplished females in the United States—sensible, handsome, and unaffected, their manners were truly fascinating. They appeared to have received the most accomplished education; nor was it ill bestowed. The most bewitching sweetness marked their every word and look, and they almost devoured me with kindness. These are what I call Christians, though I never heard a word of the Bible, the Sabbath, or spreading the Gospel; their Bible was their actions.

At the naval depot at Gosport, there is depth of water sufficient for vessels of any class, and the means of construction are abundant. The Commandant of the yard is an old, experienced officer, and well known to the public. There are circumstances in his life which have, in a measure, affected his character; but time has convinced many, that, if every thing relating to his conduct in the unfortunate affair of the Chesapeake had been as well understood as now, his fate would not have been such as it has been. His amiable disposition, his correct deportment, and, withal, his intelligence as a man and a naval officer, are too strong evidences of his good intentions, and tend greatly to do away the stain with which the opinions of the times, for the moment, sullied his character. The appearance of things at the yard is favorable to the Commandant, and to all the officers stationed there. I can hardly, however, believe, that it is the intention of Government to make Gosport the principal naval depot in the waters of the Chesapeake. As a place to fit and refit, it may do; but for a great naval arsenal, it seems to me rather too much exposed to a land attack.

Commodore Barron is over the middle age, of middling height, and robust make. His face is round and full, and his countenance open, benevolent, and pleasing. His air and manners are altogether affable and gentlemanly.

A very large ship of the line is nearly finished at Gosport, but they are no longer curiosities to me.



After spending but a very few days at Norfolk, I ascend the Chesapeake to Old Point Comfort, or Fortress Monroe as it is henceforth to be called, to view Hampton Roads and the military establishments. I found very few passengers on board, and none that in the least interested me. The day was blustering, and we had very heavy seas: with great difficulty, I landed at the Point. The tavernkeeper, a Yankee, was very kind and accommodating, but my friend, Col. Eustis,\* was absent at Buckrow, and I contented myself till he would return, as he was expected that evening, it being Saturday. He called, accordingly, and was accompanied by the staff.

Besides Fortress Monroe and Castle Calhoun, there is a military school kept at the Point, for the instruction of officers: at the head of this establishment stands Colonel Eustis, a most accomplished officer. It is made a part of their duty to encamp on the field months in the year: the encampment had just commenced at Buckrow, two miles from the Point, where the Colonel was attending his duties, and where he has, as well as his pupils, to remain night and day under nothing but a tent, not a house being within two miles.

Amongst those to whom I was introduced, were Lieutenant Anderson, Majors Crane and Heileman, Captain Baden, Lieutenants Abel and Simonson; all those, with the Colonel, welcomed me, with much warmth and cordiality, to the Point.

Col. Eustis is a stout, officer-like man, in the prime of life; his complexion is fair, his face round and full, and features good, with a soft light blue eye, and of most engaging manners. Lieut. Anderson is a young, small man, with a keen, brilliant black eye; his manners are very gentlemanly, and I am much mistaken in him if he disappoints the expectations of his country. Majors Crane and Heileman, Capt. Baden, and Lt. Simonson, are also very promising and highly accomplished gentlemen, and will, no

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\* I had been introduced to the Colonel at Washington.

doubt, one day, add another page to the renown of their country. Likewise, Lts. Tyler and A—— T—— are alike entitled to the highest confidence. Besides these, I saw many others of very promising appearance. But, as every good is mixed with evil, this institution, like every thing human, has its alloy. Since the appearance of my Sketches, I have observed one thing in my travels, which I did not when writing the sketches, viz. the moment I make my appearance in any town or village, one part of the community avoid me as they would a pestilence, while another part advance to meet me with demonstrations of any thing but fear. The cause of this difference is not my business: my business is simply the facts. While standing in my door, a few minutes after my arrival at the Point, I observed three men successively walk out of the farther end of the tavern which is a long building, and instead of going out at the gate opposite to them, they took a circuit to another gate. But being finally obliged to pass in review before me, on their destined course, they kept their sides toward me, held down their heads, and pulled their hats over their faces, so as entirely to conceal them. In addition to all this, they marched to the “quick step.” Upon inquiry, I found their names to be Capt. F\*\*\*\*\*, Mr. B——n, and V——s. It naturally follows, that the man who would desert the widow of his country’s friend would desert his country in the hour of danger. This happened at the Point. Buckrow is to come yet. Buckrow, the place of encampment, is about two miles from the Point. This being Saturday evening, I rested over Sunday, and received the calls of my friends; amongst these was Doctor Archer, the physician of the fortress,\* a most amiable man. Dr. A. is about twenty-eight years of age, robust make, and good figure; his face is full, fair, and round, with a brilliant large blue eye; his countenance is at once intelligent and manly; his manners are affable and genteel, and he appears to be a man of general know-

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\* I am under great obligations to Dr. A. for furnishing me with information, and answering innumerable questions relative to this grand establishment.

ledge. I had several calls from other gentlemen, in the mean time, principally the officers; and of course, as I say *gentlemen*, it may be supposed they were such. Upon the whole, the society of the Point is of the first class, and deservedly attracts the attention of many respectable strangers who travel for pleasure. My visit to the fortress could not have been better timed, as a general review of the officers and men was to take place on Monday, at Buckrow. Accordingly, the carriage of the Colonel was at my service, and at an early hour I proceeded to the place of rendezvous.

The scenery, not only of the fortress, but from thence up the Chesapeake to the encampment, inclusive, is the finest I have seen since I left Washington. The ride on the *beach* was perfect bliss! This was the first beach I was ever on. A beach, or strand rather, means the shore, either of a sea, river, or bay; but all shores are not beaches; a beach is low, flat, or an inclined plane. The beauty consists in the motion of the waves, alternately advancing and retreating to the shore. The novelty of the thing quite transported me: to see an immense perpendicular wall of water moving toward you, and not very slow, in an unbroken straight line, without any visible cause, filled me with wonder and delight. This wall, which is as perfectly and really in the shape of a stone or brick wall, moves towards the shore as though it were going to deluge the world. They, however, grow lower as they approach the ascending ground, and run up in a thin sheet, and then run back; thus it continues: sometimes the water would be a hundred yards from us, and again under the carriage-wheels. Buckrow is on a beautiful plain, surrounded by a luxuriant grove, though it is itself bare of timber.

It was laughable to see these men of war, when my carriage drove up, every man flew to his tent, and was out of sight in an instant. It naturally occurred to me that had an army approached instead of a single old woman, how easily they might have been captured.\* All the *gen-*

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\* They apologized for it, by saying, they wished to shave and dress before they paid their respects; but a gentleman will always touch his hat.

*tlemen*, however, came to meet me, and the Colonel's marquee was at my service. He had not arrived himself, but knowing I would be there, he had given orders for my reception. In a few minutes he arrived, the band struck up, and the men were soon on parade. The Colonel, in his uniform, was mounted on an elegant bay charger, richly caparisoned, which he rode with uncommon grace. Firm and erect—his plunging steed—his manly movements, and his martial air, were enviable. I felt proud that I was an American. The officers, likewise, and men, who were all in uniform, looked quite imposing. The Colonel, after riding through the lines, and giving the necessary orders, retired some distance in front, and the men passed in review to the head of the field, where the arms and accoutrements, even to their linen, were narrowly inspected by the officers. Every man appeared equipped for marching: his knapsack, his tincup, canteen, blanket, &c. were all laid down on the grass: the officer standing by, the man stooped to his knees, and pulled every thing out of his knapsack; he unrolled his clothes; they were counted and closely examined as respected their neatness, tear, wear, &c.—and the blankets were unrolled, and, with their arms, underwent the closest scrutiny. These came up, one after another, until the whole were examined. This, and the evolutions, took up some time.

So far as I am qualified to judge, I should say, the institution is promising, and, under its present able conductor, may attain to considerable rank. As to Col. Eustis, his courage and skill are unquestionable, having put them both to the trial; but the question is, whether the Colonel can infuse any of his courage into his pupils.

Hampton Roads are peculiarly well situated as a place of rendezvous, or of refuge, for vessels of all sizes, and afford sure anchorage, and an excellent harbor, being completely protected on all sides from the violence of the gales and sea. These roads are fortified, at their entrance, by two powerful works, one on the shoal on the left, as you enter, called the Rip Raps, which bears the name of Castle Calhoun, in honor of the present Vice-President, and



the other on the right, on Old Point Comfort, called Fortress Monroe, in compliment to the late President. The distance from battery to battery, is just one mile. Castle Calhoun stands on the Point of the Rip Rap Shoal, in about twenty feet water. The mole which forms the base or foundation of this work, is composed of large stones, thrown into the sea until they rise to the high water mark, and then raised about eight higher, by stone arranged so as to form the level from which the Castle is to be built. It is to have, when completed, four tier of heavy guns, amounting, in all, to upwards of 200, and will require a garrison, in time of peace, of 200 men; and, in time of war, to sustain a siege, 1,130 men, and will cost about 1,000,000 dollars. The mole, which is now erected, contains an area of about three acres. This work, when completed, will be well calculated for a naval school. Indeed, it has been suggested, that government has it in view to appropriate it to that purpose, after it shall be finished. Its isolated position, in the sea, its contiguity to the artillery school of practice at Old Point Comfort, its proximity to the naval establishments at Gosport, near Norfolk, and the general rendezvous of our vessels of war in Hampton Roads, all conspire to give it peculiar advantages as a naval school.

Fortress Monroe is one of the most extensive forts in the world, taking it as a mere fort, which it is. The walk round the parapet, is upwards of 2,000 yards. It mounts about 400 guns, and requires a garrison, in time of peace, of about 400 men, and, in time of siege, about 2,600. It will cost, when completed, about 1,000,000 dollars. This work has considerably progressed, and will be completed in a year or two. It presents a most formidable battery on the sea side, and can, in conjunction with Castle Calhoun, throw an immense fire on vessels attempting to enter Hampton Roads. Notwithstanding these two forts present such a formidable barrier to the entrance into the Roads, it is contemplated to increase the difficulty of passing between the works by anchoring booms across the channel. Besides, it is proposed, in time of war, to add to the defence of this important position, powerful steam batteries, which,

being locomotive, would be a very effectual means of keeping the Chesapeake clear of any enemy's ships, as, it is presumed, few vessels of war would be prepared to oppose the destructive fire of a steam battery well posted, with hot shot.

But let me now give an account of the artillery school of practice, which is established within Fortress Monroe.

This school has been established about two years. It is under the direction of the War Department, and has an organization peculiar to itself. There is a Commandant, who has the general direction, assisted by two field officers, and a regular staff for the place. There are, besides, instructors of mathematics, engineering, military drawing, and chemistry. There is, also, a laboratory under an officer of the Ordnance Department. In this laboratory, all the manipulations concerning the fixing of ammunition, for artillery and infantry services, are taught to both the officers and matrosses. The construction of guns and gun-carriages, both for field and garrison service. The packing of ammunition in boxes and caissons, and, in fact, all the practical duties of the elaboratory. The officers and troops are exercised in the duties and manœuvres of field and garrison artillery, the attack and defence of places—topography, castramation, the construction of pontoons, and military bridges, and, indeed, every thing appertaining to the practical and theoretical duties of an artillerist. There are ten companies attached to the school, taken from the several regiments of artillery. These companies are relieved every two years, by other companies which have not gone through the school; and all the officers of artillery have, in like manner, to go through a regular course of instruction in their proper arms. From the appearance of the officers and men, I am inclined to believe that the discipline is very strict, and that duty is performed at the school with great regularity. There is, also, a very genteel deportment observable in all the officers, and an urbanity, which is highly creditable to their character, and to their feelings, as men and gentlemen. This school is at present under the direction of Col. Eustis, an excellent officer—and the fortifications are under the superintendence and direction of Col. Gratiot, a very

respectable gentleman, and highly scientific engineer. As far as I am a judge, the works are all of a durable character, constructed with great care and precision, and are all highly honorable to the nation. Many persons are of the belief, that these famous works protect the entrance into the Chesapeake Bay; or, in other words, that they were situated at the entrance of the Chesapeake, guarding the waters between Cape Charles, and Cape Henry, and thus shutting up the very mouth of the great estuary. But that is not the fact, indeed it would be impossible to do it, as the distance across from Cape to Cape, is something like 20 miles. Although the fortifications at the entrance into Hampton Roads, at a considerable distance from the entrance into the Chesapeake, from the sea, still it has a powerful bearing on the defence of the whole of the Chesapeake Bay, inasmuch as it is the rendezvous for our ships of war, and will be the station of our steam batteries. The ships of an enemy will be very cautious how they enter into a water like that of the Chesapeake, and ascend any distance up the Bay, leaving in their rear steam batteries, which can follow them and take their own distance to annoy them, and may even tow out, in calms, such vessels of war of our own as may be lying in Hampton Roads, to assist in attacking the enemy's vessels. So far these fortifications will be of great consequence as it concerns the defence of the Chesapeake generally; and, as they cover Hampton Roads, and the naval depots at Gosport, and all the country bordering on the waters which seek the sea through Hampton Roads, they are of immense importance. Hampton Roads, as before observed, form one of the most spacious and safe harbors in the world; all the fleets that ever floated, might be anchored in them and the waters beyond. Protected as they are, they afford an asylum for the vessels of war, and for the merchant vessels, against both an enemy and the storms, leaving them in security, while they remain there to refit or refresh, and may always choose their own time to depart. Its central position, as it regards the whole coast, besides its ever being free from ice, and of easy access, may be accounted advantages to be rarely met with. I have, perhaps, dwelt too long on

this place, but my readers will excuse me, since I have taken so much pains to describe its great advantages and importadce, in a military, naval, and commercial point of view.

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#### RETURN TO WASHINGTON.

From the Fortress, I took passage in the Steam Boat Norfolk for Washington City, it being in my route, to Harper's Ferry, which place, at the instance of my friends, I resolved to visit. There was a great number on board; for the season, though most of them were uninteresting. And, after viewing the country on both sides of the Chesapeake, which is poor and thinly inhabited, I went below. Upon going into the ladies' cabin, I was met by a steam, as it were, from a furnace, and moreover a very inodorous smell. I asked the chambermaid the meaning of all this; she said, a sick lady was on board, and must have the stove as hot as it could be made. Seeing a yellow looking female lying in one of our births, I asked the girl if she was white or a coloured women; I think she said she was white. I asked the lady what was the matter, and indirectly gave her to understand that she would do me and herself a very great service, by condescending to have the fire slackened. She made me no answer, but said something, upon another subject, to the maid, not in the best temper. To sum up the whole in a few words, she seemed both gnarly and snarly, and appeared to be troubled with the spasmodics. Without being entirely suffocated, I returned on deck, where I was forced to remain, though it was cold and blustering. I derived much amusement, however, in the company and conversation of two sprightly gentlemen, who joined me in laughing at a long faced missionary who was passenger with us. I wished to have got a sight of the captain, to enroll him amongst the immortals already on my page, but he studiously avoided me; and finally I amused myself with a couple who appeared to have been recently married. The husband was about sixty-five, and his wife about



twenty years of age: both had the appearance of the last stage of poverty; of course they must have married for pure love. The old gentleman was bald and badly dressed, though sufficiently warm: his face was shrivelled, and his cheek sunken, but his eye was lively and countenance cheerful and gay. He was ready and familiar in conversation, and detailed part of his courtship with the utmost frankness. His wife was dressed in an old and greasy calico gown, which had several rents; a coarse cotton shawl round her shoulders, unpinned, an old calico slouched bonnet on her head, and coarse leather shoes on her feet. Her face was smutty long and speckled, her hair was red and straggled over her face and eyes, which were pure gray; she appeared to be sick; sat flat on the deck and leaned her back against a pile of wood. Her husband seemed much concerned, and was leaning over her with great affection, endeavoring to console her. Seeing them in this situation, with that sympathy which we ought ever to feel for human misfortunes, I walked up to them and taking a seat on the head of a barrel, asked if I could be of any service to the lady; she said she was sick from sailing in the steam boat, and could not get better till she landed. I endeavored to comfort her, and told her "she would soon recover." O, no, she was not used to riding in steam boats, she wished she hadn't a come, it would be the last time, she didn't like these steam boats;" I told her it was mere matter of custom when she became accustomed to them, she would grow fond of them, "you did not like your husband the first time you saw him," "yes I did" she replied. It is impossible to express the effect this had upon her husband it seemed to renovate him with new life; his eyes almost flew out of his head. Having gained their confidence, it was easy to beguile them of their story, the amount of which was, that he was a cooper by trade, had had fourteen children and three wives; he had resolved, he said, on the death of his last wife, never to marry again, "but as he was setting up a barrel one day, and no ways *consarned* about any thing in the world, no more than the man he never seed, he happened to look to the door, and who should he see passing but her," pointing to his wife, "she looked so spry and handsome, that he was forced to break his word.

By this time, a number of gentlemen had gathered round us, and finding what was the subject of conversation, they quizzed the poor old fellow almost to death about his young wife.

The husband of the sick lady, I pitied him; he was a very genteel amiable man, but was tormented between his wife and his children.

Besides this lady, there were two others, who like myself were forced to stay on deck: they were detestably affected, than which nothing is more disgusting. The old man and his young wife, the genteel man with his sick wife, were agreeable, compared to them. These affected ladies neither talk, walk, nor do any thing like other people. There was another old lady, a poor ignorant creature, on board, a native of the South: it was evident the lower class of Southern people are degraded to the lowest degree; they can scarcely be called human. As I am about to take leave of this part of the country, a word on the customs.

To begin with the steam boats. The tables are good, but the waiters are not accommodating, neither do the Captains officiate at the tables as they do in the North; and as to the chambermaids, if you escape from them without getting your head broke, you will do well, they are negroes or mulattoes, and are dangerously insolent, and make it a point to insult every lady who goes into the boat; one pays their money against the grain, when compelled to undergo such indignities; I lay down in a birth on my way from City Point to Norfolk, and I believe if I had not jumped up at the maid's bidding, she would have pulled me out: this they do by way of showing their authority.

Then comes high semi-circular tables in the chambers, they are called dressing tables, and from their uniform appearance, one would think they are indispensable; do the people ever travel? if they have never, they ought; they will then see that no such abominable things are at all necessary. I could not imagine what the things meant, they are always in the way, placed exactly in the place where they ought not, that is, in front of some window, or where you wish to place your writing or reading table; if you offer to remove them out of the way, you are sure to get

your hands stuck to pieces with the pins which confine an immense long apron in which this table is enveloped; how do people get on in the other states without this piece of furniture? Next come the high bedsteads; and lastly long window and bed curtains.\* What a waste of money! how dangerous from fire and candles, and how silly.

In the Northern States, I mean from Pennsylvania, every thing is in its place; but when you get to the slave country, all is in confusion; houses, fences, farms, every thing is pell-mell. There is one thing, however, for which I will ever prefer the Southern country, that is, the table; give me their ham, greens, and corn bread, (what the Yankees call Indian,) before any diet in the world; but take away their ignorance, particularly since the missionaries have turned them all (the ignorant ones) into fanatics.

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#### GENERAL REMARKS.

The Virginia horses are beautiful, it is one of the greatest treats to see those beautiful animals, there is nothing like them in the North; Virginia particularly, and Maryland, excel in horses, hams, and tobacco; but they are the greatest sharpers in the world—that is in charging high for every thing. Now these are the people who charge the Yankees with cheating; a pumpkin race; onion eaters; money loving race; canting, praying, hypocrites. These people who say this, have never been in New England, if they have, they are grossly prejudiced; as to cheating I cannot say what the scum does which is thrown off from the Yankee States; but this much I can say, that no people in the Union are more honest in their dealing, punctual in paying their debts than the Yankees are in their own states, and why, because they are industrious and always ready to meet their demands. This industry and general application to business, has drawn on them the character

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\*This dangerous fashion of curtains is too prevalent every where, and only proves that we are not yet civilized.

of "money loving." Nothing can be more false: let a person in distress apply to a Yankee for relief, and see how quick his hand will be in his pocket. I have tried them; I know well what they are; no people are more generous, or so much so, as a Yankee, no people are more hospitable than the true Yankee. If he makes money, he is as free to spend it on proper objects; true, the gentlemen in the South are free and hospitable, but how many are there in New England? Every man is a gentleman, and every woman is a lady; that is, they are well educated. I have seen ladies cooking in New England, who would grace a levee. As to "pumpkin eating," they do make pumpkin pies in the fall; but they have plenty of every thing else. Let those who have travelled, say if their tables do not abound, and they are *able* to furnish them. But why is a pumpkin worse than any other vegetable, pray? Why may a pumpkin not be as good as a cymblin, or sweet potato, or an opossum—or any thing else? It is not from necessity, but choice, they eat pumpkin pies, which are fully as palatable as *potato pies*. Though I never ate either, I have tasted them. I see no difference; I believe the cost is the same. Perhaps it would be better for the southern people to try the pumpkins, if their land would bring them—it may be owing to this article of food, that the Yankees excel, and are taking the lead in every thing. Perhaps it inspires them with a taste for learning, the arts, sciences, manufactures, commerce, and courage. Who fought better than the Yankees, last, and all our wars? Take away the black-coats, who are all tories, or Hartford Convention men.

These pumpkins may possess some secret charm. As to onions, they are reared like every thing else, for market. Neither onions, nor molasses, are eaten in New England; at least not half as much as in the south, which I lamented, as I am very fond of both. I heard so much of the Yankee, and his molasses, that I expected to see nothing else: and, to my astonishment, I never saw it on a table but once or twice, for some sick person, or child. They have onion sauce, for fowls, like other people; but no other way. As well might the Yankee exclaim against



the south, for eating opossums, black-eyed peas, and potato pies. The other charge—"praying hypocrites"—unfortunately for our country, there are too many of them, in every state; but not more, or so many, in New England, as in other parts of the Union. Look at New York, look at Pennsylvania, Virginia, and every state; wherever ignorance is, there you find those praying hypocrites. But the Yankees are an enlightened people, and are doing more—in fact they are doing all—to dispel bigotry. I fancy bigotry, and priest-craft, have fewer friends in New England, than any of the states; and, if it were not for those learned men, who either live, or have received their education, there, our country would, ere this, have been in the hands of those priests. There are certainly hypocrites there, but they are unprincipled Tories—the Hartford Convention people, who are bribed and payed by the whole combined body of those powerful priests—the general assembly, of which I have said so much, who swarm in the southern and western states—and the Yankee natives are blamed for what these fellows do: coming amongst them with their bags of money, and contaminating their women, and inexperienced young men. It is a pity the southern, western, and south-western people, do not know how much they are indebted to the Yankees, for their best interest, in combatting this alarming conspiracy of these priests. I have seen their struggles, and who opposes them? true, others are now engaged; but these poor fellows have long borne their whole artillery. What are they now doing in Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee, every where? Look at their schools, and their societies, and their churches: they have the whole country. The first stand ever made against priest-craft in our country, I mean those dangerous to our liberties, has the honor to have been made in New England.

It is not that I am a greater friend to New England than any other part of the Union, that I have said what I have; but because I am a friend to truth. I would say as much in the same cause, for any state. It is shameful and unmanly to tell such barefaced falsehoods.

We landed at Washington late in the evening, most of the passengers having stopped at Alexandria. I merely rested one night in Washington, and part of the next day, and took my departure for Harper's Ferry.

#### MASON'S ISLAND.

Wishing to take a view of Mason's Island, so celebrated in history, I left my baggage to follow, and walked up to Georgetown, near which the island lies, calling, occasionally, to rest, and salute my friends. Taking the lower bridge, nearest to the Potomac, I walked on, musing; and, finding myself overcome by the walk, I stepped into a shop, as I took it, to rest. The gentleman whom I found in, seemed to be doing something with tobacco, but saluted genteelly, and set me a chair. I was by this time, from my long and incessant fatigue, heightened by my walk, near fainting. The gentleman ran for water, and took a feeling interest in my situation. He also took a chair, and we entered into conversation. His name, he informed me, was Stedz, and his country, Germany. He was a man of gentlemanly appearance, easy manners, and the finest face in nature. Upon my expressing some surprise, at seeing a gentleman of his appearance thus employed, he informed me that he was born to large fortune, was well educated, had travelled over France, Germany, Spain, and Italy! had been unfortunate, and was now a tobacco-picker, in Georgetown! He was thirty-five years of age, and perfectly grey. His manners, his face, and countenance, were the most strikingly fine I ever beheld—so much for the ups and downs of this world.

After resting some time, I walked to General Mason's house, on the island; for he also has one in town, which he lives in one part of the year. The island lies in the Potomac river; and the General, at great cost, has built an elegant bridge over that part of the stream that bounds the Virginia shore. The scenery, from the bridge, in all directions, is beautiful; and the island, clothed in the most dense and luxuriant green, is eminently so. The house is some distance in the island, in the midst of a thick grove.

which completely conceals it. It is a large, elegant building, and stands on an artificial mount. The house fronts the course of the river, on both sides; the trees are mostly removed from that part of the island facing Washington, so as to command the view. On this part of the island, viz. the south front of the house, lie the garden and pleasure grounds. A great part of the garden, some acres, consists of culinary vegetables. That part adjacent to the house, is appropriated to flowers, shrubs, grapes, and every rare plant, consisting of the various species of the four quarters of the globe!

An avenue, planted with trees, leads from the house, south, to the river, dividing the garden into two equal parts. The margin of the island is fringed with natural growth, and forms innumerable grotesque coppices, of subtle, whimsical figures—some entwined with the wild grape, form beautiful bowers and recesses, on the very brink of the river. Those natural bowers completely shut out the rays of the sun.

The whole of the kitchen and flower garden, is laid off with exquisite taste, and cultivated in the neatest style. The rear front of the house, or that part which faces up the river, has also underwent the hand of taste, and is beautifully decorated with trees; the orchard and some tillable land, and by far the largest part of the island, lies on this side of the mansion; the greater part, however, is covered with lofty, verdant trees.

Taking the whole together, it is the most enchanting spot I ever beheld! A smooth, noble river in front, encircled by the same on all sides—the variety and richness of the dazzling flowers, intermingled with every shade of green—the broad, straight walks—the exact, level squares—the wild, woven bowers—the varied shrubbery, the lofty trees—the melody of the birds, every where redundant in the nicest touches of taste and skill—it staggers belief that such is reality, and fills the mind with intoxicating pleasure.

“Here, too, dwells simple truth; plain innocence,  
Unsullied beauty, sound, unbroken youth.”

The General met me at the door, and gave me a cordial welcome, and introduced me to his family. Mrs. Mason was indisposed, but three beautiful and accomplished daughters did the honors of the house; and, as I had but a very short time to stay, tea was ordered, while the ladies accompanied me in a walk over the garden, and through the island. The General has been at a vast expense in improving and decorating this spot, in which he has been for years engaged. He is a gentleman of great wealth, plain and easy in his manners, and hospitality itself.

Although this island, where we may say Nature keeps her holiday, has so many allurements, yet it can be inhabited but a short part of the summer, it being sickly. In July they have to leave it, and return to town. This is really mortifying, it being the most delectable summer residence off the sea-board.

Besides daughters, the General has several fine looking sons, who are very promising. The family move on the island the first of April, annually. In addition to this island, which has heretofore engaged alike the pen of the poet and historian, General Mason owns a large property in Georgetown, and the vicinity; particularly an extensive cannon foundry, and several mills. These lie about three quarters of a mile above Georgetown. Returning to Georgetown, from the General's, I spent the night there, and visited the foundry next day, to see, for the first time, the process of making cannon. The cannon is first cast in a solid piece of metal, and then bored out, with a long iron instrument, pointed with steel. This takes up some time, and is done by water power. The cannon lies horizontally, and the instrument is likewise in a horizontal position; and thus, the cannon being turned round, with the instrument in it, the excavation is made. Fifty, an hundred, or any number, may be bored at the same time. These were lying as thick as they could be placed, side by side, a few inches from the ground. This is private property, and must yield an immense profit.

The General's manager, with great politeness and condescension, attended me through the whole establishment;



and, with great patience and temper, replied to all my queries.

This foundry is at the falls, amidst the wildest scenery; on the same side of the river with Georgetown; the mills are on the opposite shore.

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#### JOURNEY TO HARPER'S FERRY.

Early next morning, I took my departure in the stage for Harper's Ferry, intending to call at Fredericktown. Messrs. Stockton and Stokes owns this line, which is at once, the best, the best managed, and most extensive line in the United States. These men deserve much credit for their assiduous attention in furnishing the best coaches, finest horses, and civil drivers.\* I was the only passenger in the stage, and had nothing, of course, to interrupt my contemplations. The morning was raw and hazy, and the prospect partook of the surrounding gloom.

It was the first day of May, when nature assumes her full dress; and had the day been fine, I should certainly have felt uncommon pleasure, as every thing was to me, a first view. The land was poor, farms bad, and the country uneven. We passed in the morning, Montgomery Court-House, the rendezvous of the runaways of Bladensburg. It was a large fine building, but there were besides it, very few houses at the place. The man at whose house we stopped to change horses, very politely furnished me with a cup of coffee, while the driver was changing his horses. This was thrice acceptable, as it was late, and we had some distance to drive to the breakfasting house. The land continues thin, till within a few miles of Fredericktown. During the drive, we met and passed a great number of waggons, drawn by fat, sleek mammoth horses, 5 & 6 to the team. These were the finest (as to size) horses, I had seen in any country. Altho' the day was

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\*Stokes, I do not know; but Mr. Stockton is a perfect gentleman and one of the most obliging men in the United States.

cold, so loaded were they with fat and flesh, that they were in a foam. The waggons were large, and neatly painted; the harness splendid; the horses moved slow, with a light short step, and bowed their necks in conscious pride.

Those waggons are employed in transporting produce from West Virginia, and the Western part of Maryland to Baltimore and Philadelphia, and carrying back merchandize.

As we draw near Fredericktown, the country suddenly changes to a fertile soil; highly cultivated farms; elegant buildings; the richest fields of clover; luxuriant meadows and orchards. The cattle, the horses, and sheep, evinced great fertility in the soil, and wealth in the inhabitants.

The sun shone out and gave to the face of the country its best glow. This description of country continued to increase, till we arrived in Fredericktown, which was about dinner time.

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#### FREDERICKTOWN.

Is the handsomest town in Maryland, except Baltimore, and hardly exceeded by it. It is situated on the river Monococy, a small smooth stream, which is not navigable. It lies in Frederick county, of which it is the capitol, in the midst of a rich and flourishing country. The site is beautiful, the houses, many of them large and elegant. The streets are wide, and cross at right angles. Most of the houses have gardens attached to them, which are cultivated with great taste, and decorated with trees, shrubs, and flowers. It abounds in flowers. It is healthy, well watered and does much business. The country around it exhibits a uniform representation of beautiful farms and mansions. Nothing like poverty, shows its head, in or near Fredericktown, all is flowing with wealth, health and beauty.

It contains banks and churches, several large public buildings, and 5,600 inhabitants—is an incorporate town;

42 miles West from Baltimore. I put up with Mrs. Kimboll, whom every body knows, who has ever travelled thro' Fredericktown. She keeps the best house, take it on all grounds, in the United States; though she is, herself, too far advanced in life, to attend to it, in person. She is a most extraordinary female; upwards of eighty years of age; has the best and most lady-like appearance of any ancient female I ever saw, in this particular she excels; she has a youthful appearance, affable, sprightly, and engaging in her manners; she has the most winning air of any German, (for a German she is) that has ever fell in my way, if not, excepting Stedtz, of Georgetown. Her father owned the land where Fredericktown now stands, and built on it the first house. He came from Germany. Her tavern is the oldest, and best stand in Maryland, to have been in the same hands.

She has given up the management to her daughter; also advanced in years, having grand children of her own. This daughter, is herself, a highly accomplished and dignified female, and attracts much company, from her obliging and lady-like attention to strangers and boarders. It is beyond comparison, the most pleasant house, I ever put up at—and the lady Kimboll, as she may well be called, is determined it shall be such, while she is the owner.

The daughters, grand and great grand daughters of Mrs. Kimboll, are highly accomplished females; but not more so than the citizens generally of Fredericktown. It has no resemblance in any respect to any thing in Maryland. The men are stout and handsome; the ladies are tall, and finely shaped, and excel in features and complexion, and the manners of both greatly exceed those of Baltimore. They are well educated and polished, kind and hospitable; their dialect is the least exceptionable of any town I have visited, if you except Boston, in the United States. Such is Fredericktown. There is a genuine and studied kindness, and attention to strangers, peculiar to them. No wonder their society is courted. The Great Road leading from West Virginia to Baltimore and Philadelphia passes through Fredericktown, and is a great advantage to the town.

Fredericktown is the residence of several distinguished families, among these are, Counsellor Ross, of Scottish descent, who appertains to the distinguished family, of the same name, in Pennsylvania. Mr. Ross is a tall, spare, noble looking man, of middle age, his face is oval, his eye is full and dark, with much expression; his countenance soft and serene; he is polite and elegant in his manners. Counsellor Potts also belongs to a very distinguished family, he is in the prime of life, small size, fair complexion, blue eyes and a luminous countenance; he likewise claims the first rank as a gentleman. F. Slye, Esq. is a young man of good size, full, fair face, wan countenance, and very engaging in his manners. Hon. Judge Schriver is about fifty years of age, middle size, his head as white as cotton; his face round, with an intelligent grey eye—also of very pleasing manners. Mr. Palmer, (I have not forgot you) one of my Yankees; with all the benevolence of his nation; is a man of very pleasing address; about thirty years of age, light figure, fair complexion—good features and very benevolent countenance. Colonel McPherson is about sixty years of age, a good figure, ruddy complexion, and at once, one of the best men in the world. Counsellor Nelson, also deserves to be noticed amongst the distinguished men of Fredericktown. He is a young man, of considerable accomplishments both of mind and person. Besides these, Dr. Baer, Sheriff Thomas Carlton, Messrs, J. & J. Markell, Messrs. Samuel Barnes and George M. Eichelberger, are amongst the most gentlemanly and excellent men in the country.\*

But these remarks, though a very poor tribute of gratitude to a town, where I met with so much hospitality, is by no means to derogate from the character of the citizens generally. No town can boast of more hospitality, wealth, taste or fashion, and the right sort of charity, than Fredericktown. This town alone, ought to reconcile me to my native state. It is decidedly the garden spot of Maryland.

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\*Were I to portray all that are worthy of it, in Fredericktown, it would take up the whole of my book. I found but four mean men in the place; Parson John, a missionary; an Irishman, and Messrs. C. B. & B.



Amongst the citizens, I was particularly struck with Mr. Tyler, president of the bank. I happened to call, for the purpose of changing some notes. Mr. Tyler is very deaf, and his back being toward me, he was unapprised of my entrance. He was sitting at a table, writing. Some one told him a lady was in the bank; his hat was off instantly, and rising, presented me with his chair, and refused to be seated, whilst I remained in the bank, though an aged man. He is a gentleman, who like Colonel McPherson, evidently belongs to the old school. He is said to be, and doubtless is, one of the most amiable men living. The last, though not the least, is my friend, Mr. Sharp, the editor. I have more than once observed, that editors, are the most feeling and generous class of men in our country; and upon several accounts, the most deserving; and what is equally true, the worst rewarded, in proportion to their deserts. An editor is always at home; he is always in his office; he is always unengaged; he listens with attention; he hears with patience; he is quick at discerning; he is patient of wrongs, grateful for favors; he exposes the presumptuous, and advocates merit; a foe to vice; a friend to virtue; an enemy to oppression, and the never failing friend of the injured. They toil at the oar, night and day, to improve, instruct, and amuse mankind. If it were not for them, the world would revert back to barbarism. The watch-towers of our liberties; they are the life, soul, and sinews, as well as the glory of our country. However, they may differ in politics, they agree in all these; and yet many of these men do not make their bread. How ungrateful!

In calling upon persons, I have sometimes said, "I am the female you have seen mentioned in the papers." "I don't know you, Madam. I never heard of you before." "Surprising! I have been much before the public; you can hardly open a newspaper without seeing my name." "O! I never read a newspaper, the books, O! I never read at all." What wise people! and yet, those editors, whose papers, this wise one does not read, is his safeguard. Such men as these, who take no interest in the

affairs of their country, are unworthy of its protection. In my unprotected situation, I am sure I owe my success to editors. I owe every thing to them. What would have become of me, when perishing of want in the streets of a strange land, had it not been for those generous men? no matter what his politics, he was a man, and not a brute, like those religious editors, or monsters rather, who hunted me from place to place, like blood hounds. Maj. Noah, whom, no doubt, they would call a heretic, was the first who nobly stepped forward to shield me from the fangs of those monsters; and though he found his reward in the noble act itself, (as every virtuous and generous act carries its own reward,) yet he will meet his reward in another world. Publishing a letter in his paper, and being, at that time, a total stranger to him—had never seen him, and not wishing to take up so much of his paper, I sent him five dollars, but he generously returned it. He was soon followed by others; but instances of their generosity are endless.

Since I have been led out of my way, and have often been asked the question, lawyers are next to editors, the most generous and feeling men, and from the same cause, which is their superior education, and daily intercourse with mankind: judges\* next, then doctors; and the clergy, the least of any. However, a gentleman is always generous and humane.

But to return—it is no doubt recollected by many, that Mr. Sharp, when I was attacked in his town, by some of those brutes in human shape, stepped forward in my defence, and repelled the foul calumny with the most intrepid and manly courage. These are what I call gentlemen and christians. Mr. S. is quite a young man, of much literary taste and talents. He is a small man, with a thin visage, round face, and delicate features, with a keen blue eye. With proper encouragement he bids fair to be useful

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\* Some of these are the meanest men in the world. I met with one of these at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and was never so outdone with a man. If I knew his name, I would expose him to the public. This, however, is not a fair specimen, as Virginia is settling down in barbarism.

to his country—success to him. I know of no place I would rather revisit than Fredericktown.

After spending a little over two days in the town, I set out to Harper's Ferry.

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#### JOURNEY TO HARPER'S FERRY.

The fertility of the soil and the wealthy habitations soon disappear; after leaving Fredericktown, the country becomes hilly and quite rugged as you approach the Ferry, which is twenty miles west from Fredericktown. When within eight miles of the Ferry, the chasm is distinctly seen. Within three miles of the Ferry, the road reaches the Potomac, and passes along its shore the balance of the way. When you arrive on the bank of the river, upon looking forward, two distinct openings appear. The furthest which is the main Blue Ridge, being, as was said, three miles distant; the nearest is a considerable mountain, called Short Hill, between which, and the grand passage, there is a valley of rich foliage, partially cultivated. This is only seen to the left, viz. Virginia side. This valley, spotted with fields of green wheat, fringed round with foliage, representing circular mounds, smoothly shorn, look extremely beautiful.

The road, after reaching the river, is interrupted with rugged rocks, and closely hemmed in by this (first) mountain, and overhung with terrific precipices of stupendous height. Those rocks, projecting over the traveller's head, seem to maintain their place by magic.

The blood-chilled traveller, however, is not insensible to the deafening roar of the foaming Potomac, which is distinctly seen up to the Ferry—rolling, as it does, over huge rocks, it resounds from cliff to cliff.

From this point, another vast hill shows itself *through* the chasm, directly west, in front of the traveller. This lies between the Shenandoah, and detracts much from the beauty of the view, by obstructing the range of the eye.

I had been told that we passed through the chasm in a

boat, but such is not the case; the road leads quite through the mountain, when you cross the Potomac, in a boat, over to the Virginia shore, about twenty yards above its junction with the Shenandoah—the only smooth place visible for miles, above or below. As you pass the great chasm your terror is tenfold, from the astonishing precipice overhead. This precipice consists of huge projecting rocks, which seem ready to start from their places, and crush the traveller beneath.

But it is from the west side of the Blue Ridge that the grandeur of the scene appears to most advantage. From the summit of the hill which lies between the Potomac and Shenandoah, you have the best view of this grand curiosity. This is called Camp Hill, but is, more properly, a mountain. As you stand on this hill, the Potomac lies on your left, the Shenandoah on your right. The mountain to the right runs up to the junction in a bold perpendicular front of solid rock, 1200 feet high. The mountain to the left, though 1400 feet high, slopes, obliquely, down to the water's edge. The Blue Ridge, on both sides of the river, presents nothing but naked rocks. These assume every figure in nature or art; some resemble houses with chimneys; others, ships under sail; to which we may add, tables, chairs, benches, and, with the aid of fancy, cows, sheep, bears, and even human figures! One of these last is called the portrait of General Washington, in his uniform, even to his sword and epaulet. This is on the left, and near to it is the figure of a huge bear.

On the right stands a pile of rocks called the *chimney*, and has every appearance of a real stone chimney. It grows out of a large rock, which may aptly be called a house; it consists of thin stones, regularly laid on each other, about the height and size of a chimney, with this difference, only, a chimney is square, and this is circular; it is wholly detached from the mountain, resting exclusively on its foundation. It stands a little below the junction of the rivers, and is seen very plain from the porch of Maj. Stevenson's tavern.

As the Blue Ridge recedes from the chasm, the furrows and crevices of the rocks are studded with stunted pine,



and other small growth, of rich foliage, which, at first, is scanty, but becomes more and more abundant, until it completely conceals the rocks; and the mountain looks as though it were enveloped in a green mantle.

Both rivers meet precisely at the opening in the mountain. The Potomac is about 250 yards wide, and apparently is not augmented by the Shenandoah, but what is singular, the Shenandoah, though much the smallest, has the appearance of being the principal stream, inasmuch as it preserves an even course through the chasm, the river below being parallel with it; whereas, the Potomac, when it arrives at the chasm, makes a sudden bend in the form of an ox-bow. This is caused by the course of the mountain on the Potomac side, which is from north to south, or nearly so; that on the Shenandoah side runs N. E. and S. W.

Both rivers are much interrupted with rocks and falls. The Shenandoah suddenly becomes contracted as it approaches the chasm, as if to gather strength for the daring attempt. A road leads up the Shenandoah as well as the Potomac, and, also, has a ferry; both roads are much travelled, and both rivers are navigated by light boats. There is a small island in the Shenandoah some hundred yards above the chasm, which contains several houses. The hill mentioned (Camp Hill,) is several hundred feet in height, and presents a perpendicular front of solid rock to each river, and nearly fills up the space from river to river, leaving only a narrow strip on the bank of each, upon which the village and workshops of the armory are built, forming a long string of houses, with one street only on both rivers.

Thus I have, in plain words, attempted to draw a picture of this wonderful scene, and leave the rest to the imagination of the reader. When Jefferson said it was worth a trip across the Atlantic, he gave a very correct idea of this sublime assemblage of mountains, rocks, and rivers.

It is said that the best view is from the top of the Blue Ridge itself, doubtless it is grand from any point. I only viewed it from the top of Camp Hill. If you can imagine

yourself aloft in the air, with the Blue Ridge, such as I have described it, before you, cleft in twain by the united force of two proud rivers—if you can imagine a bold, impetuous river on each side of you, thundering and foaming over huge rocks, and then, at a dizzy depth beneath your feet, look down upon two long rows of houses—men, no larger than children, moving to and fro, then, add to this, the ferry-boats continually plying on both rivers—carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians—if you can picture to yourself all this, at once, you may form some idea of Harper's Ferry. To me it partakes more of the sublime than the beautiful; it inspires awe rather than pleasure; and deserves to rank next to the Falls of Niagara.

I was on the celebrated Jefferson's rock, as large as a great house. It overhangs the Shenandoah, a few hundred yards from the chasm. But the best view is on the top of the hill above the grave yard. It must exceed any thing in nature when both rivers are full; they were quite low when I happened to be there. I have been told, too, that it appears more sublime by moonlight.

Mr. Gallaher, who edits the Ladies' Garland, at Harper's Ferry, a gentleman of considerable talents and literary taste, has favored the world with the best description I have seen of Harper's Ferry. Mr. G., possessing much poetic taste, is eminently qualified to paint the scenery of Harper's Ferry. I have seen this little production; every line in it glows with the richest coloring.

Herein lies the difference between *Harper's Ferry*, the *Natural Bridge*, and the *Falls of Niagara*, and is a plain proof of the superior claims of Niagara Falls over the two former, it cannot be described. But a lively fancy can find a wide field in the two latter, but more particularly, Harper's Ferry.

This Ferry gives name to the village, which contains 1500 inhabitants, and one of the first establishments for the manufacture of arms in the United States. It has the honor of having been selected by the penetrating eye of our Washington, as a proper and secure site for the manufacture of arms.

It is the site of one of the two national armories of the United States. From ten to fourteen thousand muskets per year are manufactured at the establishment. The water power that might have been commanded, if the works had been properly planned and constructed in the first instance, is immense, and would have furnished the means of manufacturing one hundred thousand stands of arms, whenever the exigencies of the country required it.

A very ingeniously planned machine, invented by Mr. Blanchard, is used at the works on the Potomac, for *turning* gun-stocks, which, strange as it may appear, actually performs that operation, while the stock, in its rough state, revolves slowly around on centers, one at each end, giving to every part of the stock its proper form and proportions, some of which are curved, others straight, angular, &c. The principle of this ingeniously contrived machine, is applicable to a great variety of purposes, and has, it is said, been applied to the turning of ships' blocks, and shoemakers' lasts.

In the buildings on the Shenandoah, are manufactured the arms known by the name of *Hall's Rifles*, which combine all the useful properties of the common rifle and the musket. The inventor has constructed machinery for manufacturing them in a very perfect manner. The accuracy of the work performed with these machines, is such as, that every part of each of the rifles suits equally well to its corresponding parts in all of them, thereby effecting the important object of rendering the fabrication of all the different component parts of the arms perfectly independent of each other, and accomplishing such a complete division of labor, as will, ultimately, be productive of the highest degree of economy.

The *Hall Rifle* I never heard of till I saw it in this armory. It is a great curiosity, as well as a great improvement, in the art of gunnery. The improvement consists in the facility of loading. No ramrod is used, nor is the bullet, &c. put in at the muzzle. By pressing a spring, the breech opens a little from the lower end of the barrel, and the load is thrust in, and the spring replaced in an instant

of time. I saw the inventor, Capt. Hall, a Yankee; he appears to be the principal at the Ferry, though Colonel Stubblefield has the name. Captain Hall, however, only attends to the rifle establishment on the Shenandoah. The musketry is done on the Potomac. I visited all the workshops; they are much like those at Springfield, described in my Sketches. The workmen were very attentive, scarcely taking time to look at me. They all work by the piece, an excellent plan—no idlers where this is done. Col. Stubblefield is a very gentlemanly man, and the chief manager of the place; there are, however, many distinguished citizens at Harper's Ferry, though most of the population are workmen. Besides Col. Stubblefield, Maj. Broadhurst, the paymaster, Capt. Hall, Doctor Roper, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Dudley, and J. Robinson, are very genteel men. H——n and C——r were the greatest clowns on the place, and run from me like brave men; of course the government ought to advance them. Captain Hall, Messrs. Dudley and Robinson, are Yankees.

A word on the Captain, he appears to have done much for the establishment; he is a man of universal genius, and the most indefatigable man under the government, whom I am pleased to find patronizes him very liberally. How our government come to hit upon it is a wonder. I find these Yankees are sought for every where, to instruct the people, and manage business of importance. He has been at much pains to establish schools for the benefit of the place, and the first to contribute to every public benefit. His time, his talents, and his salary, are liberally shared in promoting the prosperity of the place; on which account he is much esteemed by the people. He is married to the niece of Commodore Preble, at least, of Judge Preble, of Portland, who, I believe, is a brother of the Commodore's. Mrs. H. like her husband, is one of the finest women in Virginia; handsome and accomplished as she is. She deserves much credit for sacrificing the pleasure of that society she is so well qualified to adorn. She is a tall, elegant woman, and every feature in her face is stamped with benevolence. There are, however, many



exemplary females at Harper's Ferry. Major Broadhurst's daughters are very accomplished, handsome women. Mrs. Catharine Wager is an elderly woman, of much wealth. She owns the Ferry, and does, or did, own most of the property at the Ferry. She was the first settler of the place. She remembered the visit of the Duke of Rochefoucault to the Ferry, and was then, when I saw her, sitting in the room occupied by the Duke, I looked through the same window from which he viewed the Blue Ridge. As well as I recollect, the Duke was not very forcibly struck by the passage of the Potomac through the mountain, though he was in raptures with the Falls of Niagara. Mrs. W. appears to be a very fine woman, and the largest round the waist of any female I ever beheld. She had some very amiable young ladies with her, her daughters or nieces, I do not know which.

While speaking of the citizens, I must not forget my landlord, Major Stevenson; he keeps the only tavern at the Ferry, and is a very amiable man, highly deserving of public patronage. His sweet, obliging little daughter, I shall never forget, while I remember Harper's Ferry.

Mr. Gallaher, editor of the Ladies' Garland, had just left the Ferry, to reside at Charlestown, a few miles distant. Mr. A——r was also absent from the Ferry.

Finally, this place well merits a call, both from the gentleman and the philosopher; and, most of all, from the poet. I was truly sorry that my pursuits hurried me from thence. Never, perhaps, did any one enjoy themselves less from the time I left Washington southwardly, having devoted all my time to the public. Rather than disappoint public expectation, my journeys were rapid and fatiguing, always on my feet, or the pen in my hand, I lost much of the pleasure which might be realized by those less occupied.

And here, too, are my old friends, the missionaries, they find no stopping place; rocks and mountains are no obstacles; over the whole country they are spread; even the *Hall rifle* cannot keep them away. What sharks! they envy the laborer the avails of his hard blows. They come here, regularly, to get money for the Lord.

While I was sitting at Capt. Hall's, one evening, one of those petticoat missionaries came in to get money, not for the Lord, but for tracts, and the tracts were for the Lord. The moment she entered the door, I knew she belonged to the trade, by the mark of the beast. Like all those jinny dismals, she was lean, lank, and lantern-jawed; her face was long and haggard; her eye was venom; her cheek was sunken; her complexion a blackish, greenish, yellow; her countenance was gloomy and savage; and, upon the whole, she looked more like an assassin than any thing else. But she came to the wrong place, and at the wrong time. She wanted Mrs. Hall to subscribe fifty cents to the tracts; "any thing else, Madam, but tracts; if it was to improve society, erect public buildings, or promote education, I would give it with the greatest cheerfulness." "O, now you might, I'm sure it is not much, and you can give them away when you are done with them yourself; come, you *might* now." "I cannot, Madam, I would be very sorry to read such trash; and, as for giving them away, it would be doing a great injury to society. I consider them the most pernicious evil in our country, and tend to counteract every thing for the instruction of the rising generation." Had she had a spark of feminine modesty left, she would have desisted; and nothing proves to a certainty, the incalculable evil of this missionary scheme; it subverts all principle where it takes effect. This woman, lost to delicacy, shame, honor, or honesty; not only lost to those principles, but possessed of their opposites, to a degree which degraded her below the brute creation, to intrude herself, as she did, in this family; and, although she saw the table set for tea, and only waiting for her to withdraw, she sat it out. In the mean time, I gave her a few hints, but she was proof against every thing; nothing less (I am convinced, after what I saw that evening,) than a musket ball could intimidate such as she. At length we sat down to tea; she refused to join us, but sat and looked on. We were some time at tea, she looked on in deep dejection, and every now and then, "Now you might, I'm sure it an't much."

Mr. Hall, being a man of great industry, has acquired something considerable, and makes a good appearance; and these swindlers always look out for such men. She never quit the house, till, seeing Mrs. Hall, and the Captain preparing to walk out.

As we walked, Mrs. H. said that was the third time she had applied to her, and she had no doubt but she would extend it to three times three.

Now she could have earned the fifty cents in half the time.

A very considerable amount of transportation is effected on the Potomac and Shenadoah, by means of boats of a peculiar sonstruction. Those rivers are, in many instances, both rapid and broad at the same place, and, consequently, shallow; and, at such places, are much obstructed by rocks, many of which rise above the surface of the water, and stand very near each other, contracting the channel and rendering it crooked. The great length and shallowness of the boats, properties indispensable to their utility in navigating these rivers, render them slow to *mind the helm*; a defect which would be productive of the most injurious consequences, while descending the rapids, which were very numerous, were it not obviated by an expedient, which, to a salt water sailor, must have a very ludicrous appearance, viz: *a steering oar*, or rudder, *at each end*. These oars are very large, and, extending far beyond the extremities of the boat, furnish to the helmsman a prompt and thorough command of its direction through the crooked and narrow channels, while gliding with a velocity, in some places, of twelve miles per hour. The construction and management of the boats, and their complete adaptation to the purposes for which they are intended, furnish a striking instance of the sagacity of our countrymen, and of that tact by which they so universally adapt the means, at their command, with the greatest possible efficacy, to the objects which they wish to accomplish. The country is new, and it is but a few years since boats have been used for this apparently dangerous navigation; it might, therefore, have been antici-

pated that they were very rude and imperfect; but so far from that, the most skilful naval architect would find himself as much at a loss in attempting to improve their construction, as would the scientific artillerist in giving instructions in gunnery to those self-instructed riflemen, before whose deadly aim the conquerors of Napoleon the Great fell, in winnows, like grass before the scythe.

The two rivers, flowing from distant parts of the country, frequently indicate, by their changes of color, and their risings, the difference in the quantities of rain that falls in the respective tracts through which they pass—sometimes both rise alike, and become alike turbid; at other times, one only rises while the other remains low and clear. When the latter event occurs, and it is frequent, the water of the two streams continues distinctly separate for a considerable distance after their junction, and exhibits a very curious appearance, when viewed from the high point of land lying between them.

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### AN ADVENTURE.

Walking slowly, up to the top of Camp Hill, one evening, in order to take notes, and not wishing to be disturbed, I declined any attendance. I kept the great road leading to Charlestown, a small town, five miles from the Ferry. By keeping the road which wound its way gradually up the hill, I enjoyed the prospect of the Potomac, and avoided the fatigue of climbing directly up the nearest way. After walking a little way, I met two teams of oxen, these behaved very civilly, and I walked on without meeting any thing that could be called an adventure, till nearly at the place where I was to turn from the road to ascend the hill. I had nothing but my reticule in my hand, which contained my pencil and some paper. At this part of my walk, upon looking up the road, I saw a gentleman walking towards me. He appeared genteel, and of good settled age. It immediately came into my head to



turn the adventure into amusement, and, after the usual salutation, I asked the gentleman if that "was the right road to Charlestown?" "Yes, madam." "Do you think I can get there by dark, sir?" He, at the first interrogation looked grave, but, on the second, he looked astonished. "What, a foot? why bless my heart, no!" Turning round, and looking first at the sun, and then along the road. "But, pray, my dear lady, how happens it that you are walking a foot?" I replied, "the best reason in the world, I am poor." "I am very sorry for you, madam," putting his hand first in one pocket and then in another, sometimes pulling out a string, and sometimes a button. While he was doing this, he asked "how far I had travelled?" I replied, "from New York." "I think it a very uncharitable country, indeed, to suffer a female to go in this manner." "I join you, said I, there is very little charity in the country." "Have you no money at all?" "I have a dollar or two, sir." Having rumaged his pocket for some time, and brushing, by stealth, the tear from his manly cheek, he handed me twenty-five cents, saying, "I am sorry I have no more, if I had fifty dollars, it should be yours with pleasure; but do turn back, madam, and stay to-night."—I could no longer impose upon so much goodness. I told him the truth; in fact, I had pronounced nothing out of truth in the interview. I returned him the money, but he begged me to keep it, and, for the sake of so much feeling, I kept it as a memento of that humanity, which distinguishes the human from the brute creation. He was a mason, the most benevolent class, at once, of mankind. It appeared he was one of the master workmen at the Ferry, and, to the honor of his country, an Irish gentleman. I have often met with him since, and we always laugh at the adventure.

## CHARLESTOWN.

From the Ferry I went to Charlestown, intending to visit the beautiful valley of which I had heard so much, called the Valley of Conococheaque, in which Hagerstown, Md. is situated. Charlestown is but a few miles from Harper's Ferry. The land changes to a fertile soil at Charlestown, which lies in the fertile limestone valley. Charlestown is a considerable inland town, in Jefferson county, and is inhabited by very intelligent and hospitable people; it contains        inhabitants; is a thriving town, lies well, and does much business for an inland town. Here I met with Mr. *Gallagher*, a very intelligent man, whom I had heard of at the Ferry. I am under infinite obligations to this amiable man, as well as the principal gentlemen of the place. But Mr. Gallagher and Mr. *Douglass* devoted much of their time to me, and rendered me an essential favor in procuring for me, at much trouble to themselves, a conveyance to Shepherdstown, through which my route lay, and no stage route being established between the two places, these gentlemen had me a chair prepared, when I was ready to depart. This act of kindness to a stranger, reflects much honor on the character of Charlestown, and is at once a sufficient evidence of its claim to the first praise. But these gentlemen did not stop here. They took me to their houses, and scarcely suffered me to spend any thing at the tavern. But these gentlemen, however I may admire, and however grateful I may feel to them, are not to run away with all the praise. It must be remarked, that I spent but one day at Charlestown, and it rained very hard the most of the day; so that the people had neither time nor opportunity to pay their respects. I found, however, much politeness and warm feeling in Col. Humphreys, Dr. Snyder, Mr. R. Williams, Cato Moor, Esq. Capt. Dougherty, and Mr. Stevenson. Dr. Cramer, I was told, is one of the most amiable men living, but he was absent. I found only two mean men in the place. One L——k, and Dr. H——r. Having formed an unfavorable opinion of Virginia, generally, I never was more disap-

pointed. When we compare the taste and refined manners of this little town, or that of Harper's Ferry, with the City of Richmond, which, in this respect, it leaves far behind; the people of Virginia will blush for their Capital. But if we take the Judge I met at Fredericksburg, (I am sorry I have lost his name,) and the *great* Member of Congress, M. for a specimen, no one will blame me for underrating Virginia. Another specimen. A brigade muster happened at Charlestown, on the day I was there, and most of the officers, with the General, put up at the same house with myself. But I found not a single patron amongst them. Where they came from, I know not, except the General, who lived in Winchester. He must have been promoted for size only, as he was the greatest clown I met with in my travels. He was rather over six feet in height; an overgrown beef-headed fellow, more fit to command a drove of oxen, than an army. I took him on every ground, but could make nothing of him. It was with much regret I parted with my friends at Charlestown, which I did the second day, at ten o'clock, with a youth who drove me in the chaise. The country, from Charlestown to Shepherdstown, ten miles, is very handsome, level, and rich, and some good farms. We met Dr. Cramer on the road. I stopped the chaise, and apprizing him of my disappointment in not having the pleasure to meet him in Charlestown, he also expressed much regret, and invited me very politely to call on him, should I ever pass that way again. His appearance confirmed all the flattering things said of him by his friends.

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## SHEPHERDSTOWN.

This town is situated on the bank of the Potomac, which, every one knows, separates Virginia from Maryland. It contains upwards of 1,000 inhabitants; very handsomely situated, but not so flourishing as Charlestown; the houses look old and going to decay. It, how-

ever, has many stores, and does much business, the country being thickly settled around it, as well as Charlestown. My friends of Charlestown gave me letters to their friends at Shepherdstown, but, unfortunately, they were gone to Baltimore.

As I was but a few hours there, I made but few acquaintances. These were Dr. Boteler, a very gentlemanly man. Dr. Snively, and B. T. Tourner, Esq. are also very hospitable, genteel men. There appeared to be much taste and fashion in Shepherdstown, and the manners of the people mild and engaging. The stages pass through this town, to Baltimore, two or three times a week, and, if you miss one, you must remain till the next. This circumstance led me to leave Charlestown so soon, knowing the stage would pass through Shepherdstown on that day; of course, I had little opportunity of knowing much of the place; one thing, however, deserves notice, which was, the very attentive and accommodating disposition of the landlord, where I put up.

A ferry is kept here over the Potomac, which yields an immense revenue, as people and wagons are crossing from daylight in the morning, till late at night. This is the property of ——— of Maryland.

Seeing a beautiful mansion perched on the summit of a lofty eminence, on the opposite shore, I was told it was ———, and wishing to take a near view of the site, I left my baggage to come with the stage, and crossed the river. After a pretty fatiguing walk up a moderate mount, I found myself on a level plain, where sits the mansion, or palace, rather, of ———. It is built in the form of an L, and is the most splendid building of any country house in the state, and the view from it equally grand. But the house appears to more advantage when viewed from the Virginia shore. It, however, lacks nothing to render it a paradise; it is well built, of brick, and magnificently finished; the terraces, net-work, gardens, and shrubberies, all corresponded. ——— Was sitting in his cool portico, which overlooks the whole country, and was watching me, he said, from the time I left Shepherds-



town. He is a middle aged man, married to a beautiful young wife, if I remember, his second wife.

It is said he made his fortune from his farm on the Potomac, and the ferry. After taking a glass of his cool water, and chatting some time, I walked down to the ferry house, in order to be ready for the stage, which did not arrive in some time. At length it appeared on the opposite shore, rolling down to the river; and I am once more on the road.

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#### JOURNEY TO HAGERSTOWN.

The land is very rough and hilly, for some distance after leaving Potomac, and not a passenger in the stage, but myself, of course the stage, from want of weight, went rough. The farms on the way were indifferent, till we drew near — — —, where we happened to come in the nick of time; had we been half a second later, I should have lost my passage that night.

Here, a chubby German, rather more than half drunk, came up to the door of the stage, in which I was still sitting, to know which was my baggage? I asked him if he was the Hagerstown driver? he replied, he was: good! "Do you think you are sober enough to drive a coach?" "Vy, yes, I always trifes pest ven I iss half trunk." "But, friend, I rather think you are more than half; you have a Royal cargo, you must mind what you are about, if you do not act as straight as a line, I will have you up when I get to Hagerstown: do you carry the mail?" "Pe sure I toes." "You are a pretty fellow, to be trusted with the mail, I shall see into this; we must have sober men, if they can be found to carry the mail. Do you think you can drive me to Hagerstown by dark?" "I will try." By this time his hat was off, and thinking, no doubt, from the firmness of tone, and the authoritative manner I assumed, I could be no less than some great personage, he stood trembling to help me in the Hagerstown stage.

The door of the tavern, before which we stopped, was crowded with people of tolerable appearance, some of whom belonged to the Hagerstown stage; it was amusing to see their silent amazement at the manner in which I addressed the driver. I dare say they would have travelled through the United States, without it ever coming into their heads to call those drunken fellows to account. It is needless to say that the driver was my humble servant, and friend, during our drive.

The stages, in these parts, are very large and strong, and have four seats, sufficiently large for four persons each. There were nine passengers, ten with myself, in the stage.

Every eye was upon me; all was wonder! Who can she be? Who can she be? was whispered. They were not left long to conjecture; a clerk, who lived in Baltimore, one of the agents of the line, let out the secret. I had seen him, it appeared, in Stokes and Stockton's office; and, after renewing our acquaintance, he took a seat with the driver—as matters stood, it was quite necessary for the driver to do his duty.

I sat on the front seat, and every now and then the driver would ask me "how I was pleased?" "Very well." "Ah! I warrant you shall say as you vas never better trified in all your life;" which was true enough, for better horses or a better road is not to be found in the world, than the road from Boonsboro' to Hagerstown. The road is a great curiosity, being turnpiked with white stone, broken into small regular pieces, and laid as firm as the original rock; no floor could be more level; it was one entire smooth pavement; it appeared more like sailing or flying, rather than riding over land; not a jar or jolt the whole way; and I was proud to confirm the driver's prediction, that I never had so pleasant a drive before nor since, excepting my return on the same pavement. Meantime, the poor driver became very sober, and made very free with the whip, and we were not long going to Hagerstown. But the passengers—it was laughable to see how they sat staring like statues, not one opened his mouth, until, at

length a man in a genteel garb, who was beastly drunk, assailed me in a very abrupt and impertinent manner. I bore it in silence some time; and, though he was too drunk to receive any benefit from a lecture on his unfortunate failing, I, at length, as a warning to the rest of the company, admonished him in a very sharp and pointed lecture. He was silent for some time; but, after a while, he began again, when one of the passengers, a very genteel man, who lived in Pittsburg, said, "Sir, if you are not civil, I will throw you out of the coach." This sobered him a little, but if I could have found him at Hagerstown, he should have paid for his insolence.

This valley is the finest country, as to scenery, fertility, and situation, in the United States. It is called Conococheague Valley, and lies between the South Mountain (Blue Ridge) and Alleghany Mountain. Nothing can be imagined, as a parallel to the beautiful appearance of these mountains. As you drive through the richest soil—fine houses—large fields of luxuriant dark green wheat, as far as eye can see—the undulating mountains keeping pace with the traveller, affords one of the richest treats. The Blue Ridge loses none of its grandeur by changing States; the same sublime blue, bold wave, distinguishes this beautiful mountain to the Hudson river.

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## HAGERSTOWN.

It was only dark when we arrived in Hagerstown, which lies on the great road to Wheeling, leading from Baltimore and Philadelphia; of course, is unusually crowded with strangers.

Situated as it is, in a fertile soil, and inhabited by an industrious German race, it is a flourishing, though not a very fashionable town. It contains about 2,600, or perhaps 3,000, inhabitants, six churches, a jail, and courthouse, and trades largely with the western country.

It is situated near a creek, called Antietam. The site of the town is pleasant, the streets convenient, and many of the houses are elegant—I might say superb. Hagerstown is principally settled by Germans, and their descend-

ants, and of course retains many of their customs. The women are short and ill-shaped, and have a vacancy of countenance which too evidently shows the want of proper schools. They, however, endeavor, like their neighbors of Baltimore, to cover the defect by dress, which only makes the matter ten times worse; for when we see a very *fine* dressed lady, we, of course, without any other evidence, set her down for a very ignorant woman, or a very great fool.

Hagerstown, notwithstanding, is the seat of some literary taste, and a great deal of good feeling and hospitality. Many of the first gentlemen in the State reside in Hagerstown, as well as Fredericktown. This is always the case where rich land obtains. The wealth and independence resulting from fertile land, is sure to attract those most qualified to estimate the advantage. Amongst these, are William Price, Esq., also, Otho H. Williams, Eli B——y, R. Mc——, Esq., Doctor Reynolds, William D. Bell, and Mr. Abbot. The names of these distinguished gentlemen alone, are sufficient, as they are well known to be learned and accomplished, and rank amongst the first gentlemen in the State. These are not all. Franklin Anderson, Esq., whom I had not the pleasure to see, he being absent, is very highly spoken of. Besides these, there are many enlightened gentlemen in Hagerstown. But of all wild beasts, (he must be a Missionary,) H. H. G——r, is the greatest. He and one Sneakgun, or Sneaking, or some such name, with the landlord where I put up, are the last men in Maryland. The landlord, (I do not know his name,) but to warn all travellers who do not wish bad fare, their pockets picked, and to be insulted and robbed afterwards—he lives, or did live, next door to the Post Office.

This is the worst public-house I have met with in the Atlantic country, and none can be less worthy of patronage. The chambermaid was drunk all the time I was there; no more need be said of her. Her mistress was ignorant, proud, squat, scornful, and sluttish. The house was small and dirty, the windows high, and the passages narrow. The landlord I never saw. I called for my bill, the night previous to my departure; it was a third too high. I paid what I usually paid at other places, and quit the house instantly. Next morning, the ruffian barkeeper



refused to give up my trunk, and I came off without it, intending to have the fellow up for the robbery; but my friends at Baltimore sent for it. Now, it is disgraceful to our country, that strangers are robbed in this manner. Let Virginia be what she may, she has one good property, that is, if she robs strangers, she does it by law. In fact, her rates are reasonable; but the villainous tavernkeepers evade the law, by keeping the rates out of sight. I am astonished that towns which receive such great advantages from strangers do not fix the rates of tavernkeepers, and compel them, under pain of a heavy fine, to keep them in the public rooms; and make it criminal for any beastly tavernkeeper to stop people's trunks. If people refuse, in this case, let them be stopped by the proper officer, and proceeded against by law; but it is outrageous and barbarous to suffer strangers, perhaps on important journeys, to be left to the mercy of those robbers. Travellers, always in haste, rather than take time to dispute an extravagant bill, pay it. The tavernkeeper knows this, and he follows it up.

I had but a very few days to spend at Hagerstown; and my way lying through Fredericktown, I had the pleasure of saluting my friends once more.

In travelling from Hagerstown to Fredericktown we cross the Blue Ridge, which is pretty steep and rough, but affords an extensive prospect.

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#### JOURNEY TO BALTIMORE.

At Fredericktown I met with my friend of the Harper's Ferry adventure, which was mutually pleasing. He was on his way to Washington, and I on my way to Baltimore; which leaves Washington considerably to the right.

I omitted to notice, in my first visit to Fredericktown, a very interesting interview with an old friend and fellow traveller, Mr. William Carey, formerly of Fredericktown. I was also introduced to a wealthy merchant of Carlisle, Penn. a very interesting man, by the name of Helfenstein. It will be recollected, that, when I left Greenbriar, Va. for the Atlantic country, I travelled in company with Mr

Carey and his brother to Staunton, Va. where we parted. This is mentioned in my Sketches. His brother, Silas Carey, has since been married; but William, it appears, is still single. They were very pleasant young men, and I feel still more partial to them since visiting their native place, which I am surprised they should leave for the cold hills of Greenbriar. I had but a moment to take my friends by the hand, before the stage was ready; and I am once more on the road.

I had scarcely taken my seat, before a genteel-looking man, whose face and voice were familiar, saluted me by name; and who should it prove to be, but a Mr. Thomson, an old acquaintance and fellow boarder at Lewisburgh, Va. Here was great joy and shaking of hands. He was accompanied by a young Mr. Arbuckle, whose father I knew, and it was a perfect jubilee. A thousand questions and inquiries were put, on both sides; and as my Sketches, which embraced a good part of that country, had found their way out there, I asked him how they were liked. "Greatly admired," he said, "except that Col. A. B—— did not like that part of it wherein I said he used to be called the greasy Pedlar." We should have enjoyed ourselves much better, but for the badness of the day, which turned out very cold and blustering.

This road passes by the celebrated Ellicott's Mills, near Baltimore. The scenery around these Mills is very picturesque. The establishment makes a magnificent appearance, consisting mostly of large buildings. We saw several gentlemen about the place, but passing in the stage at the rate we did, it was impossible to have a satisfactory view. We also passed the famous Carrolton, the seat of the venerable Carrol, only survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is eight miles from Baltimore, on the left. It is nothing more than a splendid country seat, laid off into squares and shrubbery. The house stood in a thick grove, some distance from the road. It was scarcely visible through the foliage, but appeared to be an ancient stately building.

We arrived late at Baltimore, and here I had to part with my friends; they were bound to Philadelphia, and went immediately on board the steamboat. I having a few old scores to settle with the citizens, put up with my friend Belzhooover, a most deserving man; and, as it is a part of my business, or, at least, I make it such, *not* to interfere with any man's or woman's *business*, but with their vices and virtues, their follies and their good sense, they may laugh or cry, work or stand still, drink or keep sober, for me; but if they will thrust themselves in my way, they must expect to feel the point of my pen. But, some will say, "You thrust yourself in our way, and it is unfair to intrude upon us, and goad us with your pen." Very true, but how does this happen? I see a crafty man, perhaps, setting a snare for the unguarded; it is very natural for any one, not a confederate, to apprise the unguarded man of his danger, and give a word of *gentle* reproof to his enemy; and the same of all other faults, crimes, or injuries; so that by aiding the oppressed, or drawing humble merit from obscurity, whence he has been driven by some insolent, brow-beating, purse-proud knave, it is very natural we should come in contact. But, to the point—I have heard a great deal in the papers about B——'s Hotel. Nothing can be finer: it is a large, lofty, white building, several stories high. Here, Mr. B. has set himself down, with ineffable importance. He stands at his high door, a story, at least, from the ground, and looks down, with all the pomposity of an Eastern nabob, upon the vulgar wretch who dares walk the street before his door; as much as to say, "keep off—don't pollute my sight—none but the great shall come into my house. Now,

"Ye good distress'd,  
Ye noble few, who here unbending stand  
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,  
The storms of winter's time will quickly pass."

What this man

"Wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wine  
Pride, where wit fails, steps in,  
And fills up all the mighty void."

How natural it is for up-starts to mount upwards and seat themselves in high places. I called, through mistake of the driver, at the house of this same B——, he kept where Belzhooover keeps now. Having made some inquiry for Barney's Tavern, where I meant to have stopped, "I think you had better go there to-night," observed the low-bred Irishman, though he calls himself a Yankee. Being told by a friend he was a Mason, and at that time entirely dependent upon them for support, I called next day with a letter to him from some of the fraternity. I asked for Mr. B——, the barkeeper said, "He an't here—he's gone away." Of course, if he was not in, he must be out.

Meantime, I saw a woman with a dress cap on, spotted face, and fiery eyes, standing inside of the bar, with a glass of *brandy* in her hand; and, after the barkeeper had finished his reply, I asked, very civilly, if he knew which way Mr. B. was gone. "What business is that to you," said the red faced woman; "he's gone about his business." Guessing her *complaint*, I quit the house; and the next news I heard of B——, (for it may be supposed I never would venture to go where such a privateer reigned again,) was, that he was in a great fine house. I naturally thought of his wife, for it was his wife who addressed me so handsomely. What a landlady she would be!! I was told afterwards she was *jealous* of me. This was quite probable. I have, more than once, inquired whether she was dead or alive, as *she was on the road to ruin*, but no one knew any thing about her. I called once at the great Hotel, to see a friend, and my boarding-house being too far from my business, I asked the *very* same barkeeper if he knew of a private boarding-house convenient. "No; you *wur* here once efore, and now you're come agin." This is the fine Hotel. What an elegant barkeeper! If he gets custom—such a run as is represented in the papers—at his high charges, with his elegant barkeeper, (the landlady we will say nothing about,) I think it very odd, when Belzhooover has a much larger house, taking in the one to the rear; much better—I will not say better, because I do not know how B——'s is kept—but, I say, it is *well* kept; the rooms are elegantly furnished, the servants are attentive, the landlord and landlady obliging, and the barkeeper can speak grammatically, at least, and his charges



are low; and, if I were to judge from what I saw, he has the *most* custom. Many of the citizens have accosted me, "Mrs. R. why do you not patronize Mr. B——'s Hotel?" Let them judge, after this, whether it deserves it.

As I had a little time on my hands, it came into my head to see what was inside of that large, beautiful edifice, the Exchange. I was met at the door by a rough, pock-marked, long-toothed, Irishman, who seemed (though he did not) to say, "I am master here, what do you want?" I brushed by him, and fronting me I saw a few shabby strangers, in a vast hall, and who seemed to be lost in the immensity of space. I turned round, and ordered this Irishman to show me the interior—all the rooms and offices. He obeyed, pretty quick, and showed me into an Insurance Office, and there, around a table, sat four or five broad-faced Scotchmen; and another rough, long-toothed, Irishman was standing, evidently their lacquey. He stalked round the table, and coming up to me, asked me "What d'ye want *Mem?*" I desired him to begone. "Ye mustn't disturb the jontlemen." I turned off to come out, observing, I thought the citizens of Baltimore were well set to work, to build such a palace, and fill it with broad-faced Scotchmen, and long-toothed Irishmen. I walked into the United States Branch Bank, same building, expecting to see *Americans* there, at least, if not gentlemen. No; these Baltimoreans are too ignorant to fill the smallest office, and have to rake all the foreign trash out of the streets, to keep their accounts. Who, would you suppose, I found Cashier and President of the United States' Bank? Two more coarse, long-toothed, the roughest looking bogtrotters that ever crossed the Atlantic, particularly the President. Every body knows him, who has ever been inside of the Bank; and, if any impartial man will say, that a more rough, uncouth, illiberal clown, can be found in Baltimore, I will agree that I am mistaken, and ask the gentleman's pardon. The blackest African has more of the man in him, to say nothing of the gentleman. The citizens themselves are ashamed of him, and begged of me to aid them (or do it alone) in "ousting him;" "for," added they, "we are, as well as yourself, ashamed of him." When I passed through Philadelphia, shortly after, I mentioned the thing to Mr. Biddle. "Oh! Mrs.

R." said he, "we don't care for the shape of a man's face, or his manners; all we are concerned in is, whether he has property enough to indemnify us, should any default occur in the Bank." Had I been in the place of those Baltimoreans, if no *native* could be found of sufficient wealth, I would, at least, in the next place, have looked out for a *genteel* foreigner, or something approaching civility. But, rather than it should be seen or said, by any stranger or traveller, that no native in the city could be found rich enough, since wealth is the requisite, I would have pledged the Baltimore and Washington Monuments as security. The Cashier was less uncouth than the President, and, upon expressing my surprise, in the following exclamation to him, "What! another foreigner?" "And pray, *Mem*, how do you know that I'm a foreigner?" "By your dialect to be sure." This brought the color into his face, as it was the very ground upon which, of all others, he was sure of escaping. How much better would Latrobe have filled either of those offices, to say nothing of the dignity he would have conferred upon those, or any office in the State. Hundreds of worthy natives could be found, who are trampled on by those low insolent foreigners.\* The next thing will be (we are in a fair way for it) a foreign President. I would give them their bread, certainly, what they could not get in their own country, or they would not flock here; but to uphold them in idleness, and take the bread out of the mouth of modest merit to feed them, is too much to be longer borne. One of those insolent foreigners had the impudence to tell me to my face, "you can't do without us, as we are obliged to come over here to do your business; you do not know how to do it." This, unfortunately, is too true. But let them do our work, and not insult us. I would as soon patronize a deserving foreigner, a gentleman, as a native. They are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and they helped us to fight our battles; but to put the scum of any country in the first places of honor or trust is disgraceful to our national character, and is rapidly bringing it into disgrace. What must a Foreign Minister think of America,

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\* My friend Biddle, though he is my friend, shall hear from me again, if he continues to insult my native State.

upon going into this Bank, to find these *Teagues*, with their *Mems*, stuck up in the place where they expected to find the first talent and learning of high-born Americans.

From the Bank, I went into the Mayor's Office; and there I found a poor old sleepy looking man, who, perhaps, might know how to spell his own name, and foreign clerks. From there, I went into the Custom-house, (all in the Exchange,) and here swarmed more foreigners; the Principal was, I believe, an American, as deaf as a post, a little old shrivelled up thing, the greatest clown of the whole. Thus was filled, (or, rather, not a tenth part filled,) this beautiful building.

*Miss B—— C——, the authoress.* I had heard this lady lauded so much, very justly, no doubt, that I was determined to see her. But this proved no easy matter, no one knew any thing about her, excepting that they had heard there was such a lady, and that she was an authoress. I walked the streets of Baltimore until I was weary, till fortunately I met with Bishop Kemp, who informed me where he thought she might be found. I sat off, and ranged the city over again, and in an obscure part of the town, in a narrow dirty street, in an old shackling house, I found Miss B—— C——. She was upstairs. I sent up my name, and immediately received a message to walk up. If my heart ached for Miss B——, upon discovering the house I was thunder struck at *her* appearance, and the wretchedness of her apartment; and the more so, after just coming out of the splendid Exchange, filled with foreign trash, when I reflected that this female descended from a noble race, her father one of the first men in the United States, both for learning and talents. Every one remembers, Bishop Chace sprung from one of the first families of both hemispheres, and who have always maintained the first rank in manners and reputation. When I reflected upon this, I could not believe this was the lady I was in pursuit of, and asked her, "if she was Miss B—— C——, that wrote such a book." "Yes," she was the same. The room was small and close to suffocation, gloomy, and almost destitute of furniture: one or two old chairs, an old table, covered with a few scraps of paper, a few old books, a manuscript of the Bishop. The portrait of the Bishop in lawn sleeves, hung up

against a decayed wall,\* completed the furniture.—I shuddered!!

Miss B—— C—— is a masculine woman, stout, tall, and robust, between forty and fifty years of age; her visage is long and haggard; her features coarse; her complexion wan; her countenance morose and gloomy; her manners are by no means refined, and her understanding nothing over mediocrity. She was dressed in a coarse, short, white wrapper, which would have looked the better of soap and water (shame on Baltimore.) She was bare-headed, and her hair was hanging over her eyes in great disorder. *She appeared a little disconcerted, I was a great deal.*

Suppressing my astonishment with all possible care, I observed, I met with much difficulty in finding her out, and that “I was surprised to find her so little known.” She bridled up, and affected not to believe me. All the respectable people, she said, knew her—“She kept none but the best company in the city.” Wishing, sincerely, to do her a benefit, I informed her that “I understood she met with poor encouragement in the sale of her book, and waited upon her with offers of any assistance in my power to render her.” She affected a total disavowal of the fact, and said she “had sold more than a thousand copies.” I soon discovered the rock upon which she had wrecked her literary barque. This was at open war with the accounts I received from the booksellers, and many others; and, from what I knew of Baltimore, I believe the booksellers told truth. Upon some general remarks respecting the state of American literature, I found her a woman of very limited information; and, perceiving, from her intolerable pride, (her peculiar foible,) that I could be of no service to her, I was about to take my leave, when she informed me “she was preparing to publish a MS. of her father’s.” I told her “I was glad to hear it, and supposed, from what I had heard of the Bishop, it must be a very interesting work;” and said, “if she would give me a prospectus, I would get her some subscribers, and subscribe myself.” “O, she did not care much about subscribers; she had got a great many of the

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\* Better have put this in the Exchange;



*first* people, but if I wanted to subscribe, I might; I would find a prospectus at Mr. Coale's bookstore." She showed me the MS. of which I have no recollection, other than it was well written. Taking leave of Miss B., I called at Mr. Coale's bookstore, for her prospectus, when the clerks informed me "it had been lost or torn up long since; that it contained not a single subscriber, and that Miss B—— C—— was as mad as fire about it." B—— C. is certainly to blame for her want of sincerity and candor, to say the least of it. But, if *she* is to blame, what are we to think of the citizens of Baltimore? are they not much more to blame? Look at their costly monuments—their splendid buildings; look at their massy churches and glittering domes, and a fellow-creature literally suffering for every necessary, to say nothing of the comforts of life! Oh, shame! the daughter of one of your first sons! no matter what she is—she is a respectable and worthy man's daughter. Alas! my poor mother, I blush for you! Monuments will moulder into dust, but actions will outlive time. Had I have given up, as Miss C. did, or depended on my native State, I should have gone to the dogs long since, where, I am afraid, my parent is bound.

It would have been more in the character of a patriotic people, had the citizens of Baltimore, instead of building the Exchange, for which they have no more use than a coach has for a fifth wheel, built a house, (as she is without one) for Miss B—— C——, and have fixed her comfortably; she would not then, as I am told she now does, take her knitting, and her book, and stay at a neighbor's house, until they are forced to buy the book, to get rid of her. And, as for those ladies who subscribe so liberally for the Greeks, it would be more becoming in them to subscribe for the relief of this destitute female. So much for Miss C——. I am told she is no writer, but, like Miss Hannah Adams, a very good compiler.

While standing in Mr. Robinson's library, I was introduced to another of the literati, who had just commenced the publication of a paper. I pity any one who may be reduced to get their bread by their pen in Baltimore. This gentleman, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, is one of the most noble looking men to be seen in any

country—tall and well formed, of young appearance, gentlemanly manners, and evidently a man of talents and erudition. His bright, open countenance, but, above all, his fine full eye, is a key to the affections. Success to him; if my prayers and wishes can avail him any thing, he has them most cordially.

The Tennesseean, a few copies of which I had ordered to Baltimore, as, usual, were only bought by the Yankees, and a few gentlemen; the Hon. John Barney, a most gentlemanly man—he is a member of Congress, and a brother of Commodore Barney—Mr. Davis, and other merchants—a President in the bank in South street.

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#### VISIT TO ANNAPOLIS.

Having a little time on my hands, I took a trip to Annapolis, which city I had never yet seen. My mother was formerly of that place, and I longed to see a place once familiar to her.

Empty show and extravagance appear to be the ruling rage of the city of Baltimore. They had just constructed a new steam-boat, "all so fine," as *they* thought; and though quite too much so upon their principle, (I mean that of neglecting the poor and distressed,) it bore no comparison, either in size or appearance, to the North River steam-boats. But for those who had never seen any other, it would have been hard to persuade such that any thing was superior to this boat of boats. It had a fine name too, which (I beg its pardon) I have forgotten—in fact I ought to have exchanged cards with it—but that, alas! is now too late. Let the name be what it may, it made one trip to Annapolis, merely for a christening and to try her metal; but this day (Sunday) *all* the city, with my Royall self, set sail for Annapolis in the New Boat. We sailed down the Bay to Annapolis, which is thirty miles south of Baltimore.

I stood on the deck, in front of the ladies' cabin, for the benefit of the prospect. Whilst I remained there, a few pert fops gathered round me, and in a short time the Baltimore fair poured up (instead of down) from the ladies' cabin;

but such another crew was never seen, or allowed, on board of any but a Baltimore steamboat. No one would guess, in a year's time, the description of females with which the boat was crowded—the abandoned women of the town—how many I do not know—not less than twenty, and the fops above mentioned, their beaus. Well done, Baltimore, to patronize vice in this open and bare-faced manner! What sort of a police must the city have? These females were be-bowed and be-ribboned all over, and out-looked impudence itself. With these were mixed the rabble, cooks, scullions, pickpockets—Nothing but loud talking, horse laughs, romping. Ourang-outangs, monkees, wild beasts, would have been better company.—One would make months at me; another would grin. Some person, one of their beaus doubtless, told them I was putting them in a book. This made them outrageous; they set no bounds to their insolence. I sent the maid for the Captain; but he was on too good terms with them to interfere, or he would not have suffered such a shoal of infamous women to have come on board of his boat. What a picture this is of the society of Baltimore. I saw but one genteel woman on board: her husband was with her; and so formidable were those other females, that her husband was afraid to leave her an inch. Taking advantage of their being on deck, we sought refuge in the ladies' cabin. We had no sooner taken a seat there, than those insolent women followed us. But the cream of the joke is yet to come. The chambermaid came to the gentleman with the lady, bringing a message from the Captain, that "he must go out of there—no gentleman was allowed to sit amongst the ladies." We went on deck again, and the day proving squally, we suffered greatly from the cold. Any other city but Baltimore would have sent such a captain to the workhouse for such conduct. The men were not half so insolent as the women; but, if *they* had been gentlemen, they would have driven these women to the after cabin, as they do in all other boats: they are not allowed to mix with passengers, in any other boat, that ever I have seen. One red-haired belle would walk close up to us, with her saffron face, and bend forward and bend back, grinning and grunting like an oposum. A little jackanapes, her beau, with a stupid grin, would strut, in

he pride of impudence, by her side. Another squinting dandy came up to me, under pretence of defending me, the brazen-faced P——y. But such ribbons, and puffs, and feathers, I never saw: there was the big puff, the little puff—the ribbons all red, some broad, some narrow, some before, some behind. The man who cheated me out of my silk might have been on board, for ought I know. These are the people who send missionaries to convert the Heathen. I hope to hear no more of this vile abuse of the Gospel. And this is the State I sprung from! But, Maryland is, with all its faults, still dear to me. I cannot tear it from my heart. That innate love of country, common to every human being, is paramount to every other affection. I hope my friends, the Editors of Baltimore, will copy this part entire into their papers, for the sake of society, not forgetting the man of silk: every one knows him: the man with the gallows countenance, in Market-street. If he had that respect which even highwaymen have for their reputation, he, knowing, as he now does, whom he has to deal with, would have returned the money with a suitable apology. So rank an outrage upon the tears of a widow, cries to heaven for revenge. I besought the ruffian, with tears in my eyes, to return me the money, told him I had just received it from the masons, had not a cent more to buy me a mouthful of bread; and what reply did he make? If the citizens of Baltimore had tarred and feathered this robber, (which is too mild a name for him,) it would have been more in point. As it is, I hope no man in Baltimore, who has any respect for his character, will countenance or associate with such a monster!

Had it not been for the rabble on board, I should have had a pleasant sail down the Chesapeake, though the land on the shores was flat and poor.

We arrived at Annapolis about noon, and here was another sight that would make angels weep. About 100 *negroes* were standing at the landing to hail the new boat, and a few of the rabble dressed in shabby cloaths; and the moment the boat landed, this crew rushed on board, without opposition, until it could hold no more. What became of the captain, (whose business it was to see the ladies at least safe on shore,) I never learned; I never

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saw him at all. Every other captain of a steamboat invariably makes it a rule to suffer no one, not even a passenger, to come aboard, till every passenger has landed; and all that ever I have seen, even the captain of the Potomac, stand at the gangway to hand every lady out.

It was some time before I could make my escape on shore, and then it was at the hazard of being crushed to death by those black ruffians.

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## ANNAPOLIS

Is the Capital of Maryland, and is a very venerable and stately looking city, rising gently from the shore back, and makes a handsome show from the harbor. It is at the mouth of Severn River, an inconsiderable stream; contains an elegant state house, three churches, a jail, and college, and about 3,000 inhabitants. It is said to be the wealthiest city, in proportion to its size, of any in North America.

My time was so short, (not more than three-quarters of an hour) that I had little or no opportunity to form an opinion of the inhabitants. It being Sunday, the shops were shut up, and few stirring in the streets, except negroes. The houses, however, evinced every indication of wealth, not unmixed with taste. I was truly sorry my pursuits left me no time to become acquainted with the citizens, being told the society is the best in the United States—that all the Maryland gentry reside there. I was pleased to hear that Maryland contained some, anywhere; for, excepting Fredericktown, and a few in Hagerstown, I had seen few that I should call gentlemen.

The few minutes I passed in the placé were spent at Judge —, whose wife was formerly "Mrs. Davis," the mother of my friend, Mr. Davis, of Baltimore. The name of the judge I have forgotten, but I never will forget his accomplished wife. She was the first, and the only Irish lady I ever saw; and though we must suppose there are ladies in Ireland, of course, yet so few of them come to this country, that I was completely taken by surprise. I had

been told she was an elegant female, and of Ireland, a few days previous; but, from the pressure of business, and the despatch with which I was compelled to go through with it, it had slipped my memory until she told me herself.

She was studiously and tastefully dressed in white; of good stature, and appeared to be about forty years of age—with manners at once commanding and dignified. I find those foreign ladies (at least she had) more of dignity than grace, in their deportment. But, upon the whole, I was so thunderstruck at seeing an *Irish* lady, for the first time in my pretty long life, that I cannot be said to have judged accurately. Her face was oval, her features were good, and her countenance majestic and striking. There appeared a boldness in the lines of her face peculiar. Her voice was clear, smooth, and rolling; her eye, mild as the zephyrs; her air and mien was magic. But her manners and gestures seized upon the affections.

The husband, and daughter, only, were present; and whether it was really because they were of common intellect, or whether, as is more likely, they were eclipsed by her superior understanding, I was at a loss to discover. A portrait of one of her noble ancestors hung up in the room; but my time being limited to a few minutes, I hastened to view the interior of the State house, before the boat returned to Baltimore. The State house of Annapolis stands upon a gentle elevation, at the head of a broad street leading from the bay. It is a large magnificent building, divided into several great apartments. The interior is finished in a style of the best architecture, but it was not neatly kept, being hung round with cobwebs, and the halls and stairs were far from being neat. But the view from the top of the building is grand; you have a prospect which may rank amongst the finest in the world! After viewing the prospect some minutes, I descended, and went on board the boat, which was getting under way.

A great masonic meeting was to be held the ensuing day at Baltimore, and a great number of gentlemen (masons) from Annapolis took passage with us, in order to attend the meeting. This was a perfect treat to me, as I

was unexpectedly gratified with a view of the citizens. They were, what they had been represented, very dignified and genteel looking men.

The gentleman and lady who came down with me from Annapolis did not return, so that I was entirely at the mercy of the rabble who came passengers with me from Baltimore. But I had too many friends on board for them, and the moment they began with their insolence, I repaired to the gentlemen's cabin, and claimed their protection. It will hardly be credited that those females had the insolence to pursue me thither. But the gentlemen soon made them decamp, and I sat like a princess amidst about thirty gentlemen. I complained to them of the captain, and wished to have had him and the company face to face, but he took care of that: I never saw him at all to know him.

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#### OLD FRIENDS.

Next day I had the pleasure of seeing three old friends and one old acquaintance. My friends were Mr. Sharp of Fredericktown, Otho Williams of Hagerstown, and Mr. H. Erskine of Lewisburg, Virginia, and the famous mercantile hero, the rival of Col. A. Burn, Mr. Caperton, mentioned in my Sketches. Mr. Otho Williams brought on my trunk from Hagerstown; both he and Mr. Sharp were masons, and had they been brothers, as in fact they were, I could not have been gladder to have seen them. The Grand Lodge of Maryland met that day, and these gentlemen attended the meeting. I met Mr. Williams at the tavern, but did not know Mr. Sharp had accompanied him. Standing in a door some time afterward, I discovered the well known face of Mr. Sharp, who had been looking at me some time; and taking him by the hand, I chided him for not approaching sooner. He said he wanted to ascertain whether I would recognize him. But the time drawing nigh, when I was to leave Baltimore, I was compelled to part with my friends once more. Mr. Otho Williams is a nephew of Mr. Kimbles, of Fredericktown.\*

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\* Both these men were acquaintances of better pay.

Mr. Thompson, who travelled with me from Fredericktown, informed me that probably I would meet with Mr. H. Erskine and Mr. C. at Baltimore, and at what time; and, calling at the tavern where they usually put up, they had arrived sure enough, but were not in. I walked across the street to Messrs. Cushing and Duett's book store; and while sitting before the door to breathe the cool air, Erskine, standing opposite in the door of the tavern, saw me, and ran to salute me, but C., who likewise saw me, sat still. Thus it is with purse-proud upstarts. Erskine, a man of good family, noble and generous by nature, expressed great pleasure at the interview, as well as my success, and actually seemed to feel what he said. But C., raised from the dirt, at once a sharper and an infamous oppressor of the poor, treated me with ineffable contempt. Thus it is with all these mushroom gentry.

I was truly pleased to see Mr. Erskine, particularly as he aided me in my journey to the Atlantic States, and expressed the most lively satisfaction at my success.

In the course of the day I set sail in the steamboat for Philadelphia, and who should be my fellow-passenger but Dr. Staughton, President of Columbia College. It was sickening to see the women gathering round him at the table. As no gentlemen are allowed to come into the ladies' cabin, they seized this opportunity to show him how much they were his humble servants, whilst the doctor was all smiles and smirks. It is almost enough to make a woman of any sort of delicacy despise her sex, to see them trample upon every thing estimable in the female character.

This route, it is well known, leads through the State of Delaware, and, going east, is always made in the night. We take stages at Frenchtown, and proceed to Newcastle by land, where we take to the Delaware river in another steamboat. Newcastle, which Knickerbocker humorously says means *no* castle at all, is a town of little importance. Though I have passed through it several times, I never saw it, or the State, by reason of travelling in the night, until this time, and was never more pleased with the appearance of any country. It happened to be in the month of June, on a pleasant afternoon; the sun shone bright, and a gentle breeze set in, which heightened the pleasure de-



rived from the beauty of the country. Here, for the first time, I saw *hedges*! It is impossible to convey an idea of the beauty, symmetry, and richness of those superb enclosures. Their verdure, density, and exactness, is the most delightful sight the eye can rest on. The fields were at this time green; and, as far as the eye could see, those hedges appeared like a rich fringe, so straight, so uniform, and so beautiful, as to afford food for the most extravagant fancy.

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## PHILADELPHIA IN 1827.

When I arrived in Philadelphia, I met with a friend, a real friend, Mr. *Dick*, and for this time I deserted my old quarters in *Strawberry Alley*. Mr. Dick is one of those heretics, so called by the godly people. He lives three doors from Chesnut in Front, between Market and Chesnut. He is a tobacconist, and a universalist. But I care not for names; it is actions that is every thing with me. When I was in deep distress, I called on Dr. E. for relief; he did not knock me down, (but it was not his goodness kept him from it,) though he indirectly ordered me out of doors, without offering me any relief, or one word of consolation,—not even offered me a seat, though he saw I was fainting of want and fatigue. I left the monster, and went to Mr. Dick, who instantly relieved me. Which is the christian? and which is the heretic? But to return. Mr. Dick, and his lady, like himself, a good Samaritan, insisted upon my making their house my home, and I took up my abode with them for the present. I next called on my friends, the editors, severally. Here was great joy, and the most cordial congratulations were exchanged. A year had elapsed since we had met, and the most minute inquiries were made on both sides. I next went and scolded the Union line agent (a saucy Yankee) about my boxes; but he had the good luck to clear himself of the blame, which he laid on General M'Donald, of Baltimore; but finally it appeared that that stupid Stokes, of Baltimore, was to blame.

Having a little time on my hands, after calling on my friends generally, I called to see the *Stepping-Mill* in Philadelphia, the only one in the United States. The stepping-mill is in the same enclosure with the poor-house, nearly in the heart of the city. It consists of a long wheel, about three or four feet in circumference, and about eighteen or twenty feet long. It has paddles or steps rather like any mill wheel, and resembles very much the water wheel of a sawmill. This wheel is under a cover, and placed or fastened about five feet from the ground, in a horizontal position. The criminals (wholly men) by the aid of a bench, or something of the sort, assisted by a rope from above, get on the wheel, and turn with their feet, holding fast by the rope above, otherwise they would inevitably fall. Every one moves his foot at the same time, with the utmost exactness. The wheel grinds corn, wheat, or any thing ground in common mills. About ten or twelve get on at once; I do not recollect precisely the number, but think it is limited to a certain number. They are tasked to stay on twenty minutes, which is a very severe punishment, as it is like walking up stairs for that length of time; and worse, as they have to support great part of their weight by their arms. Those I saw were in a profuse perspiration, but bore it with great cheerfulness. They had a very vicious appearance, and many of them are in almost every week. They are usually put in for some petty crime.

The almshouse of Philadelphia I did not mention in my Sketches, nor did I ever see it till now. It is very large, and contains 1027 paupers, and cost last year \$46,836 44. The cost of each pauper per week is seventy-two cents. The house was by a great deal too much crowded, the paupers looked ill, and the house was not very neat.

It is worse than death to go into any of those poor-houses; the smell is insupportable. If they were divided, and kept like the hospitals, it would be a great improvement. The best in this respect, that I have seen, are Boston and New York almshouses, which are very well kept. But there are too many in one room in the whole of them.

At this almshouse I saw a most shocking sight—a deformed female, with a head, or rather face, resembling the

horse species. She was quite low, a perfect idiot, deaf and dumb. Her face was not exactly like any thing in nature; it was, however, more like a horse than any thing else: she looked frightful, and chilled one's blood to look at her. Her countenance was very melancholy.

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## DUANE OF PHILADELPHIA.

Having made sundry attempts in my various visits to Philadelphia to see the celebrated Mr. *Duane*, former editor of the *Aurora*, without success, I now determined not to leave the city without seeing him. Almost since I can remember to have read a newspaper, this gentleman interested me. Accordingly, I set forward through Philadelphia, determined to see him if he was above ground. I happened by chance to prove successful, meeting a friend, who told me the street and number of his office. But never was I more disappointed than at Mr. D.'s appearance. I expected to have seen an old, shrunk, aged man, from the length of time since I first saw his name in the papers. Mr. Duane appears to be about fifty-five or sixty years of age at most, a stout, hale, lively man, as active as a boy of fifteen. His hair was quite gray, but his face was smooth and very fair. His face is peculiar, and must have been one of the finest when he began his career. It is the largest and best featured of any now extant. His heart, his genius, and his principles, were depicted in his fine open countenance, at once generous and noble. With strong mental powers, and the most dignified person, had this man been properly encouraged and supported by his country, he would not now be, as he told me, a poor police magistrate. After fighting with his pen gratis most of his life in defence of the freedom of his country, he is now in his old age forgotten, and left to struggle with poverty. He is a gentleman of sprightly manners and conversation, and appears to be perfectly contented. From Mr. Duane's I walked almost to the centre square in Market street, to General Irvine's, to see

an old acquaintance, Mrs. Lewis, the General's sister, whom I knew lived in Philadelphia upon my first visit, but could never find her residence till now. Mrs. Lewis was born and educated in Philadelphia, and, from her superior endowments of person, was called the Philadelphia *beauty*. She married Dr. Lewis, of the Sweet Springs, the son of a neighbor of mine, who took her to his residence in that country. The doctor was a gentleman of great wealth, and, while studying physic at Philadelphia, became acquainted with Miss Irvine, and married her. Doctor L. is now, it appears, dead, and Mrs. Lewis has removed to Philadelphia, and resides with General Irvine. She is a descendant of the wealthy and respectable Calendar family of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Lewis was, and still is, the handsomest and one of the most accomplished females of the age. I had not seen her in some years, and expected to have found her quite faded, but was astonished to find her little altered; the same blooming cheek, the same soft dimple, and the same sweet smile, brought her to my recollection. She has several beautiful children, which, I was pleased to find, she is bringing up in the best manner possible. She has a daughter grown, a charming girl, whom I thought it impossible could have been educated in Philadelphia, as I am not partial to their system of educating females. In short, I was never more gratified than upon the renewal of our acquaintance. The youngest, a pretty little boy, ran after me some distance, to bid me adieu. It has been my misfortune, *since* my misfortunes, to sacrifice the society of my friends to my pursuits, which engrosses all my time. A few minutes, therefore, was all I could devote to Mrs. Lewis.

I had not the pleasure of seeing General Irvine, he being absent when I called; but learning from Mrs. L. that the much admired and celebrated Mrs. *Stith* resided in Philadelphia, I hastened, with great curiosity, to see a lady, whose beauty and accomplishments had won the admiration, and engaged the pen, of the celebrated Lord Byron. Mrs. Stith is a native of Philadelphia, where, as she informed me, she received her education. She is a tall, elegant figure, and her face one of unrivalled beauty. She is now a widow about twenty-four years of age, perhaps not so old; her shape is perfect symmetry; her



complexion is very fair; and the most exact proportion is displayed in every feature of her face. Her eye is a mild azure blue, from which a stream of benevolence seems to flow; her cheek was suffused with a modest blush, and the sweetest smile sat on her lip. Her countenance and her manners perfectly correspond: modest, gentle, and retiring, she is certainly the most enviable and enchanting of her sex; an indescribable charm hovers around her; and, take her all in all, she is the greatest piece of human perfection I have met with. I was so disconcerted at her appearance, that I was unable to discharge the common acts of politeness. She was dressed in a plain white dress, and never looked any thing more simple, or more charming.

I appear to have stumbled upon the ladies of Philadelphia all at once. Mrs. *Lallemand* fell in my way next—another highly accomplished young widow. She is a niece of the wealthy Girard, of Philadelphia. Her husband, General Lallemand, was a brother of General Lallemand, of New York, and both served under Bonaparte. Mrs. L. lives with her uncle, Mr. Girard, in a gloomy house (notwithstandiag his great wealth) in Water street. She is also a young, beautiful woman, and very accomplished in her manners. It is a question with me, whether any town in the United States can boast three finer women. I never could get a sight of Monsieur Girard, though I made several attempts; he is always engaged, either in his bank, or on his farms. He is immensely rich, and has not a child on earth to inherit his wealth.

Hunting up such objects as I thought worthy of notice, I went to the *Navy Yard*, owned by Government at Philadelphia—I like to keep an eye on those Uncle Sam's men. I did not like the appearance, or condition, of the Navy Yard. The commandant was absent; the timber was laying out in the weather, and was considerably injured. The workmen were hired by the day, instead of the piece or the job, and, consequently, were idle. I do not know the name of the commandant; but I do know, that, when he is paid for attending to his business, he ought to attend to it; or his pay ought to be stopped, or some other person put in his place. I found one or two fine men there; but, of course they do not feel themselves

responsible. These are places where every one has a destined duty to perform.

At this stage of my tour, my inclination would have led me through the State of Pennsylvania. I was strongly solicited to do so by several gentlemen—to go at least as far as Carlisle; but business not connected with my literary labors compelled me, for this once, to deny myself that pleasure. My gratitude, thanks, and best wishes for the happiness of Pennsylvania, therefore, is all I have in my power to bestow on her at present. But it will, doubtless, happen to be in my power some day to take a tour through this respectable State, and hunt up the missionaries.

As the distance was short, and I had heard so much of the beauty of the country, and the superior manners, wealth, and intelligence of the inhabitants of West Chester, a small town south of Philadelphia, I took a jaunt to that place. The road from Philadelphia to West Chester passes through one of the handsomest countries I have seen in my travels. As to wealth, fertility, and cultivation, it excels. The farms are large and neat; the houses are built of stone principally, not very large, but remarkable for having small windows; their barns and stables are large, comfortable, close, and costly. There is nothing like the barns, clover-fields, and cattle of Pennsylvania to be seen in any State. The whole country is chequered with fields of the rankest red clover. These were on each side of the road, and in them stood droves of overgrown sleek horses and cattle, gorged with clover, which was up to their knees: they were standing still, panting with their own weight. This is the case to West Chester, twenty-eight miles.

I knew not which to admire most, the appearance of the country, or the neat plump Quaker and his wife, sitting side by side in their tight, comfortable, covered Dearborn, going to the Philadelphia market. We met numbers of them in the course of the ride. They seemed to be the happiest people on earth; health on their cheeks, contentment on their countenance. Their white pails of butter sitting at their feet—richly and plainly dressed—their horse trembling with fat—secure from sun and rain—they were enviable.

*West Chester* is a most delectable spot, near the Brandywine. It stands in the midst of a fertile country upon an even plain, and is inhabited by the first people of the State. I found more taste, talent, and refinement in West Chester, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in any town, without exception, I have visited; and here are neither *priests* nor missionaries—not a priest of any sect in the place! the only town, doubtless, that can boast of the same good sense and independence—not that I mean there are no good men among the clergy—but there are fewer amongst them, than any other class of men. Nor is their goodness at all to be ascribed to their profession, but because they would have been good men in any event. The citizens have built three meeting-houses; (one belongs to the Friends,) and any parson, of any sect, has the privilege of preaching in them as often as he pleases, but not *one cent of money* does he receive. The citizens have entered into resolutions never to pay one cent of money to any priest. If this were the case in all our towns, there would be less crime—more intelligence and charity to the poor—in a word, they would be better Christians. See West Chester;—let any man visit that town, he will find it possessed of more virtue, hospitality, charity, and intelligence, than any town he has ever been in. I told the citizens I supposed they were not much troubled with the Presbyterians, as that sect would not preach without pay to save every soul in the United States. They said they were not troubled with any sort. A Roman Catholic came and preached once, but never came there any more. There cannot be a better illustration of priestcraft than this. But West Chester speaks for itself. I never enjoyed myself more in any town. It is a perfect treat. They have a large collection (for the time) of choice books, minerals, and a variety of productions of the terraqueous globe, all scientifically arranged. This is the work of Dr. Darlington, one of the most, if not altogether the most, scientific men in the State of Pennsylvania. I was particularly struck with his cool, keen, steady, penetrating eye. I would take him to be as much superior to Dr. Physick, as Patrick Henry was to the lowest pettifogger. They also have an athenæum tastefully selected, and appear to be taking the lead in improving

society. They seem to be aware of true happiness in the first place, and, in the second place, they are in the right road to obtain it. There appears to be a harmony, and mutual ambition for science and improvement, which can be met with in no other place. I had but a piece of a day to spend there, which I deeply lamented ; but I trust to spend some pleasant hours yet with those enviable people. I never was in a place where I saw less foppery ; I believe it is as clear of dandies as parsons.

The honourable Charles Miner, representative in Congress, has his residence in West Chester. I was hardly seated in the tavern, before he waited on me. He is a middle aged and middle sized man, round, intelligent face, and very gray. He is easy and familiar in his manners, and pressed me to spend more time in the place. Had I stayed a month, it would not have cost me a cent. I did not see General Miner's brother, which I lament. Besides himself, and Dr. Darlington, I became acquainted with the honourable judge Darlington, all but a prince, whether in regard to appearance, qualities, or deportment. Mr. Dillingham is also distinguished for his natural and acquired abilities. But these were not outdone, in hospitality or good feeling, by the lady with whom I put up, who refused to take a cent when I asked for my bill ; not only this, but she walked with me every where, and was constantly engaged on my account. True hospitality is the characteristic of West Chester. If all Pennsylvania be like it, I shall be in raptures with it. This spot seems peculiarly blest. The scenery, the water, their rich land, the site of the town, every thing is charming. A beautiful grove, called Liberty Grove, joins the town. Nothing can be handsomer. It is enclosed, and consists of several acres. None of the parks, gardens, malls, or squares, that I have seen, and I have seen them all, are a comparison for this delightful grove. It consists of natural trees, of perfect symmetry, thick upon the ground, while not an undergrowth, pebble, or protuberance, appears beneath their thickly spread branches. But I must haste from this bewitching spot ; its rural wildness, its solemn shade, and the sweet singing birds, remind me of those lofty forests, in which I spent my infant years, and for the absence of which I have never ceased to sigh. The most delight-



ful flower-garden, the most exquisite shrubbery, the best cultivated fields, or superb edifice, have not half the charms for me, which the wild woods furnish. In fact, I am miserable amongst them; they afford me no solid pleasure, though their novelty, and the pleasure of describing them, serves to beguile the melancholy arising from a separation from my beechen groves. The lady, who politely accompanied me in the grove, was little aware of my feelings, while she gayly chatted about less interesting objects.

I met with a very interesting old gentleman at West Chester, eighty-one years of age, an officer who had served in the Revolution. He was an uncle of the lady where I put up, and a very interesting man. He was hale, stout, and active as a boy. He conversed a good deal upon the conflicts and hardships he underwent; and gave me an interesting account of the battles he was in. He was in the battles of Brandywine, Monmouth, and Long Island. He is the oldest Colonel left of the Revolution, and commanded a division against the Whiskey Boys. He had the honor, and the pleasure too, of being chairman of the Committee of Arrangement to receive General Lafayette, under whom he fought at the battle of Brandywine.

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#### RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA.

Early next morning I returned to Philadelphia; and, intending to leave the city that evening, I stopped at the first sign, and telling the driver to bring in my trunk, I stepped into the tavern, merely to say I would leave my trunk there till I took leave of my friends; when, lo! I was met in the passage by an old, dirty, squat, dram-drinking, woman, by the name of Ewe, (aptly named.) "Take that trunk out," said she to the driver; "You can't stay here, *Mem*. I take in no ladies without I know who they are" Good—An old *Ewe* she was. I asked her daughter if she was sober. They both ran away; but somebody apprising the old Ewe of my ladyship's consequence, her daughter came to apologise. In *such* cases, I always deem the apology worse than the insult, if, indeed, such people can give any. That other travellers may escape the Ewe

tavern, it is in Fourth, above Market street, opposite to Mr. Gregg's bookstore. She must be a Missionary. Apropos—Mr. Gregg is the best Bookseller in Philadelphia, and the only one, except Mr. John Laval, that will sell American works, and therefore is deservedly entitled to the patronage of the American people. He is a fine, noble, generous man, above being bribed by British gold. It would have been much in my way had I sent my books to him, instead of L——, and Carey & Lea, and particularly the former, who kept my books and refused to pay for them; and, as for selling American works, he is more rigidly opposed to it than Carey & Lea. It is abominable to patronize such men. I never should have known my book was popular in the Western country, or the treachery of Booksellers, but for Mr. Gregg, who told me that he had been often called on for the book, and did not know where to get it; and, at the same time, Carey & Lea and Littell, had several, perhaps a hundred copies. A Philadelphian, with half brains, will still continue, no doubt, to buy C. & L's *pretty* covered little gilt book, as empty inside as his head, because it has a *fine* cover, and a *fine* case, and he can put it in his *fine* pocket, and carry it about to show it to some *fine* lady—and a couple of *fine* fools they are for their pains. But the noble man, of sound sense and independence, who loves his country, will hereafter patronize Mr. Gregg. Support your country, and your country will support you. If genius and learning are to be crushed down with schools and colleges, they are totally useless. These Booksellers never fail to throw me out of temper.

I had almost overlooked a distinguished foreigner, *M. de Grouchy*, of Northumberland, Pennsylvania, whom I met at the Ewe tavern. Mr. de G. is a German, and an agent for the Holland Land Company, who own a large tract of the Genessee lands, in New York. He was sitting in the parlour, and, struck by his noble figure and countenance, I entered into conversation with him; when he very politely gave me his card, and informed me of his country and business. He was advanced in life, and a man of great elegance of manners, and very dignified deportment.

Here, I must observe, that the General Assembly was

sitting, when I arrived in Philadelphia from the West, and for some time before. It is distressing to see these black coats: like blackbirds they darken the air: the streets abound with them whichever way you turn: their principal haunt is in their bookstores. To the disgrace of Philadelphia, they own the whole of the bookstores, almost, in the city, except Messrs. Carey & Lea, and Gregg, I know of none but what is under their control. What those respectable Quakers, such as Roberts Vaux, Fisher, &c. could be about, not to see the danger of letting this trash get almost entire possession of their city, is surprising; and the sooner they adopt means to crush the power and influence of this dangerous sect, the less trouble it will cost them: for crushed they must be, or they will crush the city. They must have the impudence of Beelzebub himself, after hanging, burning with hot irons, and banishing these Quakers, to come and build fortified castles, and fix their head quarters amongst them; and the Quakers have acted very silly that they did not call in the aid of the corporation to prevent them from setting their standard amongst them. I think it is the most daring piece of impudence, on one side, and the most pusillanimous submission, on the other, that we have any record of. If these Quakers had not known these people of old, it would have been another thing; but they cannot plead ignorance: they know them well to their sorrow. They have now, in the face of impudence itself, nearly wrested this noble city from its peaceable proprietors. They have the keys of knowledge, and have completely locked it up; they have the purse; they have control over the schools, the control of the bookstores, and a number of presses; they have control over the children, "to teach the young ideas how to shoot" the Quakers, hang, or banish them. I think Monsieur Girard ought to look out: doubtless he is to fall first: his bank would yield them a good harvest, as money seems to be their sole object. These Quakers, too, are immensely rich—a good excuse to hang them; and this would save them the trouble of travelling over the country. They will soon set down at the fountain head, and have done with Juggernot and the Heathen.

I often came in contact with these black coats, in the bookstores, and dry goods' stores, and the \$20 notes, \$50

notes, and \$100 notes, were flying, as if they were the most moneyed men in the country. After looking at one some time, in a bookstore, who had bought fifty dollars worth of books, and was giving orders how to have them packed, I told him he was flush of money, and that I had no doubt but that his sleek black coat was robbed from the widow and the orphan. He gazed at me in great astonishment, and, whispering to the bookseller, (to know who I was, no doubt,) he droned out, "You appear to be in a bad way, Madam." "For a little cash I presume you would set me right." He sneaked off, and soon learned, no doubt, who I was. He had a Tyburn countenance, or the countenance of a demon rather, as they all have.

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#### RETURN TO NEW YORK.

Upon going on board of the steamboat for New York, I was surprised to see the deck strewed with papers and pamphlets. The day was warm; and, after buying a few oranges out of a basket on the shore, I took a seat by a jolly old lady, who had picked up one of the pamphlets, and was reading it to herself. I glanced at the pamphlet, and saw in a moment it was a treasonable piece. I had began to eat my orange, but could not have patience to finish it till I saw the drift of the writer; and what should it be but the address of the General Assembly. "Treason," I exclaimed. "Black coats about." I looked up, and there stood four of them close by me. The Assembly had just risen, and these were going home; they had strewed these papers on the boat, and were watching to see who would pick them up, and the effect they would have on the people. Besides the address, there was St. Black's sermon upon a national religion.

There were a number of gentlemen on board. I began to read aloud, commenting pretty liberally as I went on. The gentlemen formed a circle round me, and listened with deep attention. But it was laughable to see how the black coats shrunk back by degrees to the furthest end of the boat, hanging their heads like conscious criminals. Finding the voice of the people against them, they entirely



disappeared in the cabin, and I never saw them afterward, while the gentlemen were pleased to bestow on me great applause.

Had they known I was to have been a passenger with them, it would have been the last thing they would have done to have come on board, and still less would they have scattered their papers on deck. Thus those monsters scatter their poison to infect the people. One of them I knew, one W——d of Albany, as much like an assassin as one assassin is like another. The whole of them looked more like the ministers of Satan than of Christ. We spent the night at New Brunswick, and these fellows slunk off to a different house from the one I and the rest of the passengers put up at. How they dread a person of independence! These people had the impudence (not those of the boat, but their sect) to attempt to draw me on their side. One of their females (no less than one of their pillars) accosted me one day: "Don't you think you would make more, and do more good, Mrs. R., by writing upon religion?" Mark the abomination coming from her. This woman is the wife of judge B. of New Haven. On my first visit to that place, as I was showing a masonic letter to the judge, importing my situation, after candlelight, she jerked up the candle to prevent him from seeing it, and the judge, a poor, henpecked, pitiful man, submitted. I came away as I went. Every one in New Haven remembers this. Now it is this that provokes me with these priests; wherever they rule the women, the women rule their husbands. But to return to Mrs. B. She meant, no doubt, by religion the *tracts*. No! sooner would I perish, than prostitute my talents, religion, honor, and honesty, to scribble such detestable stuff, and aid in misleading my fellow-creatures. But I *am* writing upon religion. If exposing the abuse of it is not writing in favor of it, I do not know that any thing is.

Another knot of these *godly* priest-loving women,— "Why don't you write religious books, you are a woman of talents, you might do some good." There were four or five of them together, and, taking them upon their own ground, I offered them a book. They looked at it, and returning it, said, "they did not read any but religious books." "I am glad, ladies, to hear you say that, I sus-

pect you mean the christian religion, and I would hope that that sense of religion which went so far as to influence you in the purchase of a book, will influence you to relieve the distressed, as you know charity is the whole amount of the christian religion." It is impossible to portray the stupid stare of those females, upon being caught in their own net. It is useless to apprise my readers that those she wolves proved in the end to know no more of the christian religion than a hog in a sty. Whose fault is this? It is neither the fault ultimately of the women or the priests; it is the fault of husbands, fathers, and guardians, who suffer those crafty priests to contaminate, and exercise exclusive control over females under their care and protection. They, and they only, are to blame, as any *man*, and every *man*, must know that a female stands on a brittle foundation when her conscience, her will, and her affections, are exclusively at the will and pleasure of the other sex, no matter how holy he is, the more holy the worse.

From motives of delicacy I forbear to pursue the disquisition further, leaving the question to rest where it is. I leave it to any man to judge; let him put himself in place of the priest.

Amongst the passengers was a very amiable young student from the North, by the name of Converse. He, and a very humorous gentlemanly man from New York, attached themselves to me during the journey. I was much struck by the modest deportment of the young man, whom I suspected, from a sigh which escaped him now and then, owned nothing but his virtues and his talents.

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